DESTRUCTION OF POMPEII

Italy, Frontispiece.

ITALY

BY

JOHN S. C. ABBOTT

WITH A SUPPLEMENTARY CHAPTER OF RECENT EVENTS

By WILFRED C. LAY, Ph.D.

ILLUSTRATED

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PREFACE.

THE annals of the world contain no other such narrative as that of Italy. Legendary Rome, the frenzied strife with Carthage, the wild career of Hannibal, the lifelong struggles of Pompey and Cæsar, the culmination of the empire into universal sovereignty, the rise of Christianity, the crumbling temples of Paganism, the sweep of Moslem armies, the surging billows of barbaric invasion, the fall of imperial Rome, the gloom and chaos of the dark ages, the struggle of the great monarchies of Europe to grasp the fragments of the empire, the amazing campaigns of Napoleon I., the triumph of the allies, the new dismemberment of Italy, the campaigns of Magenta and Solferino, and the recent re-establishment of Rome as the capital of re-united Italy, — all these conspire in furnishing historical records, which, in interest and instruction, are without a parallel.

The materials from which to gather information upon these points are inexhaustible. Those upon which the author has mainly relied are the works of Niebuhr, Arnold, Schmidt, Livy, Tacitus, Plutarch, Guicciardini, Sforzozi, Botta, Luigi Bosri, Sismondi, Percival, Spaulding, Gibbon, Robertson, Thiers, Alison, Julie de Marguerites, together with reviews and encyclopædias upon important characters and events. The author has spared no pains to attain all possible accuracy, having devoted to the most important events here recorded the studies of many years. Where there has been discrepancy of authorities, he has adopted that statement, which, after the most careful consideration, has appeared to him best authenticated.

The one great truth taught in all these annals is, that there is no hope for the world but in the religion of the Bible. A change in the form of government is of but little avail, so long as the people remain ignorant and corrupt. Probably, in all governments, the rulers pretty fairly represent the average intelligence and integrity of the people. A true republic cannot exist where the people are degraded. It is of but little avail to batter down an old despotism, unless there is sufficient enlightenment to rear upon its ruins a better edifice.

The question, whether united Italy shall be prosperous and happy, is one to be decided in the *hearts of the Italian people.* Italy has deposed its old tyrannic rulers, and has introduced principles of civil and religious liberty hitherto unknown in that fair but ill-fated land; but if there be not found among the masses of the people that intelligence and moral worth which are essential to free institutions, then the light we now behold gleaming over the Alps and the Apennines will prove but the flash of the midnight storm, not the dawn of opening day.

The men who are now doing the most for the welfare of the world are those who are striving, by all the varied instrumentalities of life, to make men better; to awaken in the human heart the consciousness that God is our common Father, and that all we are brethren. He only is the true philanthropist who offers the unceasing prayer, with corresponding exertions, "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done, as in heaven, so in earth."

JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

FAIR HAVEN, CONN., February, 1871.

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CHAPTER I.

LEGENDARY ROME.

FROM 700 B. C. TO 493 B. C.

THE ITALIAN PENINSULA.—UNCERTAIN HISTORY.—LEGEND OF TROY.—THE FLIGHT OF ÆNEAS.—LANDING IN ITALY.—WARS WITH NATIVE TRIBES.—ALBA LONGA.—THE STORY OF ROMULUS AND REMUS.—THE FOUNDATION OF ROME.—THE RAPE OF THE SABINES.—CONTINUED CONQUESTS.—TRANSLATION OF ROMULUS.—THE HORATII AND CURIATII.—CONQUEST OF ALBA LONGA.—ACCESSION OF TARQUINIUS.—SERVIUS TULLIUS.—HIS DEMOCRATIC SWAY.—ACCESSION OF TARQUINIUS SUPERBUS.—THE BOOKS OF THE SIBYL.—THE STORY OF LUCRETIA.—BANISHMENT OF TARQUIN.—REIGN OF THE CONSULS.—INSURRECTION OF THE COMMONS.

THE Italian peninsula extends from the foot of the Alps into the Mediterranean sea, about seven hundred and fifty miles. Its breadth is very unequal. In the extreme north, where it is bounded by the circular sweep of the Alps, which separate the plains of Lombardy from Switzerland and the Tyrol, the country presents a breadth of one hundred and fifty miles. In the center it is but about eighty miles from the bay of Naples to the Adriatic, while in Calabria the width dwindles to but eighteen miles from sea to sea. The islands of Sicily, Sardinia, and Corsica, with several others of minor importance, have also been usually considered as a part of Italy. The area of the main land, exclusive of these islands, is estimated at a little over one hundred thousand square miles, being about equal to all of New England and the State of New York. Italy now contains twenty-five millions of inhabitants, and is divided into several States, consisting of the two kingdoms of Sardinia and Naples; Venetian Lombardy—the Papal States—the Liliputian republic of San Marino, and the four duchies of Tuscany, Parma, Modena, and Lucca. A range of

mountains, the Apennines, traverses the peninsula from north to south, creating rivers, plains, and valleys, which, by the common consent of mankind, have been pronounced to be more beautiful than can be found elsewhere on the surface of the globe. The soil is fertile, the climate remarkably genial, and poetic inspiration has been exhausted in extolling the purity of its breezes and the splendor of its skies.

The first glimpse we catch of Italy, through the haze of past ages, is exceedingly dim and shadowy. Uncounted tribes spread over the mountains and valleys, either tilling the fields or herding their cattle, or pursuing wild beasts in the chase. Even the tradition, recorded by the Roman historians, of the origin of the Roman empire, from a colony of fugitives escaping from the sack of Troy, is deemed utterly devoid of foundation in historic truth. These traditions, in which history and poetry are inseparably commingled, are so confused and contradictory that they are utterly rejected by sound criticism. It is the verdict of the most accomplished scholars that the date and origin of the eternal city are involved in impenetrable obscurity. Most modern writers on Roman history, adopting the statements of Varro and Cato, place the foundation of Rome somewhere between the years 75° and 729 before Christ.

The most ancient historians give a narrative of the rise and progress of the city of Rome, which rapidly spread its conquests over all the Italian tribes and all of the then known world, in which narrative truth and fiction are so intermixed that they can not now be separated. As nothing whatever is known of these early ages but what is contained in these legends, and as they have ever been deemed beautiful creations which, like romances founded in fact, contain much historic truth, blended with fiction, and are illustrative of the habits of thought and customs of the times, this legendary history becomes the appropriate and essential introduction to a narrative of the fortunes of the Italian peninsula.

It is recorded that upon a plateau of Asia Minor, near the Ægean sea, there existed, about a thousand years before the birth of our Saviour, a large city called Troy. It was besieged, taken, and utterly destroyed by the Greeks. Some of the fugitives, led by a renowned chieftain, Æneas, escaped, and taking a ship, after encountering innumerable perils, succeeded in reaching the shores of Italy. They landed near the center of the western coast, upon territory occupied by a tribe called Latins, whose king or chief was Latinus. The fugitives were kindly greeted by the natives, and received a grant of land, upon which they were permitted to establish themselves as a colony. Soon, however, a quarrel arose, and the Trojans, attacking the Latins, defeated them, killed their king, and Æneas, marrying the daughter of Latinus, became sovereign of the conquered tribe, and assumed for all his people the name of Latins.

Two neighboring tribes, the Rutulians and Etruscans, were alarmed by the encroachments of the new comers, and entered into an alliance for their destruction. In the war which ensued, Turnus, king of the Rutulians, was slain, and Æneas also perished. Ascanius, the son of Æneas, now assumed the command, and carried on the war vigorously against the Etruscans. Ascanius was a soft-haired, beardless boy, but heroic in spirit. He succeeded in one of the battles in encountering Mezentius, the Etruscan king, in single combat, and slew him. This conquest greatly increased the territory and the power of the young colony, and Ascanius selected another site for his city on the side of a mountain, where there was an extensive prospect and many facilities for defense. Thirty years had now passed since the first landing of the Trojans in Italy. The first city, called Lavinium, was built on the low lands near the shore. This second city, which Ascanius named Alba Longa, was built on the side of Monte Cavo, from whose summit the eye commands a prospect of wonderful extent and beauty, often embracing in the field of vision, when the atmosphere is

clear, the distant islands of Sardinia and Corsica. Niebuhr states that the site where Alba stretched its long street between the mountain and the lake is still distinctly marked. At this point there is confusion in the legends which it is idle to attempt to reconcile. A list of the succeeding Alban kings is given, which contains a medley of names without the slightest claims to authenticity.

Some three hundred years are supposed to have passed away after the founding of Alba Longa, when, during the reign of Amulius, two children, offspring of Sylvia, a niece of the king, were ordered by the king, who feared their rivalry, to be cast into the river Tiber. The god Mars was reported to be the father of these children. There was a great inundation at the time, and the infants, placed in a wicker basket, floated down the stream, until the basket struck a fig-tree and upset, and the children were thrown upon a mound of dry land, near the foot of a hill, subsequently called the Palatine hill. A she-wolf found the children and took them to her cave and suckled them. At length a herdsman, who lived upon the hill, chanced to discover the infants, and took them to his wife. She nursed them tenderly, and named them Romulus and Remus. The children growing to manhood, accidentally discovered their regal descent, and, raising a party of young men from the banks of the Tiber, waged war against Alba, slew the king, Amulius, and placed his elder brother, Numitor, the father of their mother Sylvia, upon the throne.

Though the two brothers, Romulus and Remus, were now received at court and recognized as of royal blood still they were so strongly attached to their childhood's home, upon the banks of the Tiber, that they retired from Alba to the Palatine hill, and decided to build a city in that vicinity. A dispute arose respecting its precise location. In a fit of anger one of the chief builders struck Remus with a spade and killed him. Romulus now urged forward his buildings, surrounded the city, which he called Rome, with a wall, and invited all ad-

venturers, exiles, fugitives, and even criminals and runaway slaves, to repair to the city and place themselves under his protection. The population rapidly increased, and the streets of Rome were soon crowded with men of the most bold and desperate character. But wives were wanted, and by fair means they could not be obtained.

Romulus proclaimed to the neighboring tribes that there was to be a great festival celebrated at Rome with the most imposing sports and games, which they were invited to attend. Large numbers from the densely populated region around, with their wives and children, flocked to the city. When all were intently gazing upon the spectacle, a band of armed men rushed upon the strangers, and, seizing the young women, bore them, shrieking with terror, to appointed places of rendezvous. The exasperated tribes immediately seized their arms to avenge this outrage; but not acting with sufficient concert, several of them were vanquished, one after another, and their territories seized by the energetic Romans. At length the king of the Sabines, who was the most powerful of these adjacent tribes, led an army so well appointed and numerous against Rome, that Romulus, unable to resist him in the field, was compelled to take refuge behind the walls of the city. Opposite the Palatine hill, upon which Rome was built, there was, at some distance, another eminence, then designated the Saturnian hill, but since called the Capitoline. Here the Sabines entrenched themselves. For some time the conflict continued with varying success. At length the Sabine women, who had become attached to the husbands who had wooed and won them so rudely, anxious to effect a reconciliation between their husbands and their fathers, rushed between the combatants and effected a peace. The two nations were now united under the name of the Romans and the Quirites. The women were richly rewarded for their heroism; and, in requital to the sex, laws were passed requiring every man to make way for any matron who might meet him, and punishing with death any

man who should insult a woman by a wanton word or look Tatius, the king of the Sabines, erected a city on the Capitol ine hill, and the united senate of the two kingdoms met in the valley between these eminences, and the spot was hence called Comitium. At length Tatius, in a conflict with a neighboring tribe, was killed, and Romulus ruled over both nations.

It is represented that Romulus, after a mild and just reign of forty years, assembled the people, on a certain occasion, for a festival, on a plain near lake Capra. Suddenly a fearful storm arose, producing midnight darkness. Rain fell in torrents, and the thunder and lightning were more terrible than had ever before been known. In the confusion of the tempest the people dispersed. After the storm had passed they returned to the field, but Romulus was no where to be found. They sought for him anxiously in all directions, and they could only solve the mystery by supposing that the god Mars, the reputed father of Romulus, had descended in this tempest, and conveyed his son to heaven in a chariot of fire. This supposition was soon confirmed, for Romulus appeared that night, in god-like stature and beauty, to one Proculus Julius, who was coming from Alba to Rome, and said to him,

"Go and tell my people that they weep not for me any more. Bid them to be brave and warlike, and so shall they make my city the greatest in the earth."

Such are the outlines of the traditional history of Rome. For centuries this narrative was held sacred, being commemorated in poetry and repeated by successive historians. It is now impossible to determine whether Romulus and Remus are historical personages or not. And still these traditions revea. to us all that was imagined respecting the early history of Rome, when Livy wrote his renowned annals near the time of the birth of our Saviour.

For a year after the translation of Romulus the senators declined choosing a king, but divided themselves into committees of tens, each ten to exercise the supreme power for five

days. The people murmured so loudly at this that it was found to be necessary to choose a king. As the Romans and the Sabines each wished to furnish the sovereign, a compromise was made, by which it was agreed that the king should be a Sabine, but that the Romans should choose him. Numa Pompilius was elected, a man distinguished for justice, wisdom and piety. The reign of Numa Pompilius is represented as a continued triumph. For forty years he administered the government with probity and wisdom almost superhuman. The most scrupulous attention was devoted to the worship of the gods. A nymph Egeria, in her sacred grove, counseled the favored monarch respecting all his measures, and thus Rome rapidly increased in extent and riches; and peace and prosperity reigned undisturbed. At the age of four score Numa peacefully died, and was buried upon the banks of the Tiber.

After the death of Numa the senate again, for a time, exercised the supreme power, until they chose Tullus Hostilius for their king. A war soon broke out between the Romans and the Albans, and the latter marched to attack Rome, and encamped within five miles of the city. The leaders of the two armies, to save the effusion of blood, agreed to submit the question to the result of a conflict between three, to be selected on each side. The Romans chose three twin brothers, the Horatii. The Albans also chose three twin brothers, the Curiatii. Both armies were drawn up to witness the combat. Soon two of the Horatii were slain, and all three of the Curiatii were severely wounded. The last of the Horatii, who was unhurt, feigned terror and flight. With tottering steps the wounded Curiatii pursued him. As soon as they became separated in the chase, Horatius turned, and slew each one successively.

The Romans returned to their city in triumph, bearing at their head Horatius decorated with the armor of his three vanquished foes. As they approached the city the sister of Horatius came out to meet them. She had been betrothed to

one of the Curiatii, and a cloak, which she had embroidered for her lover with her own hands, was borne upon the shoulders of the victor. The maiden, overwhelmed with grief, burst into tears. The stern brother, intoxicated with triumph, plunged his sword to the hilt in his sister's heart, exclaiming,

"So perish the Roman maiden who shall weep for the enemy of her country."

For the crime he was condemned to die. From the decision of the court he appealed to the people. The people, in consideration of the victory he had gained for them, voted a pardon. But as innocent blood had been shed, which, by the Roman law, required atonement, they appropriated a certain sum of money to defray the expense of sacrifices which were forever after to be offered to the gods by members of the house of the Horatii.

The Albans were now in subjection to the Romans; but as they did not honestly fulfill their pledge, Tullus, by guile, seized their king, tore him to pieces between two chariots, destroyed the city of Alba, and removed all the Albans to Rome. The hill Caelius was assigned as their dwelling place. But Tullus, by his neglect of religion, offended the gods. A plague was sent upon the people, and Tullus himself was severely stricken. Still he did not repent, and Jupiter sent a bolt of lightning upon the house of Tullus, and he was consumed in the conflagration of his dwelling. This judgment taught the Romans that they must choose a king of religious character if they would hope for prosperity. They chose, therefore, a grandson of Numa, a young man by the name of Ancus Marcius, who had established a reputation of unquestioned piety. For twenty-three years Ancus reigned in prosperity, and the Roman people, incited by his example, scrupulously observed the ceremonies of divine worship. Such are the legends, combining fact and fiction which have taken the place of the lost history of Rome.

But we do not yet enter upon the period of authentic his-

tory. We must continue, groping along guided only by the bewildering light of tradition. During the reign of Ancus Marcius, a wealthy Etruscan came to Rome, to take up his residence in the attractive city. He received the name of Lucius Tarquinius. As he drew near the city in his chariot, with his wife Tanaquil sitting by his side, an eagle plucked his cap from his head and soared away with it into the clouds, then, returning from his flight, he replaced the cap upon the head of the traveler. This was deemed a good omen. Tarquinius, a sagacious, energetic man, encouraged by this indication of the favor of the gods, consecrated his great wealth to public utility, and so won the affections of the people that, upon the death of Ancus he was, with great unanimity elected king. He proved equally skilled in the arts of war and of peace, enlarging, by his conquests, the Roman territory, and greatly promoting the internal improvements of his realms. His reign was long, and almost miraculously prosperous. There was in his household a very handsome young man of remarkably attractive character. His bearing was such that many deemed him the son of a god. This young man, whose name was Servius Tullius, so won the heart of the king, that he promised him his daughter in marriage. The sons of Ancus, alarmed lest this favorite should gain the crown, hired two shepherds to assassinate Tarquin, intending thus to prevent him from conferring the crown upon Tullius. Effectually they accomplished their work, splitting open his brain with a hatchet. But, notwithstanding this assassination, through the instrumentality of the king's wife, the young favorite, Servius Tullius, obtained the throne, and the two sons of Ancus were compelled to flee to a foreign land.

Servius Tullius proved a humane and able monarch, consecrating his energies to the promotion of the welfare of the people. The arrogance of the patricians he repelled, and added greatly to the embellishments of Rome, and to the general prosperity of the citizens. The masses of the people, conse-

quently, rallied around him. The nobles, or patricians as they were then called, were bitterly hostile to his democratic sway. He established laws based on equal rights, and, to protect the people from despotism, decreed that after his death there should no longer be a king, but that the supreme executive should thereafter be placed in the hands of two men to be annually chosen by the people.

Servius had two daughters, but no son. One of these daughters, Tullia, was a very famous woman, and she married Lucius, one of the sons of king Tarquinius. Tullia and Lucius plotted with the nobles who were eager for the overthrow of the king, and taking advantage of the season of harvest, when most of the common people were in the fields, they caused the assassination of Servius Tullius. Lucius Tarquinius, supported by the nobles, with blood-stained hands, ascended the throne, as is generally supposed, five hundred and thirty-five years before the birth of Christ.

The administration of the tyrant Tarquinius was as execrable as were the means by which he attained his power. A guard of armed men ever surrounded him, while he mercilessly plundered the people, banishing and beheading those who excited his displeasure. To secure renown in subsequent ages, he built a magnificent temple upon the Capitoline hill, consecrated to Jupiter.

During his reign a strange, weird woman is reported to have appeared before him offering to sell, at a stipulated price, nine books of prophecies, written by the Sibyl of Cumæ. The king declined the purchase, and the woman threw three of the books into the fire, and then demanded the same price for the six which she had asked for the nine. This offer being contemptuously rejected, she threw three more into the fire, and then demanded the whole price for the remaining three. The king, apprehensive that the sacred books might thus be entirely destroyed, purchased those which were left, when the woman disappeared and was seen no more. The

books were placed in a stone chest and deposited in a vault under the capitol, where a guard of two men was stationed over them by day and by night.

Under the reign of Tarquinius Superbus, as he is usually called, the laws which Servius had enacted for the protection of the common people, were abrogated. The nobles were reinstated in their exclusive privileges, and the plebeians toiled in penury, hunger, and degradation. Like beasts of burden, they were driven to construct the great works of Rome, rearing temples, digging canals, and forming roads. Still fable is so blended with history in the narrative of his reign, that it is found impossible to detach truth from fiction. It is certain, however, that under the sway of this tyrant, Rome made great progress in military power and in the extent of her dominions. As Tarquinius was waging war against the Rutulians, and besieging the city of Ardea, which was but sixteen miles from Rome, one night his eldest son, Sextus Tarquinius, and Colatinus, a Roman noble, with several other young men of the army, were sitting in their tent, inflamed with wine, in midnight carousals, when a dispute arose respecting the comparative beauty and virtue of their wives. To settle the question they agreed immediately to make a visit in company to each of their homes. Mounting their horses, they rode instantly to Rome, though the night was far advanced, and sought the ladies in question. Some of them were at brilliant parties, some indulging in private domestic luxury, but the wife of Colatinus, whose name was Lucretia, was surrounded by her maids, working at the loom. Lucretia, by unanimous consent, was declared to be the worthiest and most beautiful lady.

The rare loveliness of Lucretia and her modest deportment inflamed Sextus Tarquinius with a guilty passion. A few days after he called at her house again. She received him hospitably as the son of the king and the friend of her husband, and provided him with lodgings for the night. At

midnight he arose, and stealthily proceeding to her chamber awoke her, and with a sword presented at her breast, threatened her with instant death if she should resist him. Preferring death to dishonor, the virtuous Lucretia remained inexorable to his demands. He then declared that if she did not yield he would first kill her, then kill one of his slaves and lay him in the bed by her side, and report that he had discovered him there and slain them both. By this threat, which would consign her name to eternal infamy, Lucretia was vanquished. The next morning Sextus Tarquinius returned to the camp, exulting in his brutal victory.

Lucretia, overwhelmed with anguish, sent for her husband and her father, and informed them of the outrage.

"I am not guilty," said the noble woman, "yet must I share in the punishment of this deed, lest any should think that they may be false to their husbands and live."

Then drawing a poniard from beneath her robe she plunged it into her heart. A young man, Lucius Junius Brutus, was present, who had accompanied Colatinus. His father had been put to death by the tyrant Tarquinius. This young Brutus, who was very rich, had for some time feigned insanity, lest he should also share his father's fate. Brutus drew the poniard from the wound, and, brandishing it in the air, exclaimed:

"Be witness, ye gods, that from this moment I proclaim myself the avenger of the chaste Lucretia's cause. By this blood I swear that I will visit this deed upon king Tarquinius and all his accursed race; neither shall any man hereafter be king in Rome, lest he do the like wickedness."

Each one present, in his turn, took the bloody dagger and repeated the oath. They then carried the body of Lucretia to the forum, and an immense and enraged concourse collected around it. The whole city was in a tumult. Tarquinius, who was with his troops at the camp before Ardea, set out with an armed band to quell the insurrection. But the populace

closed the gates against him, and the senate issued a decree banishing him and his family forever from the city. The unanimity in the banishment of the Tarquins was so entire, that it was in vain for the king to attempt any resistance. He apparently submitted to his fate, but only sought to gain time that he might recover his lost power.

The people now resolved to reëstablish the laws of the good king Servius, and abolishing the monarchy, to choose annually two men who should be intrusted with the supreme power. The choice fell first upon Brutus and Colatinus, the husband of Lucretia. Soon the exiled Tarquinius succeeded in forming a conspiracy, and, by bribes, secured the coöperation of the two sons of Brutus. The two guilty young men, Titus and Tiberius, were arrested and brought before the tribunal of their father. With Roman sternness of justice, though his heart was bleeding, he, in accordance with the laws, doomed them both to be scourged and then to be beheaded. The sentence was executed before the eyes of Brutus, who, apparently unmoved, witnessed their punishment.

The ancient Roman monarchy, after a continuance of two hundred and forty-five years, terminated with Tarquinius Superbus. A republican government, or, as it was called, the Roman commonwealth, commenced under Brutus and Colatinus. These two magistrates were called consuls. The commonwealth is supposed to have commenced five hundred and forty-five years before Christ.

Tarquinius, frustrated in his conspiracy, now resorted to a coalition. He engaged a neighboring tribe, the Veians, to assist him, and with a considerable army advanced toward Rome. Brutus, at the head of the Roman cavalry, went out to meet him. Aruns, a son of Tarquinius, led his father's cavalry. Seeing Brutus advancing, he spurred his horse in front of his ranks, defying the consul to single combat. They met and both fell dead together. A bloody battle ensued, in

which eleven thousand perished upon each side, but the Romans remained in possession of the field.

Tarquinius, defeated but not dismayed, engaged another tribe, the Etrurians, to espouse his cause, and shortly after marched again upon Rome with a still more numerous army, led by Porsenna, king of this Etrurian tribe. Publius, by the death of his colleague, being left in supreme command, and deeming the state in imminent danger, commenced building a citadel upon the hill Velia,* which looks down upon the forum. The people, jealous of their liberties, were alarmed, and began to murmur, saying:

"Publius wishes to become a king. He is erecting this citadel that he may dwell there with his guards and bring us into subjection."

Publius complained bitterly of the injustice thus done him. To remove all suspicion, he caused a law to be enacted declaring that whosoever should attempt to make himself king should become thus outlawed, and any one might lawfully slay him. This satisfied the populace, and they gave him in consequence the title of Poplicola, or *the peoples' friend*. An assembly of the people was soon convened, and Spurius Lucretius, the father of the sainted Lucretia, was chosen consul in the place of Brutus. But the venerable old man was, at the time of his election, in the decline of life, and in a few days he died. Marcus Horatius was then chosen in his room. It is recorded as a worthy act of the consul Marcus, that as he was dedicating to Jupiter the temple which had been erected on the Capitoline hill, he was suddenly informed that his son was dead. But so intently was the father engrossed with the religious solemnities, that he simply replied, "Then let them carry him out and bury him," thus honoring the gods above his son.

The banished king Tarquinius, soon marched with a vast

* The visitor to Rome will find the Velian hill near the Palatine. The Via Sacra passes over it and the Arch of Titus stands upon its summit.

Etruscan army against Rome, and drove the Romans, who had advanced beyond the Tiber to meet him, back into the city. The Romans destroyed the wooden bridge by which they effected their retreat, and thus cut off the pursuit of the Etruscans. The Etruscans commenced a vigorous siege of the city. A young Roman, Caius Mucius, resolved to free his country from the impending peril by the assassination of the invading Etruscan king Porsenna. In disguise he penetrated the hostile camp and plunged a dagger into the heart of an Etruscan officer, whom he mistook for the king. He was arrested and threatened with the most excruciating torture unless he would answer every question. The young man thrust his arm into a fire which was burning upon an altar, and held it immovable until it was consumed by the fierce flame.

"See now," said he, "how little I care for your torments."

The king, amazed at such fortitude, looked upon the young man admiringly, and said:

"Go thy way, for thou hast injured thyself more than me. Thou art a brave man, and I send thee back to Rome, unpunished and free."

Caius replied, "For this thou shalt get more of my secret than all thy tortures could have extorted from me. Three hundred noble youths of Rome have bound themselves by oath to take thy life. Mine was the first attempt. The others will, each in his turn, lie in wait for thee. I warn thee, therefore, to look to thyself well."

Porsenna was alarmed, and proposed peace on terms which, though humiliating, were eagerly embraced by the Romans. Ten noble young men and ten noble maidens were surrendered to the Etruscans as a pledge that the peace should be faithfully kept. One of these maidens was named Clœlia. She encouraged her companions to escape from the Etruscan camp, and being pursued, as they reached the Tiber, they plunged into the stream and swam to the opposite shore. But the Romans proud of unblemished faith, sent them all back

Porsenna, marveling more than ever at the courage of the Roman maidens, and the honor of the Roman Senate, gave Clœlia her liberty, and not only sent her home free, but allowed her also to choose a certain number of the young men to accompany her. She selected those of the most tender age, and, thus escorted, returned to Rome. Caius was rewarded, by the Roman Senate, with an extensive grant of land; and a statue was erected to Clœlia on a conspicuous point of the sacred way.

Tarquinius, seeing there was no hope of aid from Porsenna, turned to the Latins, south of Rome, and soon succeeded in engaging thirty cities to espouse his cause. The Sabines, occupying the banks of the Upper Tiber, also united with the Latins, and Rome was again seriously imperiled. The crisis demanded energetic action, and the nobles, taking advantage of it, appointed one of the consuls, Titus Larcius, *Master of the People*, and invested him with dictatorial power. They hoped, by means of this dictatorship, to regain their lost prerogatives. The hostile Latin force was encamped on the banks Lake Regillus, but a few miles south from Rome. Tarquinius and his son relied upon this army as their last hope. The Romans and Latins had been, for many years, at peace, and intermarriages had been frequent between them. Before hostilities commenced it was mutually agreed, between the contending parties, that the Latin women, with their virgin daughters, might leave their Roman homes and return to their countrymen, and that the Roman women, who had married Latins, might leave their Latin relatives and return to Rome if they wished. But all the Latin women, excepting two, remained in Rome; and all the Roman women, without exception, took their daughters and returned to the homes of their fathers.

A great battle was now fought on the banks of Lake Regillus. Livy gives this battle the date of 499 years before Christ. In reference to this battle Niebuhr says:

"It was a conflict between heroes, like those in the Iliad.

All the heroes meet hand to hand, and by them the victory is thrown now into one scale and now into another, while the troops fight without any effect."

Two divine heroes, Castor and Pollux, in the most momentous juncture of the bloody fray, are reported to have appeared on milk-white steeds, and, sweeping down whole batallions of the Latins, to have given a signal victory to the Romans. The son and the son-in-law of Tarquinius were both slain upon that fatal field; and Tarquinius himself, in despair, fled to Cumæ, a city of the Greeks, where he subsequently died.

The chronology of this period is in a state of inextricable confusion. Approaches only to accuracy can be attained. These poetical tories have undoubtedly a foundation in fact, but how much is mere embellishment can never now be known. Some of the laws enacted at this time continued for ages, and were barbaric and inhuman in the extreme. A creditor, unable to collect his debt, was authorized to arrest his debtor and bring him before the court. If no one would be his security the poor debtor was imprisoned for sixty days, with a chain weighing fifteen pounds upon his person, and fed with a pound of grain daily. During these sixty days of imprisonment, he was brought before the court on three successive market days, and the amount of his debt declared, to see if any one would come forward for his release. If, on the third day, no friend appeared, he was either put to death or sold into slavery. If there were several creditors they might, at their option, instead of selling their debtor into slavery, hew his body to pieces.

By the banishment of Tarquinius Superbus the Romans had exchanged the monarchy for an aristocracy. But the commons soon found that this aristocracy was as insupportable as the reign of the kings. Another revolution ensued, the particulars of which are sought for in vain. The revolution assumed the character of a servile insurrection, the commons endeavoring in a body to escape from Rome, like the Israelites

from Egypt, and to establish a new nation for themselves. The patricians, alarmed by the movement, came to terms, and appeased the commons by a grant of privileges which they had never enjoyed before. The hill upon which these conditions were ratified, was forever after called the sacred hill.

By the pacification, adopted on the sacred hill, it was agreed that five officers called tribunes, which number was subsequently increased to ten, should be chosen by the people, and that they should, in addition to other privileges, have the power of a *veto* over all the acts of the senate. This was a signal popular triumph, and the commons were thus gradually elevated to share with the patricians the honors and the emoluments of their common country. The conflict, however, between the plebeians and the patricians was continued for a long time.

CHAPTER II.

THE PRETORSHIP, DECEMVIRATE, AND CONSULATE.

FROM 493 B. C. TO 433 B. C.

STORY OF CORIOLANUS.—APPOINTMENT OF A DICTATOR.—ACHIEVEMENTS OF CINCINNATUS.—WAR WITH THE ÆQUIANS AND VOLSCIANS.—THE SOLDIERS REFUSE TO FIGHT.—INFAMOUS CONDUCT OF THE NOBLES.—APPIUS CLAUDIUS.—VIRGINIA CLAIMED AS A FUGITIVE SLAVE.—SLAIN BY HER FATHER.—INSURRECTION OF THE PEOPLE.—ITS SUCCESS.—CONSPIRACY OF THE YOUNG NOBLES.—KÆSO, SON OF CINCINNATUS.—CINCINNATUS CHOSEN CONSUL.—CHANGE IN HIS CHARACTER.—AVENTINE HILL TAKEN BY THE COMMONS.—IMPEACHMENT OF APPIUS CLAUDIUS.—THE POPULAR CAUSE TRIUMPHANT.—THE DECEMVIRS REJECTED AND EXPELLED.—INTRODUCTION OF THE CONSULATE.

THE dictator was appointed for six months only; but during that time his power was absolute. The revolt of the commons, and the compromise into which they entered with the patricians, seem to have restored affairs to their ancient order. We now begin slowly to emerge from the mists of fable into the clearer light of authentic history. The tribunes continued the guardians of popular rights, while the senate was ever vigilant to extend the prerogatives of the nobles. From this time we must date the struggle between the two orders, the plebeians contending for equality of rights, and the patricians for aristocratic privilege. One Spurius Cassius, who was now consul, or pretor, as the office was then called, formed an alliance with the Latin confederacy, which was confirmed by the most solemn rites.

The ancient annals here introduce a story which is characteristic of the times, though its historical verity is not sustained by subsequent research. It is said that there was a famine in Rome, caused by the revolt of the people, who, in

their attempt to abandon their country, had, of course, neglected the culture of their fields. The nobles, who had great wealth, purchased large quantities of corn from Sicily, and attempted to extort from the starving people, in exchange for bread, the political rights they had gained in their revolt. Caius Coriolanus, a haughty patrician, had proposed this plan to the senate. The people, exasperated, would have torn him in pieces, but he fled, and repairing to the Volscians, a powerful nation south of Rome, persuaded them that Rome, in a state of famine, could be easily subjugated. The Volscians raised an army and placed it under the joint command of Coriolanus and one of their own veteran warriors.

This army marched upon Rome, and mercilessly ravaging the country without its walls, encamped before the city. Coriolanus, thinking that his quarrel was with the commons only, hoped for the coöperation of the nobles. Several embassies from the city were sent in vain, imploring the clemency of the victorious army. At length, in the midst of general consternation, a noble lady, Valeria, who was praying in the temple, seemed inspired by a sudden thought from the gods. She immediately arose, collected a band of Roman matrons, and proceeded to the house of Virgilia, the wife of Coriolanus. In extreme dejection she was sitting with her children and with her husband's aged mother.

"We have come to you," said Valeria, "of our own accord. Neither the senate nor the people have sent us; but God, in whose temple we were worshiping, has inspired us with the thought to come to you, that you may join us, women with women, without the aid of men, to win for our country a great deliverance, and for ourselves a name glorious above all women, even above those Sabine wives of old who stopped the battle between their husbands and their fathers. Come, then, with us to the camp of Coriolanus, and let us plead with him for mercy."

Without hesitancy, Virgilia and Volumnia, the mother of

Coriolanus, joined the matrons in this patriotic embassage. Emerging from one of the gates of the city, in sad and solemn procession, they directed their steps toward the Volscian camp. The Volscian soldiers looked silently on with pity and veneration. Coriolanus was found in his tent, surrounded by his generals. His mother, Volumnia, who was at the head of the train, advanced hesitatingly to meet him. Coriolanus, astonished at the sight of his mother, leaped from his chair and ran to embrace her. She with her hand repelled him, saying:

"Ere thou kiss me, let me know whether I am speaking to an enemy or to my son; whether I stand in thy camp as thy prisoner or as thy mother."

Coriolanus was silent, knowing not what answer to make. Volumnia, after a moment's pause, continued:

"Must it, then, be that had I never borne a son, Rome never would have seen the camp of an enemy? that had I remained childless I should have died a free woman in a free city? But I am too old to endure much longer either thy shame or my misery. Look, however, to thy wife and thy children. If thou persistest in thy course, they are doomed to an untimely death, or to a long life of bondage."

His wife Virgilius then approached, her eyes swollen with tears, and leading her children by the hand. She threw herself upon her husband's neck, sobbing passionately, while all the Roman matrons wept and wailed. Coriolanus was unmanned and conquered.

"Oh, mother," said he, "what hast thou done to me. Thine is the victory, a happy victory for thee and for Rome, but shame and ruin to thy son."

He then sent back the matrons to Rome, while he returned with the Volscians to their own territory, where he remained in exile until his death.

It was about this time, during the pretorship of Spurius Cassius, that the agrarian law was enacted, which has engross-

ed so much of the attention of subsequent ages. This law, which divided the public lands among the people, was bitterly opposed by the nobles, and, in revenge, they accused Cassius of attempting to make himself king. He was consequently condemned to death, being first scourged and then beheaded. His house was destroyed, and the ground on which it stood was cursed.

The patricians, untiring in their endeavors to keep the plebeians in subjection, succeeded in electing their own partisans as pretors, and in preventing the execution of the agrarian law. In the prosecution of this conflict the commons refused to serve as soldiers, as the British commons, under similar circumstances, have often refused to furnish money for the wars which the aristocracy, to subserve their own purposes, were waging. The power of the tribunes, however, was only of force within the walls of the city, and the pretors, by nameless outrages, compelled the farming population to enlist in the army. At length they gained the important concession that the patricians should choose one pretor, and the plebeians the other. The conflict between the plebeians and patricians had become so strong that at length, in an eventful battle, the plebeians refused to fight, and submitted to an ignominious defeat, rather than gain a victory which would only redound to the increased influence of their aristocratic foes. For a period of seven years the nobles filled their place in the pretorship with some member of the Fabian family, one of the most opulent and haughty of the *ancienne noblesse* of Rome; for even then Rome had her ancient nobility. These haughty scions of patrician houses, rolling in wealth, and strong in social rank affected to look with contempt upon the pretor chosen by the people, and instead of recognizing him as an equal, treated him as an inferior officer, who occupied but the place of an assistant.

The refusal, under the circumstances, of the people to fight, and the disgraceful defeat which ensued, opened the eyes of

the nobles, and Quintus Fabius, who was their pretor, in conjunction with Caius Julius the pretor of the people, made such strenuous endeavors to regain the popular favor, that he measurably succeeded in effacing that animosity which threatened even the stability of the state. In a war which soon ensued, some new territory was grasped. To please the people, one of the Fabii, then pretor, proposed that it should be divided in equal portions among the plebeians.

"It is just," said he, "that those should have the land, by whose sweat and blood it has been gained."

The nobles were exasperated that Fabius should thus abandon their cause, and reviled him as an apostate and a turn-coat. But the more the patricians abused, the more the plebeians applauded. The conflict became so bitter that the whole family of Fabii, three hundred and six in number, with plebeian followers amounting to four thousand, emigrated from Rome and settled on the river Crimera, a small stream emptying into the Tiber but a few miles from Rome. Two years had hardly elapsed, after this emigration, ere the Etruscans, a powerful neighboring nation, fell upon the infant settlement by surprise and mercilessly massacred them all. The victorious Etruscans, ravaging the adjacent country, advanced to the walls of Rome and laid siege to the city. After many bloody but indecisive conflicts, a truce was entered into which continued for forty years. The struggle between the people and the nobles was still ever living; though with varying success, with ebbs and floods, the popular cause was steadily gaining strength.

According to Italian story, in the year 458 before Christ, Rome was in such peril from the allied assaults of two nations, the Æquians and the Sabines, that the senate resolved to invoke the power of a dictator. Rome was indeed menaced with ruin. One of the pretors, Lucius Minucius, in command of the Roman army, had been lured into a narrow defile, where the mountains rose around him to inaccessible heights, upon every side except through the narrow entrance. This passage

the enemy had effectually blockaded, and the destruction of the army seemed sure. Should the army be destroyed Rome would be left at the mercy of the conqueror. The senate met in consternation to deliberate upon this danger.

"There is but one man," it was said, "who can deliver us. That man is Lucius Quintius Cincinnatus; and him we must invest with dictatorial power."

A deputation was immediately sent to inform Cincinnatus who was an impoverished patrician, of his appointment. He was found occupying a little cottage upon the other side of the Tiber, cultivating, with his wife Racilia, a small plot of ground.

"We bring thee," said they, "a message of great importance from the senate. Put on thy cloak that thou mayest receive it with becoming dignity."

Attended by his wife he went into his cottage, and changed his apparel, and then presented himself again before the deputies.

"Hail to thee, Lucius Quintius Cincinnatus," said the deputies. "The senate hath appointed thee master of the people, and calls thee to the city. The pretor and the army, in the country of the Æquians, are in great danger."

Cincinnatus without hesitancy accepted the perilous office, and tenderly bade adieu to his wife saying, "I fear, my Racilia, that this year our little fields must remain unsown."

A boat was in readiness to convey him across the Tiber. The senate, with an immense concourse of the populace of Rome, awaited him on the opposite bank. Cincinnatus immediately ordered every man in Rome capable of bearing arms to be enlisted. A poor man, from the ranks of the foot soldiers, Lucius Tarquitius, who had displayed much energy and bravery, was appointed chief general under the dictator. With such energy were these measures pressed forward, that before sunset the whole army was assembled in the field of Mars. Every soldier took with him food for five days; and twelve

stakes. The evening twilight had hardly disappeared ere this force, so suddenly collected, commenced its march. Before midnight they reached the outposts of the enemy. Immediately disincumbering themselves of their baggage they cautiously surrounded the hostile camp, and each soldier commenced digging a ditch and planting his stakes. This work was commenced with shouts which penetrated the camp of the beleaguered Romans, filling their hearts with joy. They recognized the voices of their friends, and exclaimed:

"Rescue is at hand, for that is the shout of the Romans."

Immediately sallying from their intrenchments, they made so fierce an assault that the Æquians were not able to interrupt the works which Cincinnatus was so effectively throwing up. Through the whole night the fight and the labor lasted, and with the morning's dawn the Æquians saw, to their great consternation, that they were surrounded. A successful defense was impossible, and they asked for mercy. Cincinnatus demanded the Æquian chief and his two leading generals to be delivered to him in chains; and the whole of the rest of the hostile army, abandoning their cloaks, their arms, and all their baggage, were compelled to pass under the yoke, which consisted of two spears set upright and a third lashed across, and were thus sent home in nakedness, confusion, and shame.

Cincinnatus now returned to Rome in triumph, accompanied by his own troops and by the army he had so nobly rescued. The exultation in the metropolis was boundless. The conqueror rode in a chariot, with the chiefs of the Æquians led in chains before him. At the door of every house in the streets of Rome tables were spread with abundant refreshments for the soldiers. This astounding victory, according to the Roman legends, was the work of but a day. Cincinnatus, with his army, marched out one evening and returned the next. The conqueror now laid aside his dictatorial power and returned to his farm, refusing all that wealth which the senate was zealous to lavish upon him. The time

of this event is placed in the Roman legends about 460 years before Christ.

War soon again ensued against the Æquians and Volscians united. The pretor, Appius Claudius, a haughty aristocrat, hated by the people, led the Roman army. The discontented soldiers refused to fight, and retreated before the enemy, throwing away their arms and running away, in an affected panic, even at the first onset. Appius, flaming with indignation, succeeded in rallying the fugitives as soon as they were out of reach of the enemy, and heaped upon them contemptuous reproaches. Not satisfied with this, his exasperation was so intense that, by the aid of some foreign mercenaries, he first seized and executed every captain of one hundred men who had fled; then every standard-bearer who had lost his colors was put to death; and then he decimated the whole host, executing every tenth man. Even this rigor would hardly have been condemned, so scrupulous were the Romans upon points of military discipline, had not Appius been regarded as the inveterate foe of popular rights, and the unrelenting advocate of aristocratic privilege. The tribunes, accordingly, whose privilege it was to impeach, brought him to trial, as the enemy of the people. His doom is not known. Tradition is contradictory. Whether he killed *himself* in prison to avoid the execution of his sentence, or whether he escaped, and, after years of exile, returned to take a part in public affairs, can not now be ascertained.

For many years Rome appears to have been in a very deplorable state. The surrounding nations defeated her armies, and repeatedly plundered all the region outside of the walls of the city. A terrible pestilence again and again swept the land. The woes of the whole country for a time were such that there was a cessation of the hostility between the patricians and plebeians. But as better times dawned upon the country the old conflict was revived, and the commons seemed disposed to demand a radical reform in the con-

stitution of the state, by which they should enjoy, in all respects, equal rights with the patricians. They demanded, through the tribunes, that ten commissioners should be chosen, five by the commons and five by the patricians, and that by them a constitution should be drawn up, conferring equal political rights upon all orders of the Roman people.

The nobles, as ever, were unrelenting in their opposition to any encroachments upon their prerogatives. The young nobles of Rome, like their predecessors, the young nobles of Athens, were fond of congregating in clubs. Conscious aristocracy gives self-confidence, and self-confidence gives strength. These young nobles were skilled in martial exercises, bold and domineering. By acting in a body they repeatedly broke up the meetings of the commons, and drove them from the forum. The son of Cincinnatus was one of the leaders in these aristocratic riots. He was prosecuted by the tribunes. Kæso, as this young man was called, was proved to be of grossly riotous character, and even to have caused death in one of his frays. The indignation of the people was so strongly roused against him that, apprehensive of condemnation, he forfeited his bail, which was very heavy, and fled before his trial came on.

The young nobles from rioters became conspirators. They courted the commons, speaking politely to them, paying them those delicate attentions with which the rich and noble can so easily win the regards of the poor and humble. Kæso, in exile, held constant communication with them, and gathered around him a band of adventurers from all quarters. With this force it was the intention of the conspirators that Kæso should surprise Rome at night; the young nobles in the city were to be prepared to rise and join the assailants; the tribunes and the most obnoxious of the commons were to be massacred, and thus the old ascendency of the patricians was to be restored.

Though the conspiracy was suspected, and the tribunes

were warned of the peril, no effectual measures of protection were adopted. The assault was actually made, and the city, for a few hours, was in the hands of the rioters. They were, however, eventually repelled, and all were either slain or subsequently executed. Cincinnatus was again called from the plow and chosen consul by the nobles. But his character appears to have undergone a great change. The death of his son Kæso, by the hands of the commons, exasperated him, and his thirst for vengeance seemed insatiable. Distinctly he declared to the commons that during his consulship no constitution should be accepted granting the plebeians equal rights with the patricians.

The Æquians and the Volscians were now pressing the city, and for a short time this common danger silenced the internal strife. The Sabines joined the allies against Rome, and the fortunes of the commonwealth were at a low ebb; but the tribunes, taking advantage of these perils, gained a very important point in securing henceforth the election of ten instead of five tribunes. The confused and contradictory annals of those days all agree in representing the strife between the people and the nobles as very bitter. The nobles boast of the use they made of the dagger in silencing their enemies; the assemblies of the people were broken up by riotous violence; the commons were ejected from the houses of the nobles, mobbed in their own dwellings; their wives and daughters insulted in the streets both by day and by night. The mansions of the nobles were generally built upon the hills of Rome, and strongly constructed like separate fortresses, which could bid defiance to any sudden attacks. Victims of the malice of the nobles were often secretly seized and concealed in the dungeons of their castles where they miserably perished. At one time nine eminent men who had espoused the cause of the people were burned alive in the circus.

The tribunes now, to secure unanimity in their action as defenders of the popular cause, bound themselves by a solemn

oath that they would never oppose, but would with entire unanimity support the decision of the majority of their number. One of the tribunes, Lucius Icilius, then proposed a law, that the Aventine hill, which was just outside the bounds of the original city, should be allotted to the commons forever, as their exclusive quarter and stronghold. This hill was still public property, not having yet been divided. Some of the nobles had built upon these lands, while other parts were still overgrown with wood. The Aventine hill was one of the steepest and most easily fortified of the hills of Rome, and if placed in the exclusive possession of the commons, would render them as impregnable in their stronghold as were the patricians when entrenched upon the other hills of the metropolis. The tribunes, very prudently, before bringing this measure to the consideration of the commons, where it would be sure to provoke stormy debate, submitted it to the consuls, urging them to present it to the senate, and claiming the privilege of supporting the measure before that patrician body, as counsel, in behalf of the people. The majority of the senate, hoping, it is said, thus to appease the commons and to avoid the execution of the Agrarian law, which required the division of the public lands among the people, voted for the measure. This triumph of the plebeians was deemed an achievement of so much importance, that it was confirmed by the most imposing religious ceremonies, and the law engraved upon a tablet of brass was set up in the temple of Diana on the Aventine hill.

By this law, all of the Aventine hill was allotted to the commons, to be their freehold for ever. The people immediately took possession of their grant, and before the year was closed, the eminence, a large swell of land embracing many acres, was covered with their dwellings.

The patricians now planted themselves firmly against allowing the plebeians any share in the revision of the constitution. For ages this conflict between equality and privilege had been raging, with only such occasional shifting of the

ground as the progress of events introduced. The people pressed the nobles so hard that they were at length compelled to consent that three commissioners should be sent to Greece to collect such information respecting the laws of the Greek states, as might aid them in their new modeling of the government. The return of these commissioners opened the battle anew. But the commons were defeated, and the revision of the constitution was intrusted to ten men, all selected from the patrician order. The commons, however, had the privilege of *choosing* five of these men, though they could only choose from the ranks of the nobles. Such was the termination of a conflict which had agitated Rome for ten years. It conspicuously shows the strength of the aristocratic power, and the slow steps by which the people beat back its encroachments. "The laws of a nation," says Gibbon, "form the most instructive portion of its history." The annals of the past have no teachings more valuable than these conflicts of popular rights against the tyranny of wealth and rank.

The ten patricians empowered to draft a constitution eagerly commenced their work. As aids they had the unwritten laws of their own country, and the information which the commissioners had gleaned in Greece. In the course of a few months the articles they had agreed upon, were inscribed upon ten tablets and set up in a conspicuous place, where all could read them and suggest any amendments. The commissioners listened to the suggestions thus made, adopted such amendments as they approved, and then submitted the constitution to the approval of the patricians as they were represented in the senate, and to the commons assembled in a body called the centuries. Their work was accepted, and the constitution thus ratified was engraved on twelve tablets of brass and set up in the comitium—the hall for all great public gatherings. These tablets remained for centuries the foundation for all Roman law, and were undoubtedly drawn up in a spirit of fairness and wisdom, or they could not have been so generally

acceptable. From the scanty fragments alone which now remain it is impossible to form an intelligent judgment respecting the whole code.

The ten men, or decemvirs as they were called, continued in power for one year and administered the government, with the law of the twelve tables as their guide, to general acceptance. The change in the executive, which the new arrangement introduced, amounted simply to having ten consuls instead of two. And though the plebeians occasionally succeeded in having some of their number elected among the decemvirs, these few plebeian office-holders, through the influences of bribery and flattery, were easily secured to support the measures of the nobles. Thus the patricians were soon again exulting in their ascendency. Though the decemvirs were chosen annually, they were in all respects kings during their short reign. Each one, whenever he appeared in public, had his twelve lictors to walk before him, bearing the ax and the rods, the emblems of sovereignty. All having bound themselves by an oath to support the measures of the majority, they were shielded effectually from all minority reports.

The patricians now became more and more oppressive and insolent. The young men of that class, haughty and dissolute, reveled in the utmost licentiousness of indulgence, and the wives and the daughters of the plebeians suffered many outrages. An insulting law was enacted prohibiting marriages between the patricians and plebeians. At the close of the second year of the decemvirate, the decemvirs had arrogated so much power that they attempted to perpetuate their reign by refusing to resign their posts, or to make any preparation for the election of successors. The outrages became so intolerable that many of the commons fled from Rome and took refuge among the surrounding nations. At length, a signal outrage roused the people.

There was in Rome a young lady of remarkable beauty, named Virginia. She was the daughter of an officer in the

army, of plebeian birth. She was betrothed to the illustrious tribune, Lucius Icilius, who had secured the passage of the law for assigning the Aventine hill to the commons. One of the decemvirs, Appius Claudius, a patrician of very arrogant character, cast his eye upon this lovely maiden, and burned with the desire to possess her. As she was one day passing through the streets, attended by her maid, one of the freedmen of Appius seized her, declaring that she was his slave Lucius Virginius, the father of the maiden, was then absent with the army engaged in a war against the Sabines.

As the young lady was grasped by the kidnappers, the nurse cried out for help, and a crowd of people were soon gathered in the streets, eager to defend her from wrong. It was a genuine case for the exercise of the fugitive slave law of Rome; and the law must take its course. The freedman dragged the trembling maiden before his former master, the decemvir Appius Claudius, who was to decide the case, in which he himself was the infamous claimant, simply making use of one of his former slaves as his agent. It was contended before this tribunal that the maiden's real mother had been the slave of the freedman, and that the wife of Lucius Virginius having no children, had adopted this child, who being the child of slave parents was the property of another person.

The friends of the maiden plead for a postponement of the trial, urging that her father was absent, engaged in the cause of the commonwealth—that they would send instantly for him, and that in two days he would be in Rome. They, therefore, entreated that she might be restored to her home and friends until the day of trial. "Expose not her fair fame to reproach," they imploringly cried, by placing her person in the possession of a man of whose character nothing is known. But Appius Claudius, eager to get possession of his victim, assuming an air of candor, said:

"The law is just and good, and must be maintained. Now this maiden belongs either to her father or to her master

But as her father is not here, who but her master can have any title to her. Let her, therefore, remain in the hands of him who claims to be her master, till Lucius Virginius arrive. She shall then be brought before my judgment-seat, and her cause impartially tried."

This decision would give Appius Claudius ample time to accomplish his infamous desires. At this stage of the case the uncle of the maiden appeared, and also young Icilius, to whom she was betrothed. They spoke so vehemently against the outrage about to be perpetrated, surrendering the helpless maiden to those who claimed her for purposes well understood, that Claudius was alarmed, apprehensive of a mob, and was compelled slightly to retrace his steps.

"Upon second thought," said he, "in my great regard for the rights of fathers over their children, I will let the cause remain until to-morrow. But if Lucius Virginius, the reputed father, does not then appear, let Icilius and his fellows distinctly understand that I will support the laws, and that fanatic violence shall not prevail over justice."

Thus the unhappy Virginia was saved for the moment, and her friends set off in the greatest haste to summon her father. They were, however, compelled to give heavy security that she should be brought before the tribunal of Appius Claudius the next day. The messenger reached the camp that evening, and the father, half distracted with the news, leaped upon his horse, and was instantly on his way, with the utmost speed, toward Rome. But hardly had the clatter of his horse's hoofs ceased to reverberate through the camp, ere a messenger arrived from Claudius, urging the tribunes, in command of the army, to forbid the departure of Virginius. But it was too late.

In the dawn of the morning Virginius reached his home, and, at a glance, saw the desperate state of affairs. Under the forms of law he was to be robbed of his daughter, and she was to be handed over, as a helpless slave, into the arms of

patrician lust. The Roman matrons gathered around him in sympathy, as with a dejected countenance, and clothed in the mean attire of a supplicant, he led his daughter to the tribunal where aristocratic insolence trampled with contempt upon all popular rights. Earnestly the woe-stricken father plead for his child, while Icilius aided him with that fervid eloquence which love inspired. The matrons, who had followed Virginia to the court room, listened silently and in tears.

But Claudius, fired by passion, and feeling strong in aristocratic power, was deaf to every appeal, and remanded Virginia into the hands of the man who claimed her as his slave. A band of armed patricians, calling themselves the friends of law and order, were present to prevent any rescue by the people, and to enforce the decree. Lucius Virginius, in despair, begged permission of the court to speak one parting word to his child. His request was granted. Approaching the weeping Virginia, as if to impress one last kiss upon her cheek, the noble Roman drew from his bosom a poniard and plunged it into her heart, exclaiming:

"This is the only way, my child, to keep thee free."

Then turning to Appius Claudius, he brandished the crimsoned weapon, saying, "On thee and on thy head be the curse of this blood."

Taking advantage of the confusion the scene created, Virginius rushed through the crowd, though Claudius called out loudly to seize him. He effected his escape, and, mounting his horse, rode rapidly to the camp to rouse the soldiers to avenge his wrongs. Icilius, the lover, and Numatoris, the uncle of the maiden, bore her blood-stained body into the streets and exhibited it to the people. Their indignation was roused to the highest pitch. A great tumult was excited, and the infamous Claudius, in disguise, with difficulty escaped with his life. The whole city was in an uproar, the masses of the people making common cause with Virginius. The soldiers, seeing Virginius enter the camp, his dress disordered and

stained with blood, and the gory knife in his hand, listened eagerly to his story. One common feeling of rage inspired their breasts. Grasping their arms and unfurling their banners, they commenced their march toward Rome.

As they entered the city, the populace gathered around them, and the whole united body of soldiers and citizens marched to the Aventine hill, where, in their own proper home, they established their quarters. Here by acclamation they repudiated the whole body of decemvirs, demanding that they should immediately resign their posts, and elected ten tribunes to protect the rights of the people. Another portion of the army, which was under the command of Icilius, hearing the story of this outrage, pursued the same course, and pressing to the Aventine hill, joined their comrades, and also chose ten tribunes, making twenty in all. In the mean time the senate was convened. The twenty tribunes deputed two of their number to confer with the senate. The patricians, alarmed at the triumph which the popular cause was gaining, struggled hard to regain their lost ascendency.

The patrician decemvirs refused to resign, and the aristocratic senate sustained them in their refusal. The commons, now united as one man, supported by the army, and animated by so holy a cause, finding that nothing was to be done to satisfy them, left a garrison in charge of the Aventine hill, and in military array marched unopposed through the city, and passing out at the Colline gate, again established themselves upon the sacred hill. Men, women, and children followed in this imposing procession, so that Rome was nearly emptied of its populace. The dissolution of the commonwealth was thus threatened; for the city would now fall an easy prey to any foe who should invade it.

The patricians were alarmed and yielded, and the decemvirs resigned. Icilius, frantic with grief at the loss of his betrothed, demanded of the deputation, consisting of Valerius and Horatius, sent by the patricians to the sacred hill, the lives

of the decemvirs. The patricians, to conciliate the commons, had sent two of the friends of popular rights as commissioners.

"These decemvirs," said he, "are public enemies, and we will have them die the death of such. Give them up to us, that they may be burnt with fire."

More moderate counsels, however, soon prevailed. The vengeful demand was withdrawn, and the commons returned to Rome, satisfied with the expulsion of the patrician decemvirs from office. Ten tribunes were now elected from among the commons, and invested with enlarged powers. The form of the old government was essentially again restored, and two magistrates, with the title of consuls, were elected and invested with supreme power. This was a new *title*, for before this time the consuls had been called pretors, or captains-general. Both of these consuls seem to have been elected by general suffrage, and so much strength had the people acquired by their firmness and moderation, that both of their candidates, L. Valerius and M. Horatius, were elected; and thus the government passed into the hands of those who were devoted to the rights of the people, rather than to the ascendency of the patricians.

A new constitution was now drafted, in which it was attempted to unite the two conflicting orders, and place them on a footing of entire equality. The whole community meeting in one general assembly of plebeians and patricians, were declared to be supreme, and their decree was constitutional law. Still it was the privilege and at the same time the duty of the senate to sanction this decree. The annals, however, of those distant days are so confused that it is impossible to follow a distinct line of narrative. We simply behold through all the intense eagerness of the patricians to maintain their exclusive privileges, and the jealousy with which the commons watched over their own rights, and the firmness with which they endeavored to enforce them. Various measures were adopted

without any apparent intention to break down the distinction between the commons and the nobles, but simply to place the two orders on terms of equality. But the very existence of the two distinct orders, as recognized powers in the state, was the inevitable prelude to eternal warfare. There can never be harmony without the recognition of universal fraternity. Two orders in the state, with a gulf between, necessarily become conflicting forces. Equality of rights is the corner-stone of the gospel of national harmony. The existence of an enslaved class in our own land, comparatively few in numbers as that class is, who are deprived of the rights which their more fortunate brethren enjoy, is the direct or indirect cause of nearly all our national troubles. Even with the new constitution the dishonoring law was permitted to stand which declared the marriage of a plebeian with a patrician to be unlawful—base and unholy amalgamation. The bloodless revolution, however, which had thus taken place in behalf of the people was manifestly very great.

Appius Claudius was now singled out from the rest of the degraded decemvirs and impeached. Powerful in wealth and rank, he gathered a band of armed young nobles around him, and assumed an attitude of defiance. The charge brought against this infamous man shows the spirit of freedom which then nobly glowed in the bosoms of Roman citizens. Claudius was indicted for having—

"In a question of personal freedom assumed that the presumption was in favor of slavery; in having adjudged Virginia to be regarded as a slave till she was proved free, instead of regarding her as entitled to her freedom till she was proved a slave."

The guilty decemvir was thrown into jail to await his trial. The facts were known to all, and an outraged community demanded his punishment. There was no escape, and the wretched man anticipated justice by committing suicide.*

* Such is the account Livy gives, iii. 58 Dionysius, however, states, xi

Spurius Oppius also, one of the colleagues of Claudius in the decemvirate, underwent a similar fate. His tyranny had been insupportable. In a freak of passion, without any extenuating cause, he had ordered an old and distinguished soldier to be cruelly scourged. The other decemvirs, intimidated by this severity, fled from Rome, losing all their property by confiscation.

The patricians were now prostrate, and the good-natured people began to pity them. This animated the hopes of the patricians, and assisted by those of the people who favored their cause, they renewed the struggle which had already continued through many ages. The aristocracy again developed unanticipated strength, and took a firm stand in the attempt to prevent the new constitution from going into effect. The commons retaliated by saying:

"If you patricians will not have the constitution, we will at least keep matters as they now are. We have two consuls whom we can implicitly trust. We have ten true and zealous tribunes, the leaders of our late glorious deliverance. We will retain these, and then the patricians can gain but little by their opposition."

46, that it was the general opinion that Claudius was assassinated in prison by order of the tribunes.

CHAPTER III.

CONFLICTS AT HOME AND WARS ABROAD.

FROM 433 B. C. TO 318 B. C.

POWER OF AN ARISTOCRACY.—DEMANDS OF THE PLEBEIANS.—STRUGGLE OF THE PATRICIANS AGAINST POPULAR RIGHTS.—THE OFFICE OF CENSOR.—ITS DESPOTISM.—INVASION OF THE GAULS.—DEFEAT OF THE ROMAN ARMY.—SACK OF ROME.—SIEGE OF THE CAPITOL.—TERMS OF PEACE.—MANLIUS.—HIS PHILANTHROPY AND CONDEMNATION.—DESPOTISM OF CAMILLUS.—CONQUEST OF THE PRIVERNATIANS.—WAR WITH THE SAMNITES.—DISASTER AT THE CAUDINE FORKS.—MAGNANIMITY OF PONTIUS.—CHARACTERISTIC ROMAN PRIDE AND HEROISM.

THE inherent strength of an aristocracy, so long as it retains any of its pristine vigor, is ever found to be one of the most formidable instruments of government, and one of the most impregnable barriers to the advance of popular enlightenment. The sagacious few can only hold the many in subjection by keeping them in ignorance. One man, who has clear vision, can easily dominate over an hundred, if he can but succeed in plucking out their eyes. By skill and cunning the patricians succeeded in placing their own men in the consulate, and in setting aside the popular constitution. Affairs speedily returned to their old state, and the two orders of patricians and plebeians were rendered more distinct and antagonistic than ever before. The plebeians were again exposed to violence and insult. Haughty and dissolute young nobles, organized in clubs, supported one another in their outrages. The commons complained bitterly, but they found no man adequate to act as their leader in breasting the encroachments of a powerful aristocracy. The patricians ever rallied with entire unanimity in support of the assumptions of their party, and so great was the strength of unity of action, the

pride of high birth, the power of patrician clubs, and of skill in the use of martial weapons, that the commons, notwithstanding their great preponderance in numbers, were still held in a state of humiliating subjection. The nobles were large slaveholders, and in those days of darkness could easily arm their slaves in their defense. No man could save himself from perpetual annoyance, and often from the grossest outrages, but by withdrawing all opposition to patrician insolence. Thus all but the very boldest—the martyr spirits—were completely subjugated. But nobles who thus live, dwell upon a volcano ever heaving.

We can not follow in detail the tedious conflict. A bold man, C. Canulieus, one of the tribunes, at length nerved his colleagues to demand, with him, "that the consulship should be thrown open, without distinction, to the members of both orders." This led to a tumult, in which the commons in a body rallied, left the city, and established themselves on the other side of the Tiber. The patricians, alarmed, again yielded, and consented to a compromise, abrogating the insulting law which prohibited marriages between the two orders, and making other concessions, which were reluctantly accepted as terms of peace.

We have now arrived at that period in the world's history in which Thucydides, Herodotus, Pericles, and Socrates were performing their immortal parts in waning Greece. A new office was at this time organized—that of the censorship. It became an office of most formidable power. Though nominally the censor was but to take a register of the number of citizens and their taxable property, he in reality could decide the rank the citizen was to hold, could put what valuation he pleased upon his property, and arbitrarily decide the rate of taxation. From his decision there was no appeal. It is difficult to conceive of a despotism much more crushing than this. He who refused to obey the censor could be degraded and utterly ruined. The censors had, in addition to these appall

ing powers of despotism, the entire charge, as stewards, of the revenues of the state.

About this time there was a great famine in Rome, and the distress was so severe that large numbers of the poorer people committed suicide by throwing themselves into the Tiber. A wealthy commoner, Sp. Mælius, purchased quantities of grain, and, by its gratuitous distribution to the starving, made himself so popular that the patricians were very apprehensive that he might secure his election as a plebeian consul. To avert this danger they appointed the old yet energetic Cincinnatus dictator. Mounting his horse, the iron-nerved old man rode into the streets, surrounded by a military array of well armed young nobles, and ordered the arrest of Mælius. The illustrious plebeian, conscious that his doom was sealed, endeavored to escape, but he was overtaken and cruelly murdered. Cincinnatus defended the foul deed by saying:

"Mælius had aimed at making himself king. To meet this danger the senate had appointed a dictator. I had purposed to bring Mælius to trial; but as he refused to obey my summons, he was lawfully slain."

The power of the dictatorship quelled all serious tumult. It is stated in the ancient annals that during these contentions many of the patricians espoused the popular cause, and thus became the idols of the people. The patricians, as a body, regarded those who thus forsook their ranks as degraded, and cast them out of their synagogues.* Still the commons were gradually growing more rich, intelligent, and powerful.

The accounts which the ancient writers give of wars waged by the Romans, during these ages, are by no means reliable Many of the triumphs loudly vaunted are demonstrably fabu

* Cicero expresses some doubt respecting this alleged fraternization of aristocrats with plebeians. He deems it so improbable that he thinks the story must have been invented by the plebeians. But this was certainly the case in the French revolution. There were no more earnest advocates of popular rights than Mirabeau and Lafayette.

lous. Still Neibhur, with skill and sagacity never surpassed, has drawn out a general outline of the conflicts, which convey all the information upon that subject which it is now possible to attain. The Æquians and Volscians had long been the most formidable foes of Rome, and they often at this time carried their plundering conquests up even to the walls of the city.

The whole majestic valley of the Po, spreading out between the Alps and the Apennines, constituting, in loveliness of scenery, salubrity of climate, and fertility of soil, one of the most favored regions upon the surface of our globe, was, at this period, occupied by the Etruscans, Ligurians, and Umbrians, wealthy, powerful, and warlike nations. Of these remote regions of the north, Rome, struggling against her immediate neighbors, knew but little. About four hundred years before Christ, immense bands of wild, savage men, shaggy, and almost as brutal as bears and wolves, came pouring down from France, then called Gaul,* through the passes of the Alps, and with victorious arms overran the valley of the Po, and planted themselves upon the banks of its beautiful waters. Gradually pressing onward in their conquests they approached Rome, menacing the city with subjugation and destruction.

These Gauls, with an army seventy thousand strong, devastating the whole region through which they passed, were rapidly descending the Italian peninsula. The Romans, informed of their approach, in great alarm raised forty thousand troops, many of whom were raw recruits, crossed the Tiber to the right bank, and marched to meet the foe. But the Gauls had crossed the river in its upper branches, and were moving down the left bank. The Roman generals, when apprised of this, were thrown into the greatest consternation. For many miles above Rome the Tiber was not fordable, and at that time there were no bridges, and boats could not be obtained for the

* According to Livy, v. 34, 35, it was 387 years before Christ that the Gauls in vast numbers crossed both the Alps and the Apennines. There can, however, but little reliance be placed in these remote traditions.

transportation of so large a force. The Roman territory did not then extend more than fifty miles from the city in any direction, and in the north its limits were very narrow.

The Roman army hastened by forced marches back to the city, crossed the river without a moment's delay, and had advanced but twelve miles from Rome up the left bank when they met the Gauls, elated with success, pressing forward, eager for carnage, conflagration, and plunder. Upon the precipitous banks of the Alia, a small stream emptying into the Tiber, the Romans awaited their foes. The Gauls, in overpowering numbers, with hideous yells rushed upon them. After a short conflict the Romans were everywhere routed. Many, in the midst of a scene of awful carnage, plunged into the Tiber, and endeavored to swim to the opposite shore. But the Gauls overwhelmed them with their javelins, and nearly the whole army was destroyed. A few breathless, bleeding fugitives reached the city, conveying tidings of the awful disaster. The city was now defenseless. This decisive battle was fought the 18th of July, 390 years before Christ.

The Gauls passed the night after their victory in cutting off the heads of the slain, to convey them to their homes as household ornaments and lasting memorials of their valor. The next day, like wolves who had already lapped blood, they came rushing upon Rome. The citizens fled in all directions, taking with them such of their effects as they could easily remove. A picked band of soldiers was, however, thrown into the citadel to defend it to the last extremity. When the Gauls forced the gates and entered the city they found the streets nearly empty. They immediately spread themselves in all directions, plundering and destroying. The mass of the Romans had escaped to Veii, a city on the western bank of the Tiber, some fifteen miles from Rome. A number of old men, of venerable character and senatorial rank, unable to aid in the defense of the citadel, and deeming it beneath their dignity to seek safety in flight, met together and took a solemn oath by

which they devoted themselves to death for the honor of their country. Arraying themselves in their senatorial or sacerdotal robes, gorgeously embroidered, according to the custom of the times, they took their seats, each on his ivory chair of magistracy, in the gateway of his house.

The Gauls were alarmed at the aspect of these venerable men, arrayed in splendor such as they had never seen, and they doubted whether they beheld mortals or whether the gods had descended for the defense of the city. One of the barbarians cautiously drew near M. Papirius, and began reverently to stroke his long, white beard. The Roman noble, indignant at such familiarity, nearly cracked the skull of the Gaul by a blow with his ivory scepter. The Gaul instantly cut him down with his sword. This was the signal for a general massacre, and all the old men were speedily slain.

The barbarians now turned their attention to the citadel on the Capitoline hill. The immense rock rose then from the plain and the Tiber's banks in a precipitous cliff, accessible but by one path. By this approach the Gauls attempted to storm the fortress, but were repulsed with much slaughter. They then blockaded the hill, and, while endeavoring to starve the garrison to surrender, spread their devastations through all the surrounding region. Thus weeks passed away, while the Gauls were plundering and destroying far and wide; extending their conquests even into the present territory of Naples.

In the meantime the Romans who had taken refuge at Veii, began to recover a little from their consternation and to organize in preparation to attack the foe. The city of Veii was on the right bank of the Tiber, some fifteen miles, as we have before stated, above Rome, which city was then almost entirely on the left bank of the river. A heroic young man, Pontius Cominius, wishing to open communication between the garrison in Rome and the troops which were being organized at Veii, by night floated down the Tiber, and succeed

ed in ascending the precipitous cliff of the Capitoline hill, by digging footholes in the soil and grasping the bushes which sprung up here and there along the face of the ascent. He was successful in this perilous adventure, and returning by the way in which he came, regained Veii in safety.

In the morning the Gauls saw evidence that some one had clambered up the face of the precipice, and they resolved, by the same path to make an assault. The spot was not guarded, for it had been deemed inaccessible. At midnight, in profound silence, a picked band of the Gauls commenced climbing the cliff. So noiseless was their approach that even the watch-dogs in the Roman camp gave no alarm. Upon the summit of the hill there were three temples reared to the guardian gods of Rome—Jupiter, Juno, and Minerva. In the temple of Juno some geese were kept, which were deemed sacred to that goddess. As the story goes, these geese, by some instinct, perceived the approach of danger, and began to flap their wings and to cackle. A Roman officer, M. Manlius, aroused by their unusual agitation, sprang up, called his comrades, and ran out to ascertain the cause of the alarm.

At that moment he saw the head of a Gaul just rising above the brow of the precipice. Rushing upon him he dashed the rim of his shield into his face and plunged him headlong down the cliff. As the savage fell, he swept down others, who were behind him in his path, and the Romans, crowding to the brow of the hill and hurling down missiles of every kind, easily repulsed the foe with great slaughter. For six or seven months the blockade was continued, and yet there seemed to be no prospect of starving out the garrison. Autumnal fevers raged in the camp of the besiegers, and decimated their ranks. News also arrived that the Venetians were overrunning the territory in Etruria, which the Gauls had conquered, and were establishing themselves in power there. The Gauls, under these circumstances, were anxious for some excuse to raise the siege and retire. The Romans, also humiliated and beggared,

were solicitous for peace on almost any terms. Famine was staring them in the face, for their provisions were nearly consumed, and they knew not where to look for more

Both parties being thus eager to terminate the strife, and neither being conscious of the desperate condition of the other, terms of peace were easily agreed upon. The Romans offered a large sum of money to the Gauls if they would retire. Promptly the unexpected offer was accepted; and the barbarians assuming an air of triumph, waved their banners, and with shouts and trumpet peals prepared to raise the siege.

A thousand pounds weight of gold according to the story, was to be paid. As the barbaric chieftain was weighing the treasure, the Roman commissioner, Q. Sulpicius, complained that the weights were not fair. The Gaul haughtily threw his massive broadsword upon the heavily laden scale which the gold was to lift.

"And what do you mean by that?" inquired Sulpicius.

"*Væ victis esse*,"* proudly answered the Gaul.

Rome was subdued, and there was no remedy but to submit to the wrong. Laden with plunder the Gauls returned across the Apennines. The Romans were so humiliated in view of this defeat, that after issuing innumerable versions of the story, each of which redounded less and less to their shame, they at last settled down upon the entirely apochryphal narrative, that while the gold was being weighed out the Roman army from Veii approached, under Camillus, attacked the Gauls at the sword's point, recovered the ransom, and put every individual of them to death, so that not one was left to carry to his countrymen the tidings of the unparalleled slaughter. This is but a specimen of the boastful stories with which the Romans of a more modern date, garnished the sepulchers of their fathers.

The evidence is, however, conclusive that the Gauls retired with their plunder, leaving Rome, and much of the surround-

* Anglice,—"To the victors belong the spoils."

ing region, an entire desolation. As the fugitive Romans returned from Veii they were so much dejected in view of the smoldering ruins of their city—for the torch of the Gaul had consumed every thing that fire would burn—that they seriously contemplated abandoning the site entirely, and taking up their residence at Veii. After much deliberation, it was decided to remain at Rome; and vigorously the reconstruction of the city was commenced. But the Romans were now so weakened in power and diminished in numbers, that they were incessantly attacked by marauding bands from neighboring semi-barbaric tribes and nations. It was probably this which led them to adopt the wise policy of incorporating, as citizens, emigrants from every quarter, and to establish a very generous policy in the administration of the government, giving to every head of a family a farm of about seven acres,* and allowing stone to be quarried, and timber to be felled freely, from any of the public lands for purposes of building.

At one time the Volscians came upon the city in such numbers that the Romans were blockaded, and, as usual in every hour of peril, appointed a dictator. Camillus, who was thus invested with unlimited power, ordered every man into the field who was capable of bearing arms. In a midnight march they emerged from the walls, fell upon the Volscians in the darkness of the earliest dawn, attacked them in front and rear, and cut them down in merciless carnage. The victors were wiping their bloody swords when they heard that another army was approaching Rome, on the right bank of the river. Camillus allowed his troops not a moment for rest, bu traversing the intermediate space with apparently tireless sin ews, met the Etruscan foe, intoxicated and disorganized in the plunder of Sutriam, a city which they had just captured. His conquering legions swept the streets crowded with the riotous bacchanals, speedily regaining the city, and the Etruscans mis-

* *Jugera*: a piece of ground 240 feet in length by 120 feet in breadth.

erably perished. Many petty wars ensued which Livy minutely describes, but which are now unworthy of mention.

The Roman law in favor of the patrician creditor and against the plebeian debtor, was, as we have before narrated, atrocious in the extreme. M. Manlius, the same man who had dashed the Gaul over the precipice with his shield, and had thus saved the capitol, and who by this act had gained great honor and renown, was one day walking through the streets of Rome, when he saw a captain who had served under him, and who had been a distinguished soldier, seized by a patrician for debt, and dragged through the forum as a slave, to toil in his creditor's work-shop. Manlius indignantly protested against the outrage, legal though it was, and paying the debt upon the spot himself, emancipated the debtor. This deed greatly added to his popularity, and the masses of the people began to proclaim him loudly as their protector. Manlius sold a portion of his property at auction to raise ready money, and declared he would never again see a fellow-citizen made a slave for debt, so long as he had the means of preventing it. In a short time he saved four hundred debtors from slavery by advancing money, without requiring any interest.

Manlius was now enthroned in the love of the people, and they called him with one voice their father. The patricians were alarmed, fearing that through his popularity he might attain political office and power. To arrest this peril they declared the country to be in danger, and succeeded in inducing the senate, which they controlled, to appoint a dictator. Cossus, who had once before held the office, summoned Manlius before him, and threw him into prison. He was soon brought to trial under the charge of conspiring against the state, and was arraigned before a court composed of plebeians and patricians.

Conducting his own defense, he eloquently first brought forward four hundred debtors whom he had rescued from slavery; then he exhibited the spoils of thirty enemies whom

he had slain in single combat on the field of battle; he then presented to the court forty rewards he had received from the state for his heroic exploits; among these were eight garlands of oaken leaves, in attestation of his having saved the lives of eight Roman citizens. Some of these men, whose lives he had saved were also produced in court. Finally, he bared his own breast and exhibited it covered with scars, from wounds received in defense of his country. It is not strange that the court should have refused to condemn a man who could present such a defense.

But the dictator summoned another court, composed of the patricians alone. By them Manlius was promptly condemned as a traitor, and was hurled from the Tarpeian rock, his house leveled with the ground, and disgrace attached even to the name. This victory of the patricians greatly confirmed their power. The commons had now lost all heart and were in despair, while the patricians were becoming equally strong at home and abroad.

"But freedom's battle once begun,
Bequeathed from bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled oft is ever won."

Even the tribunes, chosen expressly for the protection of popular rights, abandoned their offices, which only exposed them to odium, without enabling them to accomplish any good. The leading commoners generally declined standing candidates for a position of utter impotency. Under these circumstances two young men, bold and enthusiastic, C. Licinius and L. Sextius were elected among the ten tribunes. Licinius was from one of the most opulent of the plebeian families, and was emboldened by that consciousness of power which great wealth ever gives. Sextius was a young man of congenial spirit, and the warm personal friend of Licinius. These two young tribunes came forward with the intrepid demand that one of the two consuls should ever be chosen from among the plebeians, who were far more numerous than the

patricians, and whose rights it was, consequently, at least important to protect. The whole body of tribunes, strengthened by these leaders, joined in the demand.

This audacious proposal astounded the nobles and roused their most ireful opposition. A scene of extraordinary anarchy and strife ensued. The commons, with ever increasing enthusiasm, rallied around their fearless leaders. Licinius, emboldened by the support he was receiving, added to his requisition, and demanded that the commons should be eligible to the sacerdotal office as well as to the consulship. It is difficult now to conceive of the astonishment and indignation with which the patricians listened to these requirements. The popular feeling, in favor of these measures, was, however, so ardent and impetuous, that it was found impossible to resist it by any ordinary procedure, and the patricians consequently resorted to their old expedient of calling in the strong arm of a dictator.

Camillus, the most unrelenting foe of the commons, was invested with dictatorial power. Rome was then, as ever, at war with some neighboring nation, and Camillus, pretending that the exigencies of the war demanded the vigorous measure, ordered every man in Rome capable of bearing arms to follow him to the field. But the people, aroused and exasperated, and conscious that the edict was merely aimed at their own subjugation, refused to obey. So unanimous was the refusal that Camillus was left powerless, and in shame resigned his office.

"There is nothing," writes Arnold, "viler than the spirit which actuates the vulgar of an aristocracy." The whol history of the conflict between aristocratic assumption an popular rights, from the earliest dawn of history to the present hour, does but elucidate this truth. The degrading selfishness which induces pride and power to grasp at all the good things of life, dooming the feeble to ignorance and debasement, is worthy of all detestation. For this there is

no remedy but in the fraternity the gospel inculcates—all men are brothers.

After a long and stormy conflict, the Licinian bills were carried. But when the people met for choice of consuls under this law, and the plebeians chose Sextus for their consul, the wrath of the humiliated patricians burst out anew. But the commons stood firm, and, for a time, Rome was seriously menaced with civil war. At length both parties assented to a compromise, which secured temporary peace. The plebeian consul was confirmed, but the judicial power was separated from the consular office and retained in the hands of the patricians. Thus terminated a struggle of five years' duration. But the commons had made a great gain, securing eligibility both to the consulate and to the sacerdotal office. It was a bloodless victory, and until the end of the republic the consulship, with one or two trivial exceptions, continued to be shared by the commons. Five hundred years of Roman history passed away without producing a single historian or philosopher. By the dim light of tradition, and the glimpses we can catch from Grecian narratives, we grope through these dark ages.

The Romans now, year after year, in many bloody conflicts, which it would be tedious to enumerate, pushed their conquests through the southern portion of the peninsula. One fierce battle, beneath the shadow of Vesuvius, secured the annexation of a large portion of the present kingdom of Naples to Rome. Here again was developed the grasping spirit of the patricians. Of the territory thus gained, three acres only were assigned to each of the plebeians, while the great families of the aristocracy usurped the rest. The patricians were slowly but perseveringly endeavoring to regain their lost ascendency.

We have now reached that period in the world's history when Alexander the Great was commencing his conquests. His victories rapidly extended from the Ægæan to the Indus,

and from the Caspian to the Nile; and through all these realms the institutions of Greece were planted. The western coasts of Italy, then occupied by barbaric tribes, swarmed with pirates. Complaints of their ravages had been carried to Alexander. Rome had now attained such power that Alexander, deeming the Romans responsible for the good behavior of that portion of Italy, sent to them a remonstrance against these outrages. It is said that Roman ambassadors were consequently deputed to Babylon to meet the great conqueror, and that he was deeply impressed with their manly bearing.

In a war with the Privernatians, about this time, the Romans, after besieging the capital city of their foes for two years, were triumphant. Some illustrious prisoners were brought to Rome, and arrayed before the senate, who were to decide their doom and the doom of the nation. One of the consuls asked one of the deputies:

"Of what penalty, even in your own judgment, are your countrymen deserving?"

"Of the penalty," was the intrepid reply, "due to those who assert their liberty."

"But if we spare you now," rejoined the consul, "what peace may we expect to have with you for the time to come?"

"Peace true and lasting," was the answer, "if its terms be good; if otherwise, a peace which will soon be broken."

Some of the senators, enraged by replies so defiant and yet so heroic, declared that this was language of rebellion, which deserved the most severe punishment. But the majority, with a more appreciative spirit of true nobleness, said:

"These men, whose whole hearts are set upon liberty, deserve to become Romans."

It was, therefore, proposed to the people, and carried by acclaim, that the Privernatians should be incorporated with the Romans, and admitted to the rights of Roman citizens.

To consolidate their conquests the Romans, who were now rapidly making acquisitions of territory throughout the southern portion of the Italian peninsula, while they were making no progress in the north, established a colony of three hundred emigrants at Anxur, the present town of Tarracina, on the frontiers of what is now the kingdom of Naples. Roman laws were extended over the whole conquered domain, and Roman magistrates were sent to enforce those laws. Each colonist was allowed two acres of land for a house, lot, and garden, with a share in the common pasturage.

There was a very powerful nation called the Samnites, occupying much of the region now belonging to Naples. About three hundred years before Christ, the progress of the Roman arms brought Rome in conflict with this people. The foe was so formidable that the appointment of a dictator was deemed necessary. Through some influences, of which we are not informed, the senate at this time was remarkably popular in its character, and, to the consternation of the patricians, appointed an illustrious plebeian, M. Claudius Marcellus, dictator. There was a sort of supreme court then in existence, called the College of Augrus, which was entirely under the control of the patricians. In the appeal which the nobles made to this court, declaring that there was some illegality in the appointment of Marcellus, the court, of course, decided against the commons, and the appointment was pronounced void.

The patricians, elated by this victory, now attempted the repeal of the Licinian law which gave the commons eligibility to the consulship and to the sacerdotal office. In this attempt they were baffled. Alexander of Macedon, in the mean time had died, and Greece was beginning to exhibit indications of decay. The sun of Roman power was rising, and that of Grecian splendor majestically descending the horizon. For twenty years the Romans waged incessant war with the Samnites, with varying success.

In the fifth year of the war the Romans met with an over-

whelming defeat. For ages it could not be forgotten as one of the most humiliating reverses of the Roman arms. The two consuls, Veturius and Postumius, at the head of two armies, marched into Campania. The Samnite general, C. Pontius, a man of Grecian culture and education, adroitly lured the Roman armies into a mountain defile, which, in consequence of this event, has obtained a world-wide renown, under the name of the Caudine Forks.

Twenty-five miles northwest of Naples there is the little decayed city of Avellino. A wild gorge, which nature has cut through the Apennines, leads from here to Benevento. The modern road from Naples to Benevento runs through this defile, which is called the valley of Arpaia. Here the Romans found themselves entangled in a ravine, frowned upon by inaccessible crags, and surrounded by the Samnite army. Barricades in front, crowded with troops, and bristling with all the ancient instruments of war, rendered advance impossible. The pass in the rear was closed by strong battalions of the foe against any retreat. There was no possibility of escape over the precipitous hills. Every available spot from which missiles could be hurled upon the invaders was occupied by the Samnites. For a short time the Romans, like lions in the toils, struggled to extricate themselves. But having lost half their number, and accomplishing nothing, they encamped as they best could, and throwing up entrenchments, placed themselves entirely on the defensive. Pontius, sure that there was no escape for his victims, incurred no risks, but waited quietly for the slow but inevitable operation of famine. The Romans, emaciated and haggard, were soon brought to terms, and implored the mercy of the conqueror.

Pontius proved himself a magnanimous, though a determined foe. "Restore to us," said he, "the towns and territory you have taken from us. Call home the colonists whom you have unjustly settled upon our soil; lay down your arms and surrender all your munitions of war; take an oath here

after to respect the independence of our nation, and surrender to me six hundred Roman knights as hostages to secure the ratification of the treaty, and you may defile before my army as prisoners whom we have released, and return to your homes unharmed."

These were generous terms for the conqueror to yield, but very humiliating terms for proud Romans to accept. But there was no alternative but destruction. The consuls and all the surviving officers took the oath. The hostage knights were delivered, and then the whole Roman army, consuls, generals, and soldiers, in a long procession, stripped of every article of clothing, except the kilt, which reached from the waist to the knee, thus leaving the whole upper part of the body naked, marched through a passage opened for them in the Samnite lines of blockade. They all defiled beneath a spear, supported upon two which were planted in the ground. Such a humiliation, which was richly merited, the Roman legions had never encountered before. Pontius humanely ordered carriages to be provided for the sick and the wounded, and supplied them with provisions sufficient for their wants until they should reach Rome.

When this melancholy procession, with Roman pride so healthily humbled, arrived at Capua, they were received with much condolence, and the consuls and superior officers were provided with arms and clothing, that their appearance might be more suited to their dignity. They then continued their march in a state of mortification which no language can describe, ashamed to speak to each other, or to raise their eyes from the ground. When they drew near the city all the common soldiers, who had homes in the vicinity, singly and silently dispersed, that they might reach those homes unseen. Those who lived in the city, unwilling in their deep disgrace to enter in the broad light of day, lingered outside of the walls until it was dark, and then stealthily crept to their habitations.

The loss of life in this campaign threw all Rome into

mourning, but the humiliation was a blow still more keenly felt. All business was suspended, all pleasure interdicted; marriages were postponed, and all thoughts were directed to the obliteration of the dishonor. The two unfortunate consuls immediately resigned their office, and much difficulty was found in choosing their successors. The question now arose, "Shall the treaty be ratified?" Postumius, one of the consuls of the previous year, came forward and made the astonishing proposition, equally characteristic of Roman ambition and the Roman sense of honor, that the treaty should be rejected, and that he himself, with his colleague in the consulship, T. Veturius, and every officer who had taken the oath to the Samnites, should be surrendered to them as having promised what they were unable to perform. The senate adopted this resolve, even though many of them had, doubtless, sons among the six hundred hostages thus abandoned to the vengeance of the Samnites.

The two consuls, with all the officers, were conducted by a Roman herald back to the country of the Samnites. As they approached the camp their hands were bound behind their backs, and they were thus delivered up as men who had forfeited liberty and life by a breach of faith. As soon as the surrender had been made, Postumius, the ex-consul, who now belonged to the Samnites as their slave, so that they were now responsible for his actions, turned and with his knee (for his hands were bound) struck violently the Roman herald who had surrendered him, saying:

"I now belong to the Samnites. I have insulted a Roman ambassador. Rome can justly wage war against the Samnites to avenge this outrage."

Nothing redeems this shameful trickery but the intrepidity which could brave slavery and death to promote national aggrandizement. Such conduct may be called heroic, but it is the heroism of dark and benighted natures. The conduct of Pontius was truly noble.

"I shall not accept these victims," he said. "They are not guilty. Rome has reaped the advantage of the treaty of Caudium in the liberation of her army, and now she refuses to fulfill the conditions. It is a mockery both to the gods and men to pretend that such perfidy is justice. If Rome would rescue her name from infamy, let her either replace her legions in their desperate condition, or ratify the treaty."

So saying he sent the consuls and their companions back, unhurt, to Rome.

CHAPTER IV.

ROME, GREECE, AND CARTHAGE.

FROM 318 B. C. TO 241 B. C.

THE DISASTER OF THE CAUDINE FORKS AVENGED.—PARTIES IN ROME.—DEMOCRACY OF APPIUS CLAUDIUS.—IGNOBLE TREATMENT OF PONTIUS.—STATE OF THE WORLD AT THIS TIME.—COALITION AGAINST ROME.—THE GREEKS JOIN THE COALITION.—PYRRHUS LANDS ON THE ITALIAN PENINSULA.—PROGRESS OF THE WAR.—EXPULSION OF THE GREEKS.—INVASION OF SICILY.—WAR WITH CARTHAGE.—INVASION OF AFRICA.—STORY OF REGULUS.—VICTORIES AND DEFEATS.—ROME TRIUMPHANT.—SICILY ANNEXED TO ROME.

ACCORDING to the Roman story, in which not much reliance can be placed, the Romans, the next year sent a powerful force under a renowned champion, L. Papirius Cursor, who severely chastised the Samnites for their audacity in conquering a Roman army. Cursor took, they say, one of the chief cities of the Samnites, recovered all the arms and banners they had taken, rescued the six hundred knights which had been surrendered to them, and conveyed them all safely to Rome. Thus boastfully, on paper, the disgrace of the Caudine Forks was effaced. It is, nevertheless, unquestioned, however little we may regard these boasts, that the war between the Romans and Samnites continued with increasing exasperation, and that the fortunes of war were decidedly in favor of Rome. At length the Samnites were crushed entirely, all their territory seized by the conquerors, and strong military colonies established in different parts of the country to hold them in subjection. The Romans were now so powerful that no combination of tribes could successfully oppose them. They pushed their conquests eastward, over the Apennines, to the Adriatic, and north into the wilds of Etruria. A Roman navy was rapidly

rising into existence, and the energetic republic towered incontestably above all the surrounding nations.

The commonwealth of Rome was now composed of three leading parties. First there was the old aristocratic party, the ancient patricians; then came the middle class or commons, who had gradually, by wealth and intelligence, gained many political privileges. They were deemed Roman *citizens*, were entitled to vote, and were eligible to nearly all offices in the army, the church, and the state. Then came the third class, which consisted not of citizens but of *subjects*, freed slaves, and the inhabitants of conquered districts, who were brought under the dominion of Roman law, but were not entitled to the rights of citizenship. There was a fourth class, the slaves, which history scarcely deigns to notice. They were then probably few in number. The third class even, ancient annals would scarcely have noticed but for the fact that the nobles often called the brawny arms of these freed men and foreigners into requisition to enable them to resist the commons; just as in the French revolutions the nobles roused the blind energies of the mob, to overthrow constitutional liberty, intending upon the ruins to reërect the ancient despotism.

The middle party had now become the most powerful, embracing many of the most distinguished men of the times. Not a few of the patricians of noblest character were in sympathy with the commons, and supported their measures. The office of censor, in point of rank, was the highest office in the commonwealth. The censors had far more power than the consuls, and from their decision there was no appeal. Three hundred and thirteen years before Christ, Appius Claudius and C. Plautius, were elected censors. Plautius, from some chagrin, resigned, leaving the whole power for five years in the hands of his ambitious and energetic colleague, Appius. With the arts of a demagogue, Appius, whose duty it was to fill the vacancies which had occurred in the senate, placed on that list, to the utter scandal, not only of the patricians, but of

the commoners, who were now growing aristocratic, the names of men selected from the low popular party. These men, thus selected, though energetic in character and possessing wealth, were the sons of freedmen, and thus, in Roman parlance, the grandsons of nobody. Appius resorted to this measure in the same spirit in which a prime minister of England creates a batch of nobles from the commons, to strengthen his vote in the House of Lords. Though this measure was opposed so bitterly that for a time it was thwarted, Appius, unintimidated, persevered in the same line of policy and admitted a large number of freed slaves to the rights of citizenship, thus strengthening his party.

Appius having thus gained the support of the masses, in the enjoyment of kingly power, resolved to construct works of public utility, which should immortalize his name. As censor he was the treasurer of the public funds, and assuming the responsibility, without any authority from the senate, he applied immense sums to the construction of a military road from Rome to Capua, near Naples, a distance of one hundred and twenty miles. This magnificent road, called the Appian Way, was constructed of hexagonal stones, exactly fitted to each other, and portions of it still remain, having survived the ravages of two thousand years. He also constructed an aqueduct, which conveyed water, mostly underground, from a distance of eight miles to Rome. These two works were so expensive that they exhausted the revenues of the state. Though the regular term of the censor's office was but eighteen months, Appius, bidding defiance to law, retained his censorship for five years, and then succeeded in securing his election as consul, so that he continued in office until his works were completed.

Two hundred and ninety-four years before Christ, the Gauls in coöperation with many allies, and in such force as to give them great confidence of success, marched again upon Rome. The Romans, in two vast armies, advanced to meet them.

The conflict took place on the plains of Sentinum. The Romans were signally victorious. The allied army was routed and dispersed, with the loss of twenty-five thousand of their best troops. Soon after this the Romans succeeded in the capture of C. Pontius, the renowned Samnite general, who had defeated the Roman legions so signally at the Caudine Forks, and who had treated his discomfited foe with such wonderful magnanimity. The victorious Roman consul, Q. Fabius, char ioted in splendor, made a triumphal entrance into Rome. Pontius was led a captive in chains to grace the festival. As the victor, in the procession, turned from the sacred way to ascend the Capitoline hill, Pontius was led aside into a dungeon beneath the hill, and beheaded. Thus infamously did Rome requite the magnanimity of a foe who had spared the lives of Roman armies left entirely in his power, and who had liberated unharmed, the generals Rome had surrendered as an expiation for her perfidy.

During the consulate of M. Curius Dentatus, a very energetic plebeian who worked his way to supreme power, crushing aristocratic opposition before him, Rome made such conquests in the north and south, that Dentatus enjoying two triumphal entries to Rome in one year, declared to the assembly of the people:

"I have conquered such an extent of country, that it must have been left a wilderness had the men whom I have made our subjects been fewer. I have subjected such a multitude of men, that they must have starved if the territory conquered with them had been smaller."

With these immense conquests came the impoverishment of the people, from the enormous expenses of the war, and Rome was overwhelmed with misery by one of those fearful pestilences which have ever, in past ages, been surging over the nations. In this emergence, Curius Dentatus resolved to appropriate the territory gained in these conquests for the relief of the public distress. He, therefore, proposed an agra-

rian law which should allot seven acres* of the public domain to every citizen. The proposition roused the most bitter hostility of the patricians, who, with deathless tenacity, were struggling to widen the gulf between the patricians and plebeians. It seems that the proposition of Curius Dentatus was in favor of the middle class, the *citizens*, who had the privilege of voting, not of the lower class, the *subjects*, who had no vote. At this time the slaves were so few as not to be taken into the account in any public measures. The patricians, in their madness, called in the aid of the mob; and tumults swept the streets of Rome. But the soldiers whom Curius had led to conquest rallied around him, and by their aid he triumphed over both the nobles and the *Jacobins*, as the same class of people were called in the somewhat similar conflicts of the French revolution.

While these conflicts were raging most fiercely, foreign foes, probably from Etruria, menaced the city. The immediate appointment of a dictator was deemed necessary, and Q. Hortensius, a man of opulent and even ancient plebeian family, was placed in office. He summoned an assemblage of the whole nation, without distinction of orders, in a place called the "Oak Grove," just without the walls of the city, and there proposed three radical laws. 1st, A general bankrupt law, releasing all poor debtors from their obligations; 2d, an agrarian law conferring seven acres of the *public domain* upon every *citizen*; and 3d, a law depriving the senate of its veto, and declaring the people, assembled in their tribes, to be a supreme legislative power. There were one or two other laws of minor importance also enacted. The passage of these laws secured comparative internal peace to Rome for a period of one hundred and fifty years. A census taken about this time gave a return of two hundred and seventy-two thousand

* The Roman acre, *jugera*, contained but three thousand two hundred square yards. The English acre contains four thousand eight hundred and forty.

three hundred and twenty-two *citizens;* but it is impossible from this to judge, with much accuracy, what was then the population of the republic,—about two hundred years before the birth of Christ.

One of the remarkable events of this period, was the sending an embassy to Greece to invite the god Æsculapius to Rome to arrest the plague, which had then been raging three years. They brought back the god in the form of a snake, and erected a temple for his worship upon an island in the Tiber.

Forty years after the death of Alexander the Great, Seleucus, the last survivor of his generals, then a man seventy-five years of age, and sovereign of Asia, returned to Greece. His vast realms, which he had inherited from the great conqueror, extended from the Hellespont to the Indies. He had but just landed on the Thracian Chersonesus, when he was assassinated by Ptolmy Ceraunus, who had seized upon the throne of Macedonia. Antiochus, the son of Seleucus, succeeded to the throne of Asia. Ptolemy, the son of Lagus, was now king of Egypt—having received this kingdom from Alexander, in the division of the Grecian empire. Such, in the main, was, at this time the fragmentary condition of that Grecian empire which, but half a century before, had held the mastery of the world.

About the year 281 B. C. commenced one of the most formidable coalitions against Rome which had yet been organized. The Gauls, with the northern nations, coöperating with the nations in the extreme south of the Italian peninsula, invited Pyrrhus, king of Epirus, a kingdom on the western shore of Greece, to send an army by sea, to act in concert with them for the destruction of Rome. Pyrrhus, ambitious of military renown which might promote his projects at home, sent an army across the sea from Greece, a distance of about one hundred and fifty miles, into the gulf of Tarentum, on the extreme southern point of Italy. He landed here at Taren

tum, twenty thousand foot soldiers, twenty-five thousand archers and slingers, and fifty elephants. In the spring of the year 280 before Christ, this formidable armament of veteran soldiers was prepared to take the field. The nations of Italy, hostile to Rome, were exceedingly elated, and rallied to coöperate with these powerful invaders. Rome was never before in so great peril, and vigorously the Romans prepared to encounter the enemy. An army consisting of thirty thousand foot and two thousand six hundred horse, under one of their consuls, Valerius Lævinus, advanced to meet the foe, and the forces encountered each other in the shock of battle near the shore of the gulf of Taranto, on a large plain, then called the plain of Heraclea, probably near the present site of Policoro.

A hand-to-hand fight, with clubs, spears, swords, arrows, and javelins ensued, in which physical strength alone mainly was to decide the issue. Pyrrhus, conscious that the safety of his army was dependent upon the preservation of his own life, and that every Roman warrior would seek to encounter him, not very chivalrously exchanged uniforms with one of the officers of his guard. The royal helmet and scarlet cloak attracted attack from every quarter, and Megacles, the guardsman, was soon struck down. His fall was received with shouts of triumph throughout the Roman lines, and while they were exulting over the helmet and mantle, which had been torn from the body of the slain, Pyrrhus rode along the ranks of his troops bare-headed, to satisfy them that he was still alive and well.

Seven times the triumphant Romans drove the troops of Pyrrhus in wild disorder over the plain. Seven times Pyrrhus, rallying his troops, in war's surging billow, swept back the foe. Each general endeavored to lure all the forces of the enemy into battle, holding back a reserve, which, in the hour of exhaustion, should come rushing fresh upon the field and settle the strife. At length Lævinus, believing that Pyrrhus

had brought forth his last reserve, marched his own upon the field from behind a curtain of hills. It was a chosen body of cavalry, and the plain trembled beneath their iron hoofs, as they came, with gleaming swords, thundering into the midst of the fray. But the wary Greek was not taken by surprise. A few trumpet blasts were heard, and instantly there emerged from their concealment fifty elephants. At a speed even surpassing that of the horses they came thundering upon the plain, and with their resistless momentum and heavy tramp crushed all before them.

The Roman horses, terrified by the unwonted spectacle, wheeled and fled from the monsters in resistless panic. The riders lost all control over them, and rushing through the lines of the foot soldiers, the whole army was thrown into disorder. Pyrrhus followed up his advantage by a vigorous charge, and the rout was entire and hopeless.

But for an event almost accidental the Roman army would have been annihilated. A soldier chanced to cut off with his sword the trunk of one of the elephants. The animal, terrified and thus rendered helpless, crying with torture, turned back upon the pursuing army. The other elephants, instinctively appalled by the cry, also turned, and in the midst of the confusion and dismay thus occasioned many of the Romans escaped. It is impossible now to ascertain the loss upon either side, but Pyrrhus remained complete master of the field. The loss of Pyrrhus was, however, so great that he said to one who congratulated him, "One more such victory and I should be obliged to return to Epirus without a single soldier."

The conqueror now pressed forward toward central Italy, at the same time sending an ambassador to Rome with terms of peace. Cineas, who was entrusted with this commission, was a Greek from Thessaly. It is said that in his early youth he heard Demosthenes speak, and the marvelous eloquence of the orator inspired him with the desire to emulate his power. The tongue of Cineas, it was said, won more cities than the

sword of Pyrrhus. He had cultivated his memory to so extraordinary a degree, that the first day after his arrival in Rome he could address all the senators and the citizens of the equestrian order by their proper names. The courtly Greek, thoroughly instructed in all the learning of his countrymen, attracted great attention. His wise sayings were treasured up and repeated from mouth to mouth, and the senate, beguiled by his address and flattered by his presents, were about to assent to terms of peace far from honorable to Rome.

In this emergence Appius Claudius, who was now in extreme old age, and who for several years had been blind and borne down by many bodily infirmities, was carried in a litter into the senate house. The profoundest silence reigned in the senate as the old man rose to speak. His eloquence recalled the senate to a sense of Roman honor; and at the close of his speech it was voted, almost by acclaim, that no peace should be concluded while the hostile Greeks remained in Italy, and that Cineas should be ordered to leave Rome that very day.

Pyrrhus, resolving to prosecute the war with all possible vigor, advanced with a large army, almost unopposed, as far as Capua, which city was unsuccessfully attacked. Relinquishing the siege of the city, he pressed on until he arrived within eighteen miles of Rome. From the hills upon which he encamped he could discern the towers of the city. During this long march Lævinus, with the wreck of his army, had hung upon the rear of the Greeks, ever carefully avoiding offering to him an opportunity for battle. Here he learned that Rome had made peace with the Etruscans and other northern nations, and was prepared to meet him with an overwhelming force Commencing a precipitate retreat, he soon in his ships reached Tarentum in safety.

The Romans sent to Tarentum to propose to Pyrrhus an exchange of prisoners. He refused either ransom or exchange, unless the Romans would accede to the terms of peace he had offered through Cineas; but with singular generosity he allowed

all the Roman prisoners to go to Rome to spend the holidays of the Saturnalia, exacting from them a solemn promise that they would return, unless the senate consented to peace. The senate refused peace, and denounced the punishment of death upon any prisoner who should remain in Rome after the day appointed for his return.

The next season the campaign was opened anew, and the two armies met on the plains of Asculum, near the present city of Ascoli. In the battle which ensued, Grecian discipline prevailed, and though Pyrrhus himself was wounded, the Romans retired, leaving six thousand upon the field of battle. The remainder of the season was passed in desultory and indecisive warfare, and as winter set in the Greeks retired again to Tarentum, while the Romans went into winter quarters in Apulia.

Pyrrhus was now quite disheartened as to the prospect of conquering Rome. It so happened that the island of Sicily was then engaged in war with Carthage, and a powerful Carthaginian army was besieging Syracuse. The Sicilians sent to Pyrrhus imploring his aid, and he accordingly, leaving a garrison in the citadel at Tarentum, embarked for Sicily. For two years he was engaged in war there, with very cruel and bloody, but indecisive results, when he received an embassage from his old allies in Italy, imploring his return. In the autumn of the year 276 B. C. his fleet again entered the harbor of Tarentum. But in the passage he was attacked by the Carthaginian fleet and seventy of his ships were sunk.

A Roman army was speedily on the march to meet the invaders. Pyrrhus attempted to surprise his foes in a midnight attack. By torchlight they commenced their march. The night was dark and windy; the distance longer than was anticipated; the torches were blown out, and the men lost their way. Thus the morning dawned before the Greeks, utterly exhausted, reached the hights which looked down upon the Roman camp. The Romans were prepared for them, and the

battle could not be delayed. The battle was short, but very bloody. The elephants, pierced with javelins, turned and trampled down the ranks of Pyrrhus, and the victory of the Romans was decisive and effectual. Pyrrhus retreated with the wreck of his army to his ships, and spreading sail returned to Epirus.

The Romans, after the expulsion of the Greeks, without difficulty extended their sway over all the nations of southern Italy. To complete the subjugation of these nations, strong colonies were planted in the midst of them. The Roman armies were equally successful in the north, and thus after a struggle of nearly five centuries the whole Italian peninsula came under the sway of Rome. The Roman colonies were, in reality, garrisons established in the most populous regions.

The renowned empire of Carthage was situated upon the coast of Africa, near the present site of Tunis, almost directly south from Rome. The Mediterranean is here about one hundred and fifty miles in breadth. But the island of Sicily, which is two hundred miles in length and one hundred and fifty in breadth, lies directly between Carthage and the extreme southern point, or toe of Italy; being separated from the African coast by a channel eighty miles in width, and from Italy by the narrow strait of Messina but two miles across.

The Carthaginian republic, which was, at this time, perhaps the most powerful nation on the globe, originated in a Phœnician colony which laid the foundation of Carthage about one hundred and forty years before the traditional assignment of the building of Rome. The Carthaginians had a large fleet and skillful seamen, which gave them the entire command of the sea. Their conquering armies had taken possession of the island of Sardinia, which was about one hundred miles north from Carthage, and their war ships were hovering around Sicily having brought nearly the whole island under their sway.

Ambitious Rome now turned her eyes to Sicily, and resolv-

ed to take possession of it. With the energy which thus far had characterized the nation, a fleet was soon built, and an army of twenty thousand men assembled at Reggia, the Italian port nearest to the Sicilian shore. Appius succeeded in transporting his troops, notwithstanding the vigilance of the Carthaginian ships, across the strait, and landing them, by night, on the Sicilian coast. Hanno, commander of the Carthaginian forces on the island, hastened to meet Appius, but was defeated in a pitched battle and retreated to Syracuse. The Romans, after plundering the surrounding country, followed the foe to Syracuse. Here the tide of war set against them. Sickness decimated their ranks, and after an unsuccessful battle, Appius retreated to Messina, pursued by the allied Syracusians and Carthaginians. Leaving a garrison there, Appius returned to Rome in his ships, which were mainly impelled by oars, that he might gather reënforcements for the continuation of the war.

In the spring of the year 263 B. C. two consular armies, amounting to thirty-five thousand men, crossed the straits, and landed at Messina. They swept all opposition before them, and speedily were in possession of sixty-seven towns. Many of the Sicilians now entered into an alliance with the Romans to drive out the Carthaginians. Between two such powerful and unscrupulous nations their independence was impossible, and they preferred subjection to Rome rather than to Carthage.

But while Rome was thus ravaging the cities of Sicily, the Carthaginian fleet, in command of the sea, was making continual descents upon the Italian towns, destroying and plundering without mercy. This led the Romans to resolve to meet the enemy on their own element. But the Carthaginians were far superior to the Romans in naval architecture, constructing line-of-battle ships, if we may so call them, with five banks of oars. These enormous structures were called quinqueremes. The Romans had thus far been able to construct only triremes, or ships with but three banks of oars.

It so happened that a Carthaginian quinquereme was driven ashore on the coast of Italy, and the Romans, taking their model from the wreck, in two months built and launched two hundred such ships. While these ships were building, the Roman soldiers were constantly exercised in rowing, by being placed on benches on the shore, arranged as they would be in the ship. These quinqueremes carried three hundred rowers and one hundred and twenty soldiers. It was always the endeavor to pierce the foe with their brazen prows, and then settle the conflict by boarding. To facilitate this operation a long drawbridge, thirty-four feet long and four wide, with a low parapet on each side was attached to a mast. This bridge was let fall upon the enemy's ship, which it held fast by a strong iron spike fixed at the bottom of the platform or bridge, and which was driven home into the deck by the force of the fall.

Thus equipped, the Romans put to sea to contend with the strongest naval power then upon the globe. The expedition was commanded by one of the consuls, C. Duilius. He found the Carthaginian fleet not far from the straits of Messina, on the north coast of Sicily, ravaging the coast near Melazzo. The Carthaginians bore down upon the foe in full confidence of victory. But Roman prowess was triumphant. At the close of the fiercest strife for a few hours, the Carthaginians, having lost fifty ships taken or sunk, with three thousand men slain and seven thousand taken captive, retreated in a panic. The Romans, exceedingly exultant at this victory, landed, took Melazzo by storm, and now resolved to drive the Carthaginians, not only out of Sicily, but also out of Sardinia and Corsica.

But Carthage was altogether too powerful to be subdued by one victory. For three years war, with all its horrors, desolated the cities and plains of Sicily. At the same time expeditions were fitted out both against Sardinia and Corsica. As no decisive results were obtained, the Romans decided on an expedition hitherto unparalleled in any of their conflicts.

They prepared a fleet of three hundred and thirty ships, which were manned by one hundred and forty thousand men and resolved to carry the war into Africa. Carthage sent three hundred and fifty ships to meet the foe. The terrific encounter of more than three hundred thousand combatants took place on the coast of Sicily. Such another naval spectacle earth has perhaps never witnessed, as hour after hour these maddened legions struggled with demoniac fury. No war of the elements ever equaled this tempest of human passion.

But again Rome was triumphant. The Carthaginians, having lost ninety-four of their ships either captured or sunk, retreated in consternation to Carthage, to save the city, if possible, from the invaders. The passage to Africa was now unobstructed. The fleet pushed vigorously across the sea, and the troops were disembarked upon the African coast, a short distance from the headland of Cape Bon, in the bay of Tunis. The coast here runs nearly north and south, and the region presented an aspect of opulence, thrift, and beauty, such as has rarely been surpassed. The villas of the Carthaginian gentry, embowered in olive groves and vineyards, every where decorated the rural landscape. Cattle browsed upon the hills; villages were scattered over the plains, while the highest attainments of agriculture, aided by an African sun, spread over the whole country the bloom of an extraordinary verdure.

Into this inviting region the Romans plunged, with an army of fifteen thousand foot and five hundred horse. The Carthaginians, who had never even dreamed of such an invasion, were quite defenseless. The march of Regulus, the Roman general, was unimpeded, and he soon sent word to Rome that he had plundered over three hundred walled towns. Having arrived within twenty miles of Carthage, and not feeling sufficiently strong to storm the city, the Carthaginians having made the most extraordinary efforts for its

defense, Regulus threw up his intrenchments and went into winter quarters. Some of the interior African tribes, lured by the hope of plunder, joined the Romans. The Carthaginians sent to Greece to engage the assistance of renowned Grecian generals. Among others, a Spartan officer named Xanthippus, a man of much military experience and celebrity, espoused their cause. So much confidence did he inspire that he was intrusted with the direction of the Carthaginian forces.

Assembling a choice army of veterans, consisting of twelve thousand foot, four thousand cavalry, with one hundred elephants, Xanthippus marched from Carthage to attack the Romans in their encampment before they could receive reënforcements from Rome. The battle was very fierce and long continued, but finally the Romans were entirely routed, and their destruction was so entire that Regulus escaped from the field with but five hundred men. He was pursued, overtaken, and made prisoner, while every man of his guard was slain. Thus the Roman army was absolutely annihilated, with the exception of a small body of troops left in garrison at Clypea, an important town on the coast. The Carthaginian army returned to Carthage in triumph, leading, as a glorious trophy, Regulus, half naked and in chains.

The Roman senate, informed of the disaster, and unable immediately to attempt to repair it, sent an expedition to Clypea, to bring off the garrison, which was closely besieged. A very powerful armament was dispatched, which beat off the Carthaginian fleet advancing to repel them, and then succeeded in rescuing the garrison. But as they were returning home along the southern coast of Italy, a terrific storm arose, and two hundred and sixty ships were wrecked. The destruction of life was enormous, it being estimated that one hundred thousand men perished in this awful storm. The shore of Sicily for many leagues was covered with the fragments of ships and the bodies of the dead.

The Carthaginians, encouraged by this great disaster which had befallen their foes, sent an efficient general, Hasdrubal, with an army and one hundred and forty elephants to drive the Romans from those portions of Sicily of which they had taken possession. But Roman energy was invigorated, not paralyzed, by adversity. In three months a fleet of three hundred and twenty ships was fitted for sea, crossed the straits to the Sicilian shore, ravaged a large extent of country, extorting enormous ransom from their wealthy captives, and selling thirteen thousand prisoners, of the poorer class, as slaves. They then crossed the sea again to the African shore, and after loading their ships to their utmost capacity with plunder, commenced their return. But again they were overtaken by a storm, and one hundred and twenty of their ships were wrecked.

The Romans and Carthaginians now continued the struggle for two years, with ever varying success, on the plains of Sicily. About the middle of the third summer, the Romans obtained a signal victory, which placed the whole of the island of Sicily, with the exception of one town, Silybæum, in their hands. The Carthaginians, disheartened, sent an embassy to Rome with terms of peace, and their illustrious prisoner, the Roman general Regulus, was sent, it is said, with this embassy, first exacting from him the promise that he would return to Carthage, surrendering himself again to captivity should the negotiation fail. It was hoped that out of regard to his own safety he would urge the acceptance of the terms.

But Regulus, with heroism characteristic of his race, willing to sacrifice the short remainder of his life, he being aged and infirm, for the glory of his country, dissuaded the senate from making peace. He was present at the discussion, and vehemently urged that the question of his life should not be at all considered, while deliberating respecting the glory and power of Rome; and that the best interests of Rome required

that the Roman legions should spread triumphantly over the domains of Carthage. Seeing that the senate, influenced by the cruel death to which he would be subjected on his return to Carthage, still hesitated, he pretended that a slow poison had been administered to him, which would infallibly soon end his days. His arguments were effectual, and the treaty was rejected. Regulus tore himself from the embraces of his weeping friends and returned to Carthage, where he was put to death with the most dreadful tortures.

Such is the story of Regulus, which has, perhaps, obtained more renown than any other incident in ancient Roman history. It develops a trial of character so honorable to human nature, though, like pure gold embedded in quartz, it is surrounded with much alloy, that we could earnestly wish it to be true. But historical research does not confirm it. It is not alluded to by Polybius, the most ancient and trustworthy writer in those times; and there is much reason to suppose that it is pure fiction, invented by some eulogist to shed renown upon the illustrious consul and general, Regulus, who certainly perished in captivity in Carthage.

It was the great ambition of Rome to annex the island of Sicily to her domain. The next year, 250 B.C., another immense army was raised to drive the Carthaginians from Lilybæum, where they were strongly fortified. For two or three years the war raged with all of war's possible fury. There were sea-fights and land-fights, shipwrecks, gory battle-fields, defeats, victories, conflagrations, and miseries which no tongue can tell. At length, as the awful tragedy was progressing, there arose a Carthaginian general of extraordinary ability named Hamilcar. This illustrious man, father of the world-renowned Hannibal, was then thirty years of age. An extraordinary storm of disasters fell upon the Romans. Their armies were defeated, their camp burned up, their fleets wrecked. The Carthaginians, becoming thus supreme masters of the sea, besieged the Romans in their garrisons, and even

landed on the coast of Italy, and in ravaging the Roman towns, bitterly avenged the losses they had endured on their own shores.

Hamilcar, with great military genius, thwarted all the plans of the Roman generals, cut off their supplies, and while avoiding any general action, crippled all their movements. A single anecdote may be related to illustrate his noble character. After a severe action, in which Hamilcar was defeated and many of his men slain, he sent to the conqueror asking a truce, that he might bury his dead. The Roman consul haughtily replied that Hamilcar had better devote his attention to the living than to trouble himself about the dead. A short time after, in another conflict, Hamilcar was victorious, and many Romans fell. Hamilcar was now solicited for a truce, that the Roman dead might be buried. Scorning the vulgar spirit of retaliation, he replied that most willingly he consented, since he carried on war, not against the dead, but against the living only.

Rome was now convinced that Sicily could be conquered only by the most energetic efforts, and consequently the resources of the state were strained to the utmost in constructing a fleet of three hundred ships. With this vast squadron admirably manned, they attacked the Carthaginian fleet, captured sixty-three, sunk one hundred and twenty, and dispersed the rest. In this conflict fourteen thousand Carthaginians were slain, and thirty-two thousand taken prisoners. This victory placed the Romans so decisively in the ascendency that the Carthaginians sued for peace. Hamilcar with anguish yielded to the humiliating terms which Rome exacted. Sicily was surrendered to Rome. All the Roman prisoners were given up without ransom, and an immense sum of money was exacted from Carthage to pay the expenses of the war which Rome had commenced.

Thus terminated what is called the first Punic war. The losses on both sides, in both blood and treasure, were enor-

mous. The simple transference of the island of Sicily from the government of Carthage to that of Rome, cost Rome seven hundred ships of war, and Carthage five hundred. It is estimated that in this long struggle five hundred thousand men perished by sword, shipwreck, and pestilence. Carthage was humiliated, not crushed, and the Carthaginians burned with desires for vengeance. Rome, elated, was far from satisfied with this vast addition to her domain, and was only stimulated with still more intense desires for conquest. There was continually developed between these two great republics an instinctive hostility, which rendered it inevitable that conflicts would be incessantly renewed, until the one or the other should wholly perish.

CHAPTER V.

THE PASSAGE OF THE ALPS BY HANNIBAL.

FROM 241 B. C. TO 217 B. C.

INVASION OF SPAIN BY CARTHAGE.—WAR RENEWED BETWEEN ROME AND CARTHAGE.—NEW GAULISH INVASION.—ANNIHILATION OF THE GAULISH ARMY.—CONQUEST OF CISALPINE GAUL.—HANNIBAL CROSSES THE RHONE.—PASSAGE OF THE ALPS.—INVASION OF ITALY.—BATTLES ON THE TICINO AND THE PO.—DISCOMFITURE OF THE ROMANS.—HANNIBAL ENTERS TUSCANY.—GREAT BATTLE OF THRASYMENE.—ANNIHILATION OF THE ROMAN ARMY.—COMMEMORATED BY BYRON

AFTER the close of the first Punic war there was peace with Carthage for twenty-two years. Rome was now undisputed mistress of the Italian peninsula, and of the island of Sicily. The early years of this period of peace were devoted to internal improvements. The island of Sardinia, which had for some time been in possession of Carthage, was in a state of revolt against that government. The insurgents entreated Rome to espouse their cause. She did so, and, hunting up some fancied grievances, declared war against Carthage. Hamilcar, not yet prepared to renew the strife, purchased peace by the surrender of Sardinia to Rome.

Hamilcar was at this time gathering his forces for a warlike expedition against Spain. In view of the enterprise solemn sacrifices were offered to propitiate the gods. As Hamilcar was performing these rights of superstition, he suddenly requested all the attendant officers to retire, and calling his little son Hannibal to his side, a boy then nine years of age, led him up to the altar, and offered to take him to Spain if he would give his solemn vow never, so long as he lived, to make peace with the Romans. Hannibal eagerly placed his hand upon the sacrifice and took the oath. Faithfully he

redeemed his pledge. This scene produced an impression on the child's mind which was never effaced, and which nerved him to unswerving purpose and to energy of action which has won the admiration of the world.

The Romans watched this embassy to Spain with much uneasiness, fearful that the success of the Carthaginians might so strengthen them as to disturb their own supremacy. The remonstrances of Rome were so persistent and menacing, that at length Hanno, one of the Carthaginian ambassadors, exclaimed to the Roman senate impatiently and boldly:

"If you will not make peace with us, then give us back Sardinia and Sicily; for we yielded them to you, not to purchase a brief truce, but your lasting friendship."

Rather reluctantly Rome consented to the ratification of amity with Carthage. Still they kept their armies disciplined by sending them on military expeditions to Sardinia, to Corsica, and to Cisalpine Gaul. Many of these semi-barbaric people were taken captive and transported to Italy, where they were sold as slaves. Twelve years after the end of the first Punic war, the Romans sent a body of troops across the Ionian gulf to Illyria, as the western coast of Greece was then called. This expedition consisted of a consular army of twenty-two thousand men, conveyed by a fleet of two hundred quinqueremes. They landed almost unopposed, and sweeping all opposition before them, ravaged the country at their pleasure. The Illyrians were soon subjugated and their country placed under the rule of Demetrius, a Greek, appointed by the Romans.

Hamilcar, the renowned general of Carthage, was now sweeping Spain with his victorious armies, and had already reached the Tagus, when he was slain in battle, and was succeeded by his son-in-law Hasdrubal. This distinguished man, alike skilled in the arts of war and of peace, devoted his energies to the consolidation of his conquests, and to winning the friendship of the Spaniards. He was a man of commanding

stature, and of very courteous bearing, and was eminently fitted to obtain an ascendency over barbaric minds. In his efforts he was signally successful, and many of the native Spanish princes crowded around him seeking his alliance.

The Romans, with an anxious eye, watched the progress of his conquests, and the vast increase of his power; but just then Rome was threatened with a Gaulish invasion, and the senate deemed it not prudent to provoke the Carthaginians to unite with the Gauls. In the early spring of the year 226 B. C. the Transalpine Gauls crossed the Alps, and uniting with their brethren, the Cisalpine Gauls, commenced their march for the invasion of Italy. They advanced in such strength that Rome was thoroughly aroused, and the most vigorous measures of resistance were adopted. A careful list was made of every individual capable of bearing arms throughout the Roman states. Active armies and armies of reserve were organized. Immense magazines of provisions and military stores were collected, and the coöperation of allies was secured to assail the foe on the flanks and in the rear. The Cenomanians and Venetians, who occupied the region now called Venice and much of Lombardy, presented such a menacing attitude to the Gauls, that they were compelled to leave a large portion of their force to protect their own territory. Still they commenced their march with an invading army of fifty thousand foot, and twenty thousand war chariots.

There were two roads leading from Cisalpine Gaul to the heart of Italy. Both of these roads the Romans barricaded, one with an army of Romans and allies amounting to about sixty thousand men, and the other by an army of fifty-four thousand; while Rome itself was protected by a reserve force of over fifty thousand troops. The whole available military force of the Roman republic, should it be found necessary to resort to a *levy en masse*, amounted at that time to seven hundred and fifty thousand men.

With music and banners the warlike Gauls, sanguine of

success, pressed along their march, and avoiding the two roads which the Romans had so carefully guarded, treaded the defiles of the Apennines, pouring through those solitudes, like torrents, into the valley of the Arno. Unopposed, they pressed along the banks of this sunny stream, and then, turning to the right, entered the heart of Etruria. They had thus skillfully eluded two Roman armies, fearlessly leaving them in their rear.

As soon as informed of this, both of these armies, in great alarm, commenced pursuit of the foe, who were rushing upon Rome. One of these armies, consisting of fifty thousand men, under a Roman pretor, soon overtook the invaders. The Gauls turned upon them like wolves at bay, and, in a short conflict, routed them entirely. For a few hours they delayed pursuit, to plunder the Roman camp, and then, encumbered with booty, commenced chasing the fugitives. After the march of a few leagues they found that the routed troops had rallied behind the solid columns of the other Roman army, now consisting of sixty-seven thousand men, under the command of the consul, L. Emilius.

The Gauls, enriched with immense plunder, thought it not expedient to hazard another battle, but determined to carry their prisoners and their booty to their own country; and then, having increased and recruited their battalions, to commence their march anew. As the Roman armies were between them and the Apennines, cutting off their retreat through the defiles of the mountains, they turned short to the left, and followed down the banks of a little stream called the Ombrone, to the shores of the sea. They then vigorously commenced their march homeward, over apparently an unobstructed path. But soon a new foe rose like an apparition before them—a foe as much astonished to see the Gauls as the Gauls were to see them.

One of the consuls, C. Regulus, had been on an expedition, with a large army, to Sardinia. He was now, in consequence

of the state of affairs at home, returning with his army. He had landed his troops at Pisa, to be ready to coöperate with the Roman forces in that region if necessary; but his services not being required, he was marching as rapidly as possible along the shore of the sea toward Rome. Thus unexpectedly the Gauls and the Romans came upon each other like two railroad trains in accidental collision.

There was nothing to do, of course, but to fight, retreat being out of the question for either of the parties. The battle had hardly begun when the Gauls were appalled by the clangor of Roman trumpets and the waving of Roman banners in their rear. It was the army of the enemy in eager pursuit. They were now between two armies. The massacre was soon finished, and the whole Gaulish host passed away in a wail of death. One of the Roman consuls, C. Regulus, was slain. But the other, L. Emilius, led his triumphant troops across the frontier into Gaul, and, with the savage license of war, killed, plundered, and destroyed in all directions. He then returned to Rome, where a magnificent triumph awaited him. The temple of the capitoline Jupiter was most richly ornamented with the treasures won in this campaign.

The Romans now determined upon the entire subjugation of Cisalpine Gaul; and for three years all their energies were devoted to the attainment of this end. Barbarians are not easily subdued, as we have often learned to our cost in our conflicts with the American Indians. But tribe after tribe was subjugated, and province after province was annexed. During all these wars and accessions the conflict was still continued between the patricians and plebeians. The aristocracy were ever urging measures to add to the dignity and the exclusiveness of the proprietors of the soil; while the people were watching with an eagle eye to curb the power of the nobles. At this time the celebrated military road, called the Flaminian Way, was constructed from Rome through the defiles of the Apennines, to the shores of the Adriatic. Flam-

inius, the censor, who constructed this road, administered the government w th an impartial hand, opposing alike the assumptions of the aristocracy and the exactions of the populace.

The Carthaginians were still pressing the war in Spain, when Hasdrubal was assassinated in his tent; and the voice of the army, echoed back by the equally unanimous voice of Carthage, called Hannibal to the supreme power. With great energy the young general took the command, and in two campaigns made such rapid strides, that the Spaniards, in their alarm, sent to Rome for help. The Romans very gladly listened to their call, and sent an ambassador to Carthage, forbidding the Carthaginians to advance any further in the conquest of Spain.

"Twice in history," says Thomas Arnold, "has there been witnessed the struggle of the highest individual genius against the resources and institutions of a great nation, and in both cases the nation has been victorious. For seventeen years Hannibal strove against Rome; for sixteen years Napoleon Bonaparte strove against England. The efforts of the first ended in Zama; those of the second in Waterloo."

Hannibal now rises upon the theater of action as the great genius of the times; and for some years all the prominent interests of the world seem to revolve about his person. Hannibal was but twenty-six years of age when, upon the death of Hasdrubal, he took command of the Carthaginian army in Spain. On the eastern coast of the Spanish peninsula, near the Mediterranean shore, stood the important city of Saguntum. The unimportant town of Murviedro, about sixty miles north from Valencia, now occupies the spot upon which Saguntum once stood. Hannibal, defiant of the frowns of Rome, laid siege to this city, and after a conflict eight months in continuance, took it by storm. A large number of prisoners and an immense amount of booty fell into the hands of the conqueror.

As soon as Rome heard of the fall of Saguntum, two ambassadors were despatched to Carthage with a message of indignation, and to demand that Hannibal and all his generals should be given up to Rome, declaring that the attack upon Saguntum was a breach of the treaty of peace. The Carthaginians denied that the attack upon Saguntum was a violation of the treaty with Rome. But the Roman ambassadors, eager for war, were not in a mood to listen to reason. One of them, M. Fabius, rolling up his toga, held it out and insultingly said:

"Behold, here are peace and war; take which you please."

The Carthaginian judge, unintimidated, replied, "Give whichever thou wilt."

"Here, then," said Fabius, shaking out the folds of his toga, "we give you war." The Carthaginian counselors, roused by this defiance, shouted with one voice, "With all our hearts we welcome it."

The Roman ambassadors immediately left Carthage, and both parties prepared for war.

The energy of Hannibal was such, and the wisdom of his measures was so manifest, that, by general assent, rather than by any vote, the whole management of affairs was left in his hands. A large part of Spain had been conquered by the Carthaginians and Hannibal sent Spanish troops to garrison the fortresses of Carthage, and all the Carthaginian troops which could be raised were despatched across the sea to Spain. Ambassadors were sent to Gaul to explore the passes of the Alps, and to secure the coöperation of that warlike people in Hannibal's contemplated descent upon the plains of Italy.

With wonderful energy and promptness all these measures were prosecuted. The envoys to Gaul soon returned with the report that the Gauls were eager to unite with Carthage against Rome, and that though the natural difficulties of the passage of the Alps were great, they were by no means insuperable. Hannibal assembled his troops and thus addressed them:

"The Romans have demanded that I and my principal officers should be delivered up to them as malefactors. Soldiers, will you suffer such an indignity? The Gauls are holding out their arms to us, inviting us to come to them, and to assist them in avenging their manifold injuries. The country which we shall invade, so rich in corn, and wine, and oil, so full of flocks and herds, so covered with flourishing cities, will be the richest prize that could be offered by the gods to reward your valor."

This speech was greeted by the huzzas of the soldiers, and with shouts of enthusiasm they heard the day designated when they were to commence their march. For eighteen years Hannibal had been longing for this event. The memory of the oath he had taken to his father to wage eternal warfare against Rome ever inspired him. Like all truly great men, Hannibal had high conceptions of a Supreme Being who controlled human events; and his first impulse was to seek that divine aid in his great enterprise. Accompanied by his staff, he went to one of the temples of the supreme God, offered sacrifices and fervently implored the assistance of Heaven.

It was now late in May, and Hannibal, leaving his younger brother Hasdrubal in command of the conquered provinces in Spain, placed himself at the head of his army of one hundred thousand men, with thirty-seven elephants, and commenced his march along the shores of the Mediterranean, toward the Pyrenees. Hannibal was now twenty-seven years of age, and he consecrated himself to the enterprise before him with an entireness of devotion and a recklessness of self-sacrifice which the world has, perhaps, never seen surpassed, and has rarely seen equaled.

It was now the 218th year before the birth of Christ. Cornelius Scipio and Sempronius Longus were Roman consuls. Scipio took a large army and sailed with a fleet of transports and fifty quinqueremes for the Rhone, that he might make a stand upon the eastern bank of that broad, deep, rapid stream,

and prevent the passage of the Carthaginian army. Longus, with a still larger fleet, convoyed by one hundred and sixty quinqueremes, sailed for Sicily, intending thence to pass over into Africa, and carry the war to the walls of Carthage. A third Roman army was also raised and stationed in Cisalpine Gaul, to be ready for any emergencies. This army was placed under the command of the pretor Lucius Manlius Vulso.

Hannibal crossed the Ebro, then called the Iberus, unopposed. This stream had been considered the boundary between the Carthaginian and Roman conquests. As some of the tribes between the Ebro and the Pyrenees, a distance of about one hundred and fifty miles, remained friendly to the Romans, Hannibal thought it prudent to take military possession of the whole region, that his line of communication might not be interrupted. This caused delay, several battles, and a heavy loss of men.

When he arrived at the Pyrenees and entered those gloomy defiles, to march through them apparently to the ends of the earth, many of the soldiers were alarmed and began to murmur. One division of the army, consisting of ten thousand men, refused to advance. Hannibal, with the tact of a consummate general, assembled them in the presence of his whole army and saying that he wished for no cowards to accompany him on his expedition, dismissed them ignominiously, and sent them back to their homes. This act redoubled the ardor of those who remained.

The Carthaginian army, now amounting to but fifty thousand foot and nine thousand horse, successfully threaded the defiles of the Pyrenees, and emerged upon the plains of southern France, then called Gaul. Marching along the shores of the gulf of Lyons for two hundred miles, and encountering no opposition from the tribes through whom he passed Hannibal reached the Rhone, near the present small village of Roquemoure, about twenty miles above the city of Avignon. The river was here about a quarter of a mile in width, gliding

through one of the most beautiful, picturesque, and delightful regions on the globe. There were no bridges, and the banks of the barbaric stream were covered with forests. The spears and banners of a hostile host were seen upon the eastern shore, giving indubitable evidence that the passage of the stream was not to be accomplished without a conflict. Scipio had just landed his force at the mouth of the eastern branch of the river, and having no idea that Hannibal could have advanced so far, had leisurely encamped, and was recruiting his troops sixty miles below the spot where the Carthaginians were preparing to cross the stream. He, however, sent out a reconnoitering party of three hundred horsemen to ascend the river, to learn what they could respecting the movements of the enemy.

Hannibal immediately seized or purchased every boat which could be found on the western bank of the Rhone, and employed all the mechanical force of his army in cutting down timber, digging out canoes, and constructing rafts. The foe, upon the opposite bank, with no weapons but arrows and javelins, could not obstruct his works. In two days he was prepared to attempt the passage. By night he secretly dispatched a small but very efficient force up the river twenty miles, there to cross, and then to march noiselessly down through the forest on the opposite shore, and take a position, to be ready to attack the foe in the rear. As soon as they were in position they were to build a fire, the smoke of which would be a signal to Hannibal.

The movement proved an entire success, and soon a column of smoke, rising through the distant forest, informed Hannibal of the arrival of his detachment; and all things being in readiness, the army was instantly put in motion. The Gauls, eagerly watching, lined the banks, quite confident of being able to repel their assailants. As the boats and rafts neared the eastern shore, and the tempest of war was at its height, the air being filled with arrows and javelins, and the

cry of battle resounding along the river banks, the Carthaginian soldiers, with hideous yells, rushed from their ambush, and assailed the Gauls in the rear. For a few moments there was a scene of awful confusion, and then the Gauls, bewildered and in dismay, broke and fled. The rout was entire, and before the next morning the whole army of Hannibal, elephants and all, were encamped on the eastern bank of the Rhone. Just at this time a delegation of the Cisalpine Gauls, that is the Gauls from the Roman side of the Alps, arrived in the Carthaginian camp, to welcome their allies, and to proffer aid.

The arrival of this embassage encouraged the soldiers exceedingly, as it proved that the passage of the Alps was practicable, and that they would meet friends upon the Italian side. Hannibal gathered his army around him, and after addressing them in cheering words, to which his troops responded with most enthusiastic cheers, he offered sacrifices to God, returning thanks for the prosperity which had thus far been vouched him, and imploring the continuance of divine favor.

In the mean time Scipio's scouts had fallen in with a small party of the Carthaginians, and a skirmish, sanguinary though indecisive, had ensued. Hannibal, paying no attention to the foe at the mouth of the river, immediately put his army in vigorous motion, advancing north up the eastern bank of the Rhone. Scipio, also, learning from his reconnoitering party the position of the Carthaginians, commenced a pursuit, following up also the left side of the river. When he arrived at the spot where the Carthaginians had crossed, he found it deserted, Hannibal having been already gone three days. It was in vain to follow a foe so alert. Scipio, therefore, decided to return as rapidly as possible to Italy; his route, by water, being the chord of a circle, of which Hannibal was necessitated to traverse by land in long circuit, the arc. He accordingly retraced his steps to the mouth of the Rhone, and,

reëmbarking, sailed for Pisa, having sent a part of his force to attack Hasdrubal in Spain. It was his intention to meet Hannibal, when, exhausted with a long march, he should be descending the eastern declivities of the Alps.

The Carthaginians pressed rapidly forward, and in four days reached the mouth of the Isere, as it empties itself into the Rhone, about one hundred and fifty miles above the mouth of the latter river. The Isere, a majestic stream, fed by the inexhaustible glaciers of the Alps, enters the Rhone with a flood almost equal to that of the stream with which its waters mingle, and in which they lose their name. Following up the valley of the Isere, the Carthaginians marched northeast, directly toward the mountains. At this point the wild Gaulish tribes of what was called the Transalpine region, began to manifest hostility. They fortified the passes, and laid ambuscades; but Hannibal, with great energy and sagacity, baffled all their plans, and won his way through incessant battles. Among the gloomy defiles there were many awful scenes of confusion and carnage, the barbarians hurling rocks and stones from the cliffs, and fighting with the utmost desperation; but Carthaginian discipline and courage were invariably victorious.

In a march of nine days Hannibal led his army, from the plains of Dauphiné through the ascending defiles, to the summit of the central ridge of the Alps. It was near the end of October. The gorge through which he was passing, elevated many thousand feet above the level of the river, presented but one wide waste of barrenness and ice, while mountain peaks towered above them, glittering in eternal snow, or black in their rocky precipices and crags, swept by the storms of uncounted centuries. Exhausted by the toil of the ascent, the soldiers rested for two days in these wilds, until the stragglers could gain the encampment. A general feeling of weariness and discouragement pervaded the army. Hannibal alone

was firm. Assembling his soldiers, he pointed them to a distant descending valley, and said:

"That valley is Italy. It leads us to the country of our friends, the Gauls, and is our direct route to Rome."

After two days' rest the army commenced the descent of the mountains on the Italian side. To their surprise they found the perils and difficulties of the descent greater than those of the ascent. The gorges were blocked up with snow. Fearful chasms were bridged over with the treacherous coverings of ice, and men and horses fell into fathomless gulfs. Avalanches had in places so swept the path, that all the skill of the Carthaginian engineers was requisite to render it possible for the army to advance. The elephants suffered terribly from cold and hunger, and from the rugged travel so foreign to their natures. Nearly all of these animals perished by the way. It was by the pass now called the Little Saint Bernard, that Hannibal surmounted the Alps, and descended into the valley of the Aosta. Fifteen days were consumed in the passage of the mountains, and five months had now elapsed since he commenced his march from Spain. By sickness, casualties, and battle, his army had now dwindled to twenty thousand foot and six thousand horse. Thirty-three thousand men had perished on this march.

But the Carthaginians had now entered into fertile valleys where flowers regaled the eye and fruits were abundant, and where they were received by the Cisalpine Gauls with hospitality as friends and allies. In the mean time Scipio had landed at Pisa, and crossing the Po at Placenta, had taken command of the pretor's army on the Ticino, near Pavia, and was marching forward to meet Hannibal, by slowly ascending the left bank of the Po. It was well known by both parties that the barbarian Gauls would join whichever army was victorious; for *love of the spoils* is by no means a modern invention. Hannibal had followed down the valley of the Aosta and the Dora Baltea to the Po, and was descending that

stream also by the left bank. A collision was, of course, inevitable, and both parties were pushing forward light troops for reconnoitering.

The two armies soon met in fierce battle. The Romans were routed, the consul, Scipio, severely wounded, and the army was saved from destruction only by a precipitate retreat. In their flight they crossed the Ticino, and so great was their hurry and confusion that they broke down the bridge, to arrest pursuit, leaving six hundred men thus cut off, who fell into the hands of the enemy. The discomfited Romans did not stop in their flight until they found refuge behind the walls of Placentia.

Hannibal now crossed the Po in boats, and descended unopposed the right bank of the stream. Two days' march brought him again in sight of the enemy at Placentia. As they declined his offer of battle, he took an important position and entrenched himself east of Placentia, cutting off the line of retreat and communications with Rome. Scipio, finding his road to Rome thus blocked up, abandoned Placentia, and marching directly westward, crossed the Trebbia, and strongly entrenching himself, soon gathered reënforcements, so that his army amounted to forty thousand men. Hannibal also obtained recruits from the Gauls, and with a force equal to that of the Romans, goaded them to battle. The emergence had recalled the consul Sempronius, who took command of the army, as his colleague Scipio was still suffering from his wounds.

It was now mid-winter. The Trebbia, which in summer is but a shallow and insignificant stream, was swollen by rain and melting snows. The Romans were on the left bank of the Trebbia, the Carthaginians on the right. The morning dawned lowering with clouds, and wind and snow mingled with rain swept the valley, when Sempronius, lured by a stratagem of Hannibal, led his troops across a ford of the river where the water was breast high, and made a fierce attack upon the lines

of the Carthaginians. He was so desirous of taking Hannibal by surprise that he led his soldiers to the assault in the early morning before they had taken any breakfast. Hungry and chilled by fording the icy river, they were but poorly prepared to meet the soldiers of Hannibal, who, anticipating the attack, which they by stratagem had enticed, had eaten their breakfasts in their tents, and had oiled their bodies and put on their armor quietly around their camp-fires.

The battle was long and bloody; but again Hannibal was victorious, and as the sun went down the Roman army was almost annihilated. A few had cut their way through the lines of the Carthaginians and had taken refuge in Placentia. A few others, exhausted and bleeding, plunged into the waves of the Trebbia, and escaped to the opposite shore, where the Carthaginians did not pursue them. This battle left Hannibal master of Cisalpine Gaul, and thus terminated his first campaign in Italy. The winds of winter now swept so fiercely over the ridges of the mountains that it was impossible any longer to keep the field, and Hannibal accordingly went into winter quarters.

The alarm at Rome was great, and the remainder of the winter was spent by both parties in vigorous preparation for the opening of the campaign in the spring. At the earliest practicable moment Hannibal was again upon the march. Crossing the Apennines by the valley of the Serchio, with apparent recklessness he left a powerful Roman army behind him at Arretium, and entered the plains of Italy. Two new consuls had now been elected, Flaminius and Geminus. The former had been placed in command of the army raised to arrest the march of Hannibal, while Geminus remained in the vicinity of Rome to enlist and forward new levies.

Flaminius, while quietly encamped at Arretium, learned to his astonishment that Hannibal had crossed the Apennines, and was marching triumphantly through Tuscany, then called Etruria. He immediately broke up his camp and pursued the

foe, sending in the mean time a messenger to inform his colleague of the movements of the Carthaginians. Hannibal cruelly devastated the country on his march, while carefully watching his pursuers and looking for a favorable opportunity to lead them into an ambuscade.

On the northeast corner of Lake Pemgia, then called Lake Thrasymene, near the present village of Passignano, there is a valley, entered from the north by a narrow defile, enclosed on all the remaining sides by the waters of the lake and by steep hills. Hannibal entered this defile and posted his troops in ambuscade among the rocks and shrubs on the slopes of the hills which bounded the valley. The Romans incautiously, in eager pursuit, entered the trap just as the sun was going down. Hannibal had so thoroughly studied the ground that even in the darkness he could move his troops, and when the morning dawned Flaminius found himself surrounded by foes, who were posted in the most advantageous positions, and his retreat was entirely cut off.

The battle was immediately commenced with tremendous fury. A thick fog rose from the lake, which concealed from the Romans their foes. Hopeless of victory, they fought with the energies of despair, resolved to sell their lives as dearly as possible. But they were overwhelmed. A storm of arrows and javelins descended upon them as from the clouds. Ponderous stones and rocks crushed whole companies with the resistless power of the avalanche. When the Romans were thus thrown into utter confusion, the terrible cavalry of Hannibal emerged from the mist, while at the same moment the heavily armed Gauls came rushing down the hills, and in cooperation they fell upon the bewildered, broken battalions, and hewed them down with enormous slaughter.

For a long time no quarter was granted. The whole Roman army, with the exception of about six thousand fugitives was either taken captive or destroyed. Flaminius himself fell, thrust through by the lance of a Gaul. The awful

deed of carnage was accomplished before the sun reached the meridian. It is related by Livy that the fury of the contest was such, that in the heat of the fight, a violent earthquake occurred, shaking the hills, rolling huge billows from the lake upon the shore, and destroying many cities; and yet this terrible phenomenon, shaking the earth, and whelming cities in the wave, was entirely unheeded by the combatants in the frenzy of the battle.

Such was the sanguinary and decisive battle of Thrasymene, which made Hannibal master of central Italy. Lord Byron, in Childe Harold, thus alludes to this event:

"And such the storm of battle on this day,
And such the frenzy whose convulsion blinds
To all save carnage, that, beneath the fray,
An earthquake reel'd unheedingly away!
None felt stern nature rocking at his feet,
And yawning forth a grave for those who lay
Upon their bucklers for a winding sheet;
Such is the absorbing hate when warring nations meet."[8]

CHAPTER VI.

THE ITALIAN CAMPAIGNS OF HANNIBAL.

FROM 217 B. C. TO 208 B. C.

DEVASTATING MARCH OF HANNIBAL.—COMPOSITION OF HIS ARMY.—TERROR IN ROME.—WINTER QUARTERS IN APULIA.—DISSENSIONS IN THE ROMAN ARMY.—THE BATTLE OF CANNÆ.—ANNIHILATION OF THE ROMAN ARMY.—INCREASING PERIL OF HANNIBAL.—RETREAT FROM TIFATA.—MARCH UPON ROME.—SIEGE OF CAPUA.—SLAVERY OF CAPTIVES.—THE MARCH OF HASDRUBAL.—PASSAGE OF THE ALPS.—NEW VICTORIES OF HANNIBAL.—DEATH OF HASDRUBAL AND DESTRUCTION OF HIS ARMY.—THE HEAD OF HASDRUBAL.—EXULTATION IN ROME.—DESPAIR OF HANNIBAL.

HANNIBAL tarried for a short time in the defile of Thrasymene to bury his dead, and to take care of his wounded. He sought earnestly among the slain for the body of the Roman consul Flaminius, wishing to give it honorable burial; but the body could not be found. Again resuming his march, he crossed the head waters of the Tiber, and entered the plains of Umbria. Scattering his forces over this rich country he devastated it without mercy. The war-cry of the Gaulish barbarians, in alliance with the Carthaginians, echoed along the banks of the Tiber, and the terrified people, abandoning their homes, fled to the mountains. The army of Hannibal presented a singular conglomeration of diverse people. There were slingers from the Balearian islands, Spanish foot-soldiers from the mountains of Grenada, with their picturesque attire of white jackets and scarlet edgings, African infantry with their long and slender lances and polished shields, wild Numidians, on their scraggy horses, without saddles or bridles, scouring the plains with whoop and halloo; and there were Gauls, barbaric and skin-clad, fierce as the wolves which howled in the caves of their forests. Advancing to Spoleto,

Hannibal found the walls so high and so well guarded that he could not take the city by assault. Not wishing to lose time in a siege, he crossed the Apennines to the shores of the Adriatic and followed along the coast, plundering the region of property of every description, and loading his army with more booty than they could bear along with them. The soldiers reveled in such abundance of all good things, that it was reported that they even bathed their horses in old wine. Every Roman they met, capable of bearing arms, was by the order of Hannibal put to death.

When the intelligence of the battle of Thrasymene, and of the advance of the Carthaginians reached Rome, the dismay was inexpressible. "Our colder temperaments," says Thomas Arnold, "scarcely enable us to conceive the effect of such tidings on the lively feelings of the people of the south, or to imagine to ourselves the cries, the tears, the hands uplifted in prayer or clenched in rage, the confused sounds of ten thousand voices, giving utterance, with breathless rapidity, to their feelings of eager interest, of terror, of grief, or of fury. All the northern gates of the city were beset with crowds of wives and mothers, imploring every fresh fugitive from the fatal field for some tidings of those most dear to them."

The senate was immediately called together and continued in session day and night for several days. No one thought of peace. A dictator, Q. Fabius, was promptly appointed. He was a member of one of the old aristocratic families, and a very devout man, according to the Roman system of religion. One of his first measures was to decree that every animal, fit for sacrifice, born between the first of March and the thirteenth of April of that year, should be offered upon the altars to Jupiter. Prayers resounded in all the temples, and new temples were reared. The whole population of Rome was convened day after day to attend upon religious rites.

At the same time the most vigorous measures were

adopted for active warfare. The fortifications of Rome were strengthened. Bridges were broken down and roads destroyed, to arrest the advance of the enemy. In the line of Hannibal's anticipated march, the inhabitants were ordered to flee to the walled towns, and the country was laid waste. These measures were quite effectual in retarding the march of Hannibal upon Rome. Fabius, wielding the energies of dictatorial authority, soon found himself at the head of an army more powerful in numbers than that of Hannibal; but conscious that his inexperienced troops could not cope with the veteran legions of the Carthaginians, he prudently avoided giving battle. Keeping ever at a distance of five or six miles from Hannibal he encamped in strong positions, and watched the movements of his foe.

The skillful measures of Fabius soon involved Hannibal in many embarrassments. Finding himself hedged in by hills, whose defiles were guarded by the Romans, he ordered all his Roman prisoners, whose presence endangered the safety of his army, in cold blood to be slain. Then, with characteristic cunning, he selected two thousand stout oxen, and bound firmly to their horns, with wire, fagots of dry wood, dipped in resin. Two hours before midnight these oxen were driven to the hills and the fagots set on fire. The animals, thus cruelly tortured, ran wild and bellowing in all directions. The leaves and branches of the forest were soon blazing; and the Romans, astonished by the tumult and the strange spectacle, supposing that the Carthaginians were coming down from the heights to attack them, incautiously left one of the passes unguarded, and Hannibal quietly marched through the defile to a place of safety.

The sagacious warrior, leaving his shamed and baffled foes behind, strode onward, marking his path with devastation and ruin. The summer was now far advanced, and Hannibal had overrun a large portion of Italy. Still not a single walled city had as yet fallen into his hands. He had ravaged the

plains of Italy, but had by no means conquered the Romans. It was now necessary for him to retire to winter quarters. He accordingly returned, burdened with plunder, to his old encampment in Apulia. All Italy could not afford more pleasant winter quarters than those which Hannibal selected upon the edge of a fertile plain, beneath the protection of a range of mountains. Before him were boundless fields waving with harvests, and behind him wide pastures upon the mountain sides, presenting rich forage for his horses, while sweeping forests afforded him an ample supply of wood. There was a small walled town in the vicinity of the proposed encampment. Hannibal took it, put all its inhabitants to the sword, and leaving the walls and houses standing, used the buildings as a great magazine for his army; while the soldiers were quartered in an entrenched camp around the walls. Having made these arrangements, he kept one-third of his soldiers to defend the camp, while the remaining two-thirds were despatched in all directions to plunder the surrounding country.

Loud outcries arose at Rome against the dictator Fabius; but he, with imperturbable patience, pursued his measures against the formidable and sagacious foe. Following Hannibal into Apulia, he encamped upon impregnable heights, and watched for opportunities to harass the Carthaginians, without exposing himself to the perils of a battle, for he was fully conscious that his inexperienced troops were not able to cope with the veteran warriors arrayed against them. Minucius, master of the horse, was opposed to the cautious measures of Fabius, and was eager for a more vigorous prosecution of the war. His cause was espoused by the eager popular party at Rome, while the more cautious aristocratic party rallied around Fabius. After violent contention a bill was carried, making the two generals, Fabius and Minucius, equal in command. The army was consequently divided

between them, and they encamped about a mile distant from each other, each taking one half of the military force.

Hannibal was quite elated with this evidence of want of coöperation, and eagerly availed himself of it. By a skillful stratagem he allured the self-confident Minucius into an engagement, and then falling upon him with five thousand troops, which had been placed in ambush, he would have cut his army entirely to pieces had not Fabius magnanimously come to his rescue. Minucius, with rare generosity, publicly acknowledged that Fabius had saved him from destruction, and relinquishing his separate command, placed himself and his division under the control of the more wary and sagacious dictator.

In the mean time, at Rome, party politics ran high. There was a new election of consuls, and the plebeian party succeeded in electing C. Terentius Varro, a very energetic, eloquent man, who had raised himself to distinction, from the humble condition of a butcher's boy. The aristocracy succeeded in choosing one of the consuls of their own number, in the person of L. Emilius Paulus. The winter and the spring passed away with no military operations of importance. Suddenly, late in the spring, Hannibal broke up his camp, and, descending into the Apulian plains, surprised and captured Cannæ, the great magazine of the Roman army.

All Italy was now exposed to be ravaged for another summer. The two new consuls having raised a large army, resolved to give battle. Each of the two consuls took the supreme command alternately every other day. After many weeks of marchings and counter-marchings, each army endeavoring to find a favorable field of battle, they at last met on the unobstructed plain of Cannæ, near the mouth of the Aufidus, on the shores of the Adriatic.

The Roman consuls led eighty-seven thousand troops upon this field, and their plumes of mingled red and black, a foot and a half high, lit up the vast expanse over which they

spread like a waving forest. Hannibal led a veteran army of fifty thousand men. The sun of a hot August day rose cloudless over the plain when the battle began. When that sun went down the Roman army was annihilated. Over eighty thousand Romans lay dead upon the field, and among them were the gory bodies of the consul Emilius, the master of the horse, Minucius, and eighty Roman senators. Three thousand men only, of the whole Roman army, escaped.

On this bloody field Hannibal lost but six thousand men. Hannibal was greatly elated with his victory, and doubted not that Rome itself would now be compelled to bow before him. Thus far his march had been resistless and desolating, like the flow of a lava flood down the sides of Vesuvius. When the tidings arrived in Rome of the utter destruction of the army the consternation was inexpressible. Within eighteen months one-fifth part of the whole male population of Rome over seventeen years of age had been slain. Every house was literally in mourning. All eyes were again directed to Fabius, and every measure he proposed, though his legal dictatorship was at an end, was immediately adopted.

The consul Varro, at the head of seventy horsemen, had effected his escape from the field, and despatches were soon received at Rome from him, informing the senate that he had rallied the wrecks of the army at Canusium, and that Hannibal was not advancing upon the city. With much moral courage the defeated consul then hastened to Rome, and presenting himself before the senate, dissuaded from all thoughts of peace, and urged the desperate prosecution of the war to the last extremity. Thus animated, a new dictator, M. Junius Pisa, was chosen; eight thousand slaves were enlisted; all the criminals and debtors were released, upon condition of their taking up arms. Thus twenty-five thousand men were speedily raised, and at the head of this small force, Pisa marched to embarrass the movements of the foe. At the same time the old men and

the boys in Rome were organized into military bands for the defense of the capital.

Hannibal had now crossed the Apennines from the Adriatic shore, and was encamped upon the right bank of the Volturnus, about twelve miles above Capua. This renowned city, then second only to Rome, had capitulated to the conqueror. The summer had now passed away, and Hannibal, gathering his army within and around the walls of Capua, went into winter quarters. The soldiers, fearing no assault and surrounded with abundance, surrendered themselves to luxurious indulgence.

Notwithstanding Hannibal's victories, he had much cause for solicitude. Upon the field of Cannæ he had lost six thousand of his best troops. He was far from home, and his army was daily growing weaker. He, therefore, found it very convenient to remain behind the walls of Capua, while he sent to Carthage for reënforcements. With the opening of the spring active operations were renewed. Three Roman armies, amounting in all to sixty thousand men, were encamped on the banks of the Vulturnus. Hannibal marched out of Capua and took a strong position on the heights of Mount Tifata. During the winter Philip, king of Macedon, had entered into an alliance with Hannibal offensive and defensive. Sicily was now in open revolt against Rome. The whole summer, however, passed away without any decisive action, the two hostile armies watching each other and maneuvering, with occasional skirmishes, to gain the advantage. Still on the whole the Romans were recruiting their energies, while Hannibal was growing weaker.

Through almost uninterrupted victory Hannibal's army, far from home, was wasting away, while from every defeat, the Romans rose with recruited vigor. For many months the storm of battle raged around the walls of Capua, recruits being continually sent in to fill up the broken battalions of the Romans. At length the Romans, with an army of sixty thou-

sand men, surrounded Capua, and in concentric lines threw up their entrenchments, so that the city was effectually blockaded. Hannibal was absent, ravaging the fields of southern Italy, when he heard of the danger of Capua and of the garrison he had left there. With characteristic energy he placed himself at the head of his cavalry, some regiments of light infantry, and thirty-three elephants, which had just been sent to him from Carthage, and descending like a whirlwind into the plain of Capua, commenced a fierce attack upon the Roman lines. But the Romans, strongly entrenched, repelled all his assaults, and drove him back to the mountains. His peril was now great. The country all around had been converted into a desert, and the horses of Hannibal, which constituted the most effectual portion of his army, were perishing. Under these circumstances he adopted the desperate resolve to march upon Rome.

Leaving his camp-fires burning upon the ridges of the Tifata, to deceive his foes, at midnight he commenced his march upon the eternal city. With hasty strides he advanced to the upper waters of the Tiber, and then descending the left bank of the stream, encamped his hosts within four miles of Rome. Before his terrible march crowds of fugitives fled, seeking refuge behind the walls of the city, while in his rear his route was marked with lurid flames, blood, smoke, and ashes. The gleam of his spears and banners, as the awful apparition thus unexpectedly appeared before the walls of Rome, created the utmost consternation. The women fled in dismay to the temples, imploring the aid of the gods. Every man capable of bearing arms rushed to the walls. It so happened that just at this time a political festival had assembled within the walls of Rome ten thousand men from the cities and villages around, and they eagerly united with the citizens to repel the assault.

Hannibal, apprised of these vigorous measures of defense, deemed an attack hopeless; but he was in one of the most in-

viting regions the world could present for plunder. For one hundred and fifty years no enemy had approached the walls of Rome. This long period of peace had secured a dense population; cities and villages abounded, filled with all the creations of opulence, while the fields waved with harvests. Hannibal swept the country, accumulating vast stores of plunder and unnumbered prisoners. It is said that at the head of a body of cavalry he rode up to the Colline gate of the city and defiantly hurled a dart against it.

For more than six years Hannibal had been ravaging the territory of the Romans, and he had slain more of the Romans than were then left living capable of bearing arms against him; and now his troops were surrounding the walls of Rome itself, challenging the inhabitants to a conflict which they dared not accept. The Romans, who were besieging Capua, learning that Rome was in danger, hurriedly broke up their encampment and hastened to the defense of the capital. Hannibal commenced a retreat, cautiously pursued by the Romans. Suddenly he turned upon his foe, in a midnight attack, and routed them with great slaughter. He then marched unobstructed through southern Italy, plundering and burning in all directions.

Capua, thus abandoned, was soon starved into submission, and surrendered to the Romans. Their punishment for lending compulsory assistance to the foe was as cruel as fiendlike malignity could devise. Many of the most illustrious men were sold into slavery; many were mercilessly scourged and then beheaded; and many were thrown into dungeons, where they were left to the lingering torments of starvation.

The reconquest of Capua encouraged the Romans, and struck terror into the revolted provinces, which had allied themselves with the Carthaginians. The position of Hannibal was becoming daily more perilous, and the tide of fortune was manifestly turning against him. His hopes of rallying a coalition of the Italian states against Rome were at an end. But

still he was at the head of a victorious army; he had met his foes but to trample them beneath his feet; and in a resistless march of hundreds of miles he had plundered and desolated the plains of Italy. He consequently doubted not that he could hold his position as long as he pleased, supporting his army at the cost of his enemies.

In the mean time the war between Rome and Carthage was raging in Spain, in Greece, and in Sicily, with varying success. There is but little worthy of note in these scenes of savage cruelty and blood. The siege of Syracuse, in Sicily, has obtained a world-wide renown in consequence of the defense organized and conducted by the genius of Archimedes. Marcellus, the Roman general, who had command of the fleet, attacked the city by water. Appius Claudius conducted the land attack, bringing his ships up to the sea-wall, and attempting to scale the battlements by means of immense ladders, raised by ropes running through blocks attached to the masts.

But Archimedes had armed the ramparts with enginery of such terrific power as to baffle all the efforts of the besiegers. A storm of stones, arrows, and javelins swept the decks of the ships as they approached. When the ladders were placed against the walls it was found that the walls were loopholed so that the men, as they attempted to ascend, were shot by an unseen enemy. Long poles were thrust out from the battlements, dropping down from their gigantic arms immense rocks and masses of lead, which fell with crushing violence upon the ships below. Enormous cranes were also thrust over the wall, with iron grapples affixed which seized hold of the stem or stern of the ship, and then by the application of an immense mechanical power, raised the end seized many feet, and then dropped it into the sea with violence, which either upset the ship or filled it with water. On the land side also, with equal vigor, the assault was repelled. Marcellus, at length, in despair relinquished the attempt to take the place

by storm, and prepared, by a regular blockade, to starve out the garrison.

In the haze of these distant ages we see fleets incessantly coming and going, and hear the smothered roar of battle, but it is now quite impossible to give a chronological narrative of many of the events as they ensued. Polybius states that the blockade of Syracuse lasted eight months, and the city finally surrendered to the Roman arms, as is supposed, in the year 213 B. C. Marcellus, having reconquered the island from the Carthaginians, again took possession of it in the name of the Roman people. But for two years the Carthaginians maintained a foothold in many fortresses of the island, and the fluctuations of the war were such that at one time there were sixty-two towns in a state of revolt against the Romans. But though the billows of war thus rose and fell, the Roman arms were steadily in the ascendant, and in the year 210 before Christ, word was sent to Rome that the war in Sicily was at an end. We read the brief record of this stern strife with composure. But no imagination can conceive the horrors of the conflict. The whole island was for years swept with flame and deluged with blood.

Both parties were equally merciless. There was no pity for the widow or the orphan, the matron or the maiden. The captives were scourged and then beheaded, or sold into perpetual slavery. This horrible bondage was not the doom of any particular race or color, but men of senatorial dignity, and maidens of exalted birth and of richest accomplishments, were sold unscrupulously in the slave-marts of Rome and Carthage. This is the slavery which existed in the time of our Saviour, and which we are now told that Christ and His apostles regarded without disapprobation. And this barbaric system of selling captives of all conditions taken in war, is appealed to as an argument in support of slavery in the midst of the Christian institutions of the nineteenth century. The Romans came in crowds to Sicily, purchased at a merely nominal price

vast tracts of land, which war had depopulated, and cultivated their extended plantations by the unpaid toil of these woe-stricken brothers and sisters of the human family whom barbaric war had enslaved. Neither whites nor blacks will long endure such wrongs. Eighty years passed away, when a servile insurrection broke out, and the Roman slave-holders bit the dust.

Hannibal was now in Apulia recruiting his soldiers, and undecided as to the direction in which he would lead his army. The terrible severity with which Rome had punished the insurgents of Capua, and those in Sicily who had espoused the Carthaginian cause, intimidated all the tribes of Italy, who had any disposition to unite with Hannibal in the endeavor to throw off the Roman yoke. Two consular armies were now sent into Apulia to operate against the invaders. But even these two united, dared not meet Hannibal in the open field. Concentrating his band of veterans, he marched to and fro, whithersoever he pleased, all opposition flying before him. He burnt farm-houses and villages, plundered the granaries, trampled down the harvests, and drove off the cattle. Famine, and its invariable concomitant, pestilence, followed in his path.

With stratagem characteristic of this shrewd chieftain, Hannibal detached one of the consular armies, that of Falvius, from its ally, fell upon it unexpectedly, and almost every man was hewn down by the sabres of his cavalry. But notwithstanding these successes, no one thought, even, of proposing terms of peace with the invader. The terror, however, which the individual powers of Hannibal inspired, is conspicuous, from the fact that while he was almost without opposition plundering the plains of Italy, Rome, fearing to meet him in battle, sent armies across the sea to carry the war to the walls of Carthage. The war now was spread over almost the whole of southern Europe and northern Africa. The crash of arms and cry of onset were heard in Italy, Spain, Africa,

Sicily, Greece, and every where upon the waves of the Mediterranean, as, in gigantic conflict, Rome and Carthage struggled for the sovereignty of the world.

Tidings now reached the senate that Hasdrubal, the brother of Hannibal, was leaving Carthage with a strong reënforcement, to traverse Spain and Gaul, and convey to his brother in Italy succors, which would render him invincible. The danger was considered so imminent that a dictator was immediately appointed. Q. Fulvius, one of the most renowned generals of the empire, was placed in this responsible post, and was also appointed consul, with another renowned general, Fabius, as his colleague. These two generals in coöperation with Marcellus, the conqueror of Sicily, combined all their energies, aided by dictatorial power, in organizing a campaign for crushing Hannibal before his brother could arrive with his reënforcements. Each was placed at the head of a full consular army, and from different directions they commenced their march into Apulia to overwhelm the foe who had so long set Rome at defiance. The doom of Hannibal seemed now sealed. It was not doubted that Hannibal, in the south of Italy, would thus be destroyed before Hasdrubal could bring his reënforcements across the Alps.

In this perilous hour the military genius of Hannibal shone forth with even unwonted splendor. Like a lion at bay he sprang first upon Fulvius, and drove his legions broken and bleeding in utter rout from the field. Utterly exhausted by the blows he had received, the vanquished, humiliated, breathless consul took refuge within the walls of Venusia, where he was compelled to remain repairing damages and healing wounds for the remainder of the campaign. Freed from thi enemy Hannibal turned, with a tremendous bound, upon Marcellus. The approach of the Carthaginians, impetuously, like the rush of the tornado, struck the inferior band with terror. They fled to a hill for safety. Here they were surrounded,

and only saved themselves from a bloody grave by an unconditional surrender.

Without the loss of a day Hannibal then turned upon Fabius, whose troops had marched to the assault of the impregnable walls of Tarentum, which city, capable of repelling any foe, was held by the Carthagenians. But treachery betrayed the frowning fortresses into the hands of the Romans, and when Hannibal had arrived within five miles of the gates, to his utter consternation he learned that the garrison had capitulated, and that the Roman banners were floating over the towers of the city. He, however, advanced to the walls, and encamped, for a few days, before the city, practicing every stratagem to lure the Romans out to battle. Failing in this, he resumed his resistless march of devastation and plunder.

The result of the campaign caused great disappointment. Though Tarentum had been gained by the Romans, the acquisition was the result of treason, not of military prowess, and the superiority of Hannibal was more manifest than ever before. The indignation against Marcellus, who had taken shelter behind the walls of Venusia for the whole summer, was so strong that one of the most venerable of the tribunes brought in a bill before the people to deprive him of his command. Marcellus returned to Rome to plead his own cause. He declared that he had done the best he could; that it was not his fault if he had been conquered by one whom none other of the Roman generals had yet been able to withstand. No one could seriously doubt the courage of the old man, and the people, moved by his mortification, generously forgave him his want of success, rejected the bill of impeachment, and elected him consul

Again the cloud of adversity began to darken over the Roman republic. Hasdrubal was advancing, with rapid strides, through the passes of the Alps. Hannibal seemed to be invincible. Twelve of the Roman colonies, dreading his

ravages, refused longer to contribute to carry on the war against him, and there were many indications that the Etruscans, one of the most powerful of the Italian nations in alliance with Rome, were preparing to receive Hasdrubal as a deliverer.

The spring of the year 208 B. C. now came, opening the eleventh campaign of this memorable war. Two consular armies were raised amounting to forty thousand men, and were sent against Hannibal. As these troops were on the march, confident from their superiority in numbers that Hannibal would not venture to risk a battle, they were suddenly assailed, in the flanks of their column, by the whole Carthaginian cavalry. The Romans, taken by surprise, were routed, trampled down, and scattered in all directions. In a skirmish, which soon after ensued, Marcellus himself was slain. The Romans retreated to a hill where they threw up entrenchments and stood upon the defensive. They no longer thought of assailing Hannibal, but hoped only to escape from his terrible arm. For the remainder of the season the field was left free to Hannibal.

Again a fearful wave of dismay was rolled over Rome. The tidings came that Hasdrubal, with a large army, had succeeded in crossing the Alps and was advancing with his exultant troops through the plains of Cisalpine Gaul. Hasdrubal crossed the Pyrenees at their western extremity, and thus eluded the soldiers sent to oppose his march by guarding the eastern passes of the mountains. He continued his march across Gaul, passed the Rhone near Lyons, and struck the route of Hannibal in the plains of Dauphiné, at the foot of the Alps. There were now two Carthaginian armies marching upon Rome—Hannibal from the south, and Hasdrubal from the north.

Again Rome roused all her energies, and created and equipped two consular armies for the conflict. Nero and Livius were chosen consuls, both men of great energy. The

whole Roman force sent into the field for this campaign, consisting of Romans and their allies, amounted to one hundred and fifty thousand men. But for her allies, Rome would now inevitably have been crushed; for the whole population of Roman citizens, capable of bearing arms, amounted at this time to but one hundred and thirty-seven thousand one hundred and eight. So great was the demand for men that the slaves were invited to enlist, and *two* legions were composed of them. The consul Livius, a very stern old man, was sent to oppose Hasdrubal, and the consul Nero led the army against Hannibal.

Hasdrubal issued from the Alps, through the same defiles his brother had threaded eleven years before, and crossing the Po, descended the right bank to Placentia. A Latin colony held this city, and, faithful to Rome, it closed its gates against the invaders. Hasdrubal, having no enginery of war sufficiently powerful to batter down the walls, after a delay of a few days marched on toward the shores of the Adriatic. He immediately despatched six horsemen to his brother to inform him of his approach, and to propose a union of their two armies in Umbria, and a prompt march upon Rome by the Flaminian road.

Hasdrubal advanced in such strength that Livius was unable to oppose him, and he consequently retreated, and intrenched himself behind the Metaurus, near the maritime colony of Sena. Nero, with an army of forty thousand infantry, and twenty-five thousand cavalry, was at Venusia, operating to prevent Hannibal from marching north to coöperate with his brother. There was also a Roman army of twenty thousand men in the rear of Hannibal at Tarentum. Still Hannibal baffled all the endeavors of Nero. Marching to and fro he gathered supplies and increased his force, and encamped in strong array at Canuriuna, waiting for tidings from his brother.

In the meantime the six horsemen despatched by Hasdru-

bal, with wonderful bravery and sagacity traversed the whole length of Italy, through many hair-breadth escapes, until, losing their way, they arrived near Tarentum, where they encountered a foraging party of the Romans, by whom they were taken prisoners, and despatched under a strong escort to Nero. The letter found in their possession, revealed to Nero a full plan of Hasdrubal's contemplated operations. Nero despatched the letter to the Roman senate, recalled to his banners all the scattered divisions of his army, and summoned to his camp every Roman citizen capable of bearing arms. Leaving this force under the command of his lieutenants, to check any movement of Hannibal, he placed himself at the head of a select body of seven thousand men, one thousand of whom were cavalry, and starting from his camp at midnight, by forced marches, hastened to the banks of the Metaurus to join his colleague Livius, and aid him in crushing Hasdrubal before Hannibal could march to his aid.

As he advanced on this secret expedition, he revealed to his soldiers his plan. They shared the spirit of their leader, and with great enthusiasm pressed on their way. As they passed rapidly along, the whole population crowded the roadside with offerings of meat, drink, clothing, horses, and carriages. Altars were reared to the gods at various points on their route, which were incessantly smoking with incense to propitiate divine favor. The soldiers were so eager, that they pressed on day and night, hardly allowing any halt. In seven days the march was accomplished, and Nero, with his army increased to eight or ten thousand, in the darkness of the night entered the Roman camp of Livius, which was then intrenched upon some eminences fourteen miles south of the Metaurus. Hasdrubal had also crossed that river, and had established his lines at but half a mile distant from the Roman ramparts, preparing to give battle.

Nero had so secretly entered the encampment of Livius, that Hasdrubal was as unconscious of his arrival as Hannibal

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was of his departure. But the next morning as Hasdrubal rode out to reconnoiter, he was struck with the vast increase in the number of his foes, an increase so great as to demand his immediate retreat across the Metaurus. He attempted it the next night, leaving all his camp-fires burning. But Livius and Nero vigorously followed; attacked him vehemently upon the precipitous and wooded banks of the stream, and, after a desperate battle, overwhelming him with numbers, cut his whole army to pieces. Hasdrubal, seeing that all was lost, spurred his horse into the midst of a Roman cohort and fell pierced by innumerable wounds, selling his life as dearly as possible. The whole Carthaginian camp, with all its wealth, fell into the hands of the conquerers. Of the ten elephants which Hasdrubal had led across the Alps, six were killed in the action and four were taken alive. Three thousand Roman prisoners were found in the camp, and set at liberty. Hasdrubal's army was thus utterly destroyed, and Hannibal was left alone to struggle against the Roman power now rising with new energies.

Nero cut off the head of Hasdrubal, and returning rapidly to Apulia, where Hannibal was impatiently waiting for intelligence from his brother, threw the gory head into the Carthaginian camp. This was the first intelligence Hannibal received of the irreparable disaster. For a moment he was overwhelmed, exclaiming:

"My fate is sealed. All is lost. I shall send no more news of victory to Carthage. In losing Hasdrubal my last hope is gone."

When the tidings of the great victory was received i Rome, a scene of exaltation and joy was witnessed such a Rome had never displayed before. The two consuls were honored with the most gorgeous triumph Rome could then furnish. Victories, as well as reverses, often come in troops. While Rome was blazing with illuminations, and echoing with the huzzas of the people, news came that the Roman legions

in Spain were also trampling down their foes. Scipio was there marching from conquest to conquest, crushing all opposition before him. He had reached and captured New Carthage, now Carthagena, the proud capital of Carthaginian power in the peninsula.

Scipio, the young general now rising so rapidly to renown in the war in Spain, merits special notice. When but twenty-six years of age, he was appointed to the command of the Roman troops in Spain, under circumstances very similar to those in which Napoleon took charge of the army of Italy in 1796; and Scipio wielded the powers placed in his hands with scarcely less of skill and energy than Napoleon subsequently displayed. It is said that he marched from the Ebro to New Carthage, a distance of three hundred and twenty-five miles, in seven days. Carthagena, as the city is now called, stands at the head of its world-renowned bay, and spreads its streets widely over hills and valleys. These valleys were then lagoons, and the city was built on a peninsula, connected by a very narrow isthmus with the main land. Scipio, after a short siege, took the city by storm, in one of the fiercest fights on record, he having inspired his soldiers with his own invincible daring. The slaughter of the wretched inhabitants was dreadful, ten thousand only being reserved as captives. These the conqueror treated with great humanity, and thus secured their gratitude and their loyalty. His honorable bearing, so unusual in those dark days, and particularly the delicacy with which he treated his female prisoners, produced a deep impression in his favor all over Spain.

CHAPTER VII.

FOREIGN CONQUESTS AND INTERNAL FEUDS.

FROM 208 B. C. TO 121 B. C.

SCIPIO.—HIS CHARACTER AND CAREER.—THE CONQUEST OF SPAIN.—QUELLING THE MUTINY.—MILITARY PROWESS OF HANNIBAL.—HE RETIRES FROM ITALY.—SCIPIO INVADES AFRICA.—DESTRUCTION OF THE CARTHAGINIAN ARMY.—TRUCE AND HUMILIATION OF CARTHAGE.—LANDING OF HANNIBAL IN AFRICA.—BATTLE OF ZAMA.—CLOSE OF THE SECOND PUNIC WAR.—CONQUEST OF GREECE.—INVASION OF SYRIA.—THIRD PUNIC WAR.—DESTRUCTION OF CARTHAGE.—THE NUMIDIAN WAR.—BARBARIAN INVASION.—THE PLEBEIAN AND PATRICIAN CONFLICT.—GRACCHUS AND OCTAVIUS.

THE victories of Scipio in Spain, and the skill with which he combined humanity with severity, speedily created a strong disposition with the Spaniards to throw off their alliance with Carthage and receive the Romans as their protectors and masters. Many Spanish tribes joined the army of Scipio. This young Roman general was one of those marked men born to command. In both form and feature he was remarkably attractive and imposing. He was courteous and polished in his manners, and displayed that consciousness of greatness, blended with gentleness, magnanimity, and an entire absence of arrogance, which naturally wins the homage of all human hearts. The Carthaginian generals complained that no Spanish troops could be trusted, if they were once brought within the sphere of his influence.

As soon as Scipio received the news of the great victory of the Metaurus, he was roused to the strongest desire to emulate that victory by a still more decisive action in Spain. A general by the name of Hasdrubal Gisco was now in command of the Carthaginian forces, having an army of seventy

thousand foot soldiers and four thousand horse, with thirty two elephants. As Scipio could not bring into the field more than forty-five thousand foot and three thousand horse, Hasdrubal felt sanguine in his ability to crush him. Notwithstanding the superiority of the Carthaginian force, Scipio was eager for a general battle. But when he had led his troops within sight of the foe, and found them strongly intrenched in such overwhelming numbers, he was very uneasy lest the courage of his Spanish allies should fail. He, therefore, formed his line of battle, placing his Roman soldiers on the right and left, and encircling, as it were, the Spaniards in the center. With evolutions of wonderful skill, Scipio led his veteran columns to the assault, using his Spanish auxiliaries to intimidate by their formidable array, while sheltering them from the storm of war. The battle raged demoniacally for a day. It was the old story of confusion, clangor, misery, and blood.

By the middle of the afternoon the Carthaginians were routed and flying in all directions. Their camp, with all its magazines and treasures, would have fallen into the hands of the victors, but for a tempest of thunder, wind, and rain which suddenly burst, with almost inconceivable fury, upon the field of battle. The Romans, exhausted by the toils of their great achievement, were compelled to seek the shelter of their tents. The great victory virtually ended the Carthaginian dominion in Spain; and the vast peninsula was transferred to Rome, to swell the renown and the power of that nation, as yet but five hundred and fifty years of age, and destined so soon to be the mistress of the world. The routed Carthaginians fled to the sea, and embarking in their ships, escaped to their own land. The native chiefs crowded around Scipio with offers of homage, and it was soon announced to him that no enemy was to be found in the field, from the Pyrenees to the Pillars of Hercules. Scipio dispatched his brother to Rome to announce the conquest of Spain.

The successful general, with sagacity and energy, which had given him lasting renown, now resolved to carry the war into Africa. Syphax, a king of one of the African nations, was then in alliance with Carthage. Scipio, having sounded him through an ambassador, embarked with only two quinqueremes, and was so fortunate as to elude all the Carthaginian ships, and to enter the maritime metropolis of Syphax in safety. It so happened that Hasdrubal Gisco had just arrived in the same port, with seven ships, seeking aid from his ally. Syphax invited them both to his table in a gorgeous entertainment. The genius of Scipio was here so conspicuous, that Hasdrubal is said to have declared, that Scipio appeared to him more dangerous in peace than in war. Syphax was brought completely under the sway of his mind, and entered cordially into a treaty with him. Scipio then returned to New Carthage, in Spain, well satisfied with the results of his mission.

A mutiny, in consequence of arrearages of pay, broke out in the army, which was quelled by Scipio with characteristic severity and lenity. The mutineers, in a body, marched upon New Carthage to demand redress. Scipio, informed of their approach, sent seven tribunes to meet them with fair words. Thus encouraged they marched into the open gates of New Carthage in high spirits. Scipio sent them a flattering message, and, in perfect confidence, they dispersed to their quarters for the night. In the meantime Scipio had obtained the names of thirty-five of the prominent actors in the revolt, and had ordered their secret arrest. In the earliest dawn of the morning strong bodies of troops were stationed at each gate of the city, so that no one could escape. The insurgents were then invited to meet Scipio at the forum, as if to receive the redress of their grievances. All unconscious of danger, they crowded the market-place, unarmed, as was customary on such occasions.

Scipio was seated upon a throne. Gradually the suspicion

spread through the ranks of the insurgents that they were betrayed. Troops, in solid column, were marched from appointed rendezvous, and they occupied all the streets leading to the place of general gathering. The crier, with a loud voice, commanded silence. Breathless stillness ensued. The thirty-five ringleaders were brought up in chains. Scipio then declared that all of the mutinous soldiers he would forgive, inflicting punishment only on those who had misled them. Each of these thirty-five officers was then stripped and bound to a stake, and after being terribly scourged, they were all beheaded. The mutiny was thus effectually quelled, and Scipio gained a new ascendency over the minds of his soldiers.

The whole of the Spanish peninsula now was in the possession of the Romans. Scipio, thus victorious, hoped to attain the consulship, and leaving his army under the command of lieutenants, returned to Rome. With great pomp he entered the imperial city, conveying immense wealth, gained from the plundered provinces, which he deposited in the treasury. He was greeted with great enthusiasm, and by acclaim was raised to the consulship. Scipio now prepared, with great vigor, to drive Hannibal from Italy.

The destruction of Hasdrubal's army, had reduced Hannibal to the necessity of acting solely on the defensive. He had sent to Carthage for fresh recruits to be dispatched to him across the sea, and he now hoped only to maintain his ground, until these reënforcements should arrive. His military renown was so extraordinary, that the Romans dared not attack him. Mago, a younger brother of Hannibal, with the wreck of the Carthaginian army which had been driven out of Spain, landed in Italy and took Genoa by surprise. For a few months he carried on a vigorous war against the Romans, struggling to fight his way to the relief of his brother. Four Roman legions were sent against him, and after many obstinate battles he was driven to his ships, he himself being mortally wounded. As the fleet was returning to Africa, when

off the coast of Sardinia, Mago died, suffering far more from disappointment and chagrin than from his festering wounds.

The wonderful genius of Hannibal is conspicuous in the fact, that for four years after the death of Hasdrubal he maintained his position in southern Italy, in defiance of all the power of Rome. During all this time he received no supplies from home, and had no other naval force at his disposal, but such vessels as he could build and man. Conscious that his name would live and his exploits be renowned through ages to come, he reared several monumental columns at Lacinium, upon which he engraved minute particulars of his campaigns. At length, after spending fifteen years in ravaging Italy, he embarked his troops, to return to Carthage, without the slightest opposition from the Romans. For fifteen years he had ravaged Italy, from one end to the other with fire and sword, and yet, through an almost incessant series of battles, had never experienced a decided defeat.

Scipio had already gone, with a large army to Africa, to carry on the war to the walls of Carthage. With a large fleet he crossed the Mediterranean, and landed within five miles of the metropolitan city. He did not venture immediately to attack the formidable capital, but, imitating the policy of Hannibal, he ravaged the adjacent country, and sent to Rome eight thousand unhappy captives, men, women, and children, to be sold into slavery. Two large Carthaginian armies were raised to oppose him, and, as winter was fast approaching, Scipio retired to winter quarters, near the sea, where, supported by his fleet, he waited an opportunity to strike some effectual blow.

The Carthaginians did not venture to attack him behind his intrenchments, but encamped at a short distance to watch his movements. Scipio, to throw them off their guard, sent commissioners to negotiate terms of peace, pretending that he was exceedingly anxious to come to an amicable settlement of their difficulties. In the meantime he had ascertained that the

Carthaginian camp was composed of huts constructed of stakes, and thatched with dry leaves and grass. Disguising some of his soldiers as slaves, they were introduced into the enemy's camp, as forming a part of the suite of the officers engaged in the negotiation; and these pretended slaves, unsuspected, acted as efficient spies, in gaining all the information which was desired.

At length he suddenly broke off all communication with the enemy, having succeeded in introducing, under various disguises and pretexts, several of his emissaries into their camp. In a dry and windy night, the torch was touched to the thatched cottages. The flames spread with a rapidity which no human power could check. The Carthaginians, imagining the conflagration to be the result of accident, were thrown off their guard and they crowded together, in the utmost disorder in the attempt to extinguish the flames, or to escape from them.

While in this helpless state of confusion, Scipio, with his whole force, fell upon them. Neither resistance nor flight were of any avail. The flames, sweeping in all directions, raged like a furnace. Every avenue was choked by a crowd of men and horses, in confusion and terror indescribable. All the enginery of Roman warfare was brought to bear upon them; and in the course of a few hours an army of ninety thousand men was annihilated, all being slain or dispersed.

Scipio, thus exultant, was still not sufficiently strong to make an attack upon the walled city of Carthage. But he surrounded one of the neighboring cities, and vigorously pressed its siege. The retributive providence of God is here wonderfully prominent, a retribution which extends to nations as well as to individuals. "For whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." Scipio was now ravaging the Carthaginian realms in almost precisely the same manner in which Hannibal had ravaged Italy. Soon the Carthaginians had organized another army of thirty thousand men. But no

sooner had they emerged from the walls of the city, than Scipio fell upon them, and with much slaughter drove them panting and bleeding back behind their ramparts.

Scipio now swept to and fro with resistless force, compelling the submission of the surrounding towns, and enriching his soldiers with immense plunder. He advanced to Tunis, then a strong post in the vicinity of Carthage, and, finding it abandoned by the garrison, established himself there. Under these circumstances the Carthaginians implored peace. The terms which the haughty conqueror demanded were humiliating in the extreme. The conditions he dictated were, that the Carthaginians should evacuate all Italy and Gaul; that Spain and all the islands between Africa and Italy should be ceded to Rome; that all the Carthaginian ships, but twenty, should be surrendered to the conqueror; and that Carthage should pay an immense contribution in provisions and money to the Roman army. Hard as these terms were, the Carthaginians acceded to them, and a truce was concluded, while embassadors were sent to Rome to procure the ratification of the senate and people.

Matters were in this condition when Hannibal, having evacuated Italy, landed with his troops in Africa, and the truce was immediately broken. He disembarked his force at Leptis, and advanced to Zama, a town about five days' march from Carthage. Scipio and Hannibal had a mutual admiration for each other's military genius, and as the armies approached, the two illustrious generals held a private interview, perhaps hoping to effect a termination of hostilities. The meeting led to no peaceful results, and the next day the antagonistic hosts were led into the field for a decisive battle. The numbers engaged on either side are not now known. The battle of Zama is renowned in history as one of the fiercest and most decisive which has ever been fought. The Carthaginians were utterly routed. Twenty thousand were left dead upon

the plain, and an equal number were taken prisoners. Hannibal, with the mere wreck of his army, escaped to Adrimetum.

This was one of the decisive battles which seems to have decided the fate of the world. There was no longer any force to be rallied, sufficient to withstand the march of Rome toward universal conquest. The Carthaginians, utterly dejected, again sent embassadors to Scipio, with the most humiliating supplications for peace. The conqueror, with imperial airs, reproached them for their past misconduct, and consented to peace only on condition that they should make ample amends for the injuries done to the Romans during the truce, surrender all deserters and prisoners, give up all their ships of war but ten, engage in no war whatever without the consent of the Romans, feed the Roman army for three months, and pay all the Roman soldiers their wages until they should be recalled home; pay an immediate contribution of ten thousand Euboic talents (eleven million seven hundred and ninety-seven thousand five hundred dollars), and also pay annually, for fifty years, two hundred talents (two hundred and thirty-five thousand nine hundred and fifty dollars), and give two hundred hostages, between the ages of fourteen and thirty, to be selected at the pleasure of the Roman general, and to be sent to Rome, there to be held in captivity as security for the fulfillment of the treaty.

Even Hannibal was so conscious that, for the present, further resistance was vain, that he urged the acceptance of these merciless conditions. Peace was accordingly signed, and the Roman army returned to Italy. Thus terminated the second Punic war. Rome received Scipio with triumph, and in reward for his services conferred upon him the name of Scipio Africanus. During this war, at times so disastrous, Rome had made enormous strides. Her dominion now extended over all Italy, Spain, Sicily, Sardinia, and Corsica. Even Carthage had become virtually a dependent and tributary province. The destruction of the Carthaginian fleet had made the

Romans masters of the sea; and their own fleet was now rapidly increasing, as a large navy was necessary to maintain communication with their possessions out of Italy. From the height which Rome had now attained, she looked abroad over the world and coveted the possession of unlimited power. Republican equality was dominant in the councils of the nation, and the highest offices of state were accessible to all who had talents and energy to win them.

Hannibal, unable to endure the disgrace of his country and his own humiliation, fled to Syria. For some years he wandered from court to court hoping to form a coalition to resist the encroachments of Rome. Pursued by his foes, he was ever in danger of arrest, and at length life became an insupportable burden. A wretched fugitive he had reached Bithynia, one of the kingdoms of Asia Minor. The king of Bithynia, trembling before the power of the Romans, in reply to their demands, agreed to deliver him up. Hannibal, now a world-weary old man, nearly seventy years of age, in despair went to his chamber, drank poison and died.

The greed of conquest kept alive a warlike spirit, and every man, emulous of renown, sought to attain it on fields of blood. The second Punic war being thus successfully terminated, Rome now turned her eyes to Macedonia determined to crush the power of Philip, its energetic sovereign. It was easy to find occasion for a quarrel. A fleet was dispatched conveying a large army to the shores of Greece, and for three years the hills and valleys of that fair land were swept by the storms of war. At length Philip, defeated in a decisive battle in Thessaly, was compelled to accept peace on such terms as the Romans thought proper to dictate.

In anguish the Macedonian monarch surrendered to Rome and her allies, every city he possessed out of the limits of Macedonia, both in Europe and Asia. He was also forced to deliver up nearly his whole navy to Rome, and also to pay a

subsidy of one million one hundred and seventy-nine thousand seven hundred and fifty dollars.

The Roman armies thus victorious in Greece, again entered their ships and crossed the sea into Syria. Antiochus, the king, fought bravely. In battle after battle he was defeated, and he slowly retired, mile by mile, struggling against the invaders. A decisive battle at length brought him upon his knees before triumphant Rome. The terms exacted were remorseless. Antiochus surrendered all his possessions in Europe, all in Asia west of Mt. Taurus, reimbursed the expenses of the war; paid immediately in cash, a sum equal to five hundred thousand dollars, and a vast quantity of corn. He also surrendered twenty hostages to be selected by the Roman consul, and agreed to pay a sum amounting to nearly eighteen million of dollars, in installments extending through eleven years. Antiochus also surrendered all his elephants and his whole navy to Rome.

In all these wars Rome was merciless. In Epirus, after all hostilities were at an end, seventy towns were sacked and destroyed in a day, and one hundred and fifty thousand human beings were sold as slaves. It is Christianity alone, which has divested war of such horrors. Gradually all the states of Greece lost their independence and became Roman provinces. Beautiful Corinth fell in ruins and ashes before the march of the ruthless invaders. Metellus took it by storm in the year 146, B. C. Most of the male citizens were surrendered to the sword. The women and children were sold for slaves. The city was plundered, and houses and temples were given up to the flames. With the fall of Corinth perished Grecian independence.

But again Carthage roused herself for a death struggle against her foes. We enter upon the memorable period of the Third Punic war. Since the termination of the Second Punic war, Carthage had remained humiliated and silent, not daring to utter even a remonstrance against any degree of

insult or outrage. With the most extraordinary docility she yielded to every demand, never declining, whenever called upon, to aid the Romans with her arms. Her little fleet was ever compelled to sail, at the bidding of Rome, to coöperate in Roman conquests. Still the power of Carthage was such that Rome regarded the distant commonwealth with a jealous eye; and in the Roman Senate the suggestion was not unfrequently thrown out, that Carthage ought no longer to be permitted to exist.

When there is a disposition to quarrel, it is never difficult to find a pretext. Two consular armies, with a large fleet, were soon sent to Africa. The Carthaginians, overawed by the magnitude of the force, attempted no resistance; but, through their embassadors, surrendered themselves unreservedly to the disposal of Rome. The Roman consuls had no pity. They demanded three hundred children of the first families as hostages. It was granted, and the weeping children were surrendered amidst the lamentations of their parents. They demanded all the Carthaginian weapons of war, both offensive and defensive. An immense train of wagons conveyed the arms to the Roman camp. In a vast concourse the most illustrious men of Carthage followed the train, hoping by their abject submission, to conciliate their terrible foes. But haughty Rome had decreed that Carthage must be destroyed With consternation inexpressible the Carthaginians then heard the demand that they should abandon their city entirely, every man, woman, and child, and establish themselves any where they pleased at a distance of at least ten miles from the sea. "We are resolved," said the consuls, "to raze Carthage to the ground."

This demand roused the energies of despair. As the exhausted stag turns upon the dogs, protracting but for a few moments his inevitable doom, so unarmed, helpless Carthage turned upon Rome. The whole population rose in a frenzy. Men, women and children worked night and day fabricating

arms, and throwing up fortifications. The consuls immediately put their armies in motion, and approaching the city commenced a siege. The strength of the fortifications were such, and the defenders so desperate, that every assault was repulsed. For two years the terrible conflict raged around the walls of Carthage. But Rome incessantly sent new recruits to fill up the vacancies death occasioned, while Carthage was continually growing weaker. The misery in the city from famine and pestilence, was dreadful beyond description. At length the Romans forced their way through a breach into one of the quarters of the city, and then the horrible struggle was continued for six days and six nights, from street to street, and from house to house, until the assailed, utterly exhausted, could resist no more; and the smoldering city, with its dying inhabitants, was surrendered at discretion.

Hopeless slavery, without distinction of age or sex or condition, was the doom of the captured. Fifty thousand Carthaginians were sent to the slave markets of Rome, where they were sold at auction and dispersed over the empire. Men of consular dignity, matrons of illustrious lineage and character, and young ladies beautiful and endowed with the highest accomplishments of that day, suffered the doom of life-long bondage, a doom which was also transmitted to their offspring. This was but one hundred and forty years before the birth of Christ. Such was the slavery upon which our Saviour and His apostles are impiously accused of having looked with complacency.

For many days the Roman soldiers were employed in plundering the city. Then every building, which had withstood the storm of battle, was leveled with the ground. A decree was passed that no one should rear another building upon the spot, and the whole territory was placed under the dominion of a Roman governor. Thus was Carthage destroyed, in the 608th year after the building of Rome, and 146 years before the Christian era. Thus, in this brief and final conflict, ter-

minated the Third Punic war; and the Carthaginian empire fell to rise no more.

Though the Carthaginians had been driven from Spain, many of the Spanish tribes, independent and warlike, were yet unsubdued. Rome, animated purely by the pride of conquest, sent her armies for their subjugation. The annals of the protracted war with these tribes, are replete with deeds of perfidy and cruelty perpetrated by the great conqueror. An army of sixty thousand men for many years ravaged the Spanish peninsula. The cities of the natives were destroyed, and the captive citizens sold into slavery. At the same time, and with similar success, Rome was extending her conquests over the neighboring tribes of Gaul, adding territory after territory to her domain. In Africa, also, the tramp of the Roman legions and the clash of Roman arms were incessantly heard. West and southwest of Carthage there was an extensive country called Numidia. A renowned prince, Jugurtha, ruled over this domain. War was declared against this prince on grounds then deemed sufficient, and a consular army was sent over to Africa to invade his realms. For several years the war was carried on with varying success, Jugurtha displaying much heroism and military sagacity.

The renowned Caius Marius, a man of humble birth, but of indomitable energy, secured his election to the consulship, and eagerly took command of the army for the subjugation of Jugurtha. The atrocities of Roman warfare are illustrated by the fact that Capsa, one of the most important fortified cities of the country, falling into the hands of the Romans, they massacred all the male inhabitants, sold the women and children into slavery, and plundered and burnt the town. By the most atrocious perfidy, Jugurtha was at length betrayed and delivered into the hands of Marius. The unhappy Numidian prince was led a captive to Rome, to grace the triumph of his conqueror. With his two sons he was dragged along, humiliated and chained, in the triumphal procession; and then all

three were put to death. The iniquity of Rome is not diminished by the fact that Jugurtha merited his doom; for had he been an angel of light, his treatment would have been the same. It was thus that the whole of Numidia became a Roman province, in the year 106 before Christ.

A new foe of appalling character, and from an unanticipated quarter, now assailed Rome. The forests of northern Europe, from the Alps to the Frozen Ocean, and from the British isles to China, were at this time swarming with barbarian hordes. They were outside of the limits of the civilized world, and neither Greece nor Rome had cognizance of their numbers, their names, or their habits. Just at the close of the Jugurthine war, two of these savage nations, called the Cimbri and the Teutones, made an irruption into the province of Illiricum, and falling fiercely upon a consular army, nearly cut it to pieces. After much wanton cruelty and destruction, they retired like wolves howling to their forests. After a few years they appeared again. Two consular armies were dispatched to repel them. But the barbarians were again triumphant, dispersing their foes with merciless slaughter. Rome itself was struck with terror; and Marius was raised to the consulship as the only commander equal to the emergency. Marius was successful, and chastised the invaders so terribly that they fled, and for many years did not venture again to insult the territory of Rome.

And now arose internal troubles; and we enter upon that period of civil wars which for more than a hundred years desolated the whole Roman territory, until the commonwealth disappeared, and the monarchy of Julius Cæsar rose upon its ruins. This long conflict was waged between the rich and the poor. The patricians were ever struggling to rear an impassable barrier between themselves and the plebeians, and to monopolize all the honors, powers, and emoluments of office. The plebeians had ever been striving to break down that barrier, and to establish the democratic principle of equal rights

for all. At the time when this conflict broke out into open war, no wealth, culture, abilities or virtue could raise a plebeian to the rank of a patrician. All intermarriages between the two classes were prohibited. The government was an hereditary oligarchy, which essentially excluded the whole mass of the nation from any participation in the administration of affairs.

The community then consisted of three classes: the aristocracy, the plebeians, and the slaves. This latter class was very numerous, composed of the victims of Rome's innumerable wars. They had few rights which either plebeian or patrician was bound to respect. They were not considered citizens. They could hold no property but by the sufferance of their masters. And having neither money nor friends, the law could rarely afford them any protection against outrage, however terrible that outrage might be. The number of these slaves may be inferred from the fact that fifty thousand were taken in the destruction of Carthage alone; and that one hundred and fifty thousand were driven away from the sack of seventy towns in Greece. They were generally purchased by the great landed proprietors of Italy, and were driven by the lash to cultivate their fields. It will thus be perceived that the state of things was essentially the same as it now is in our slave-holding states, only that the slaves were generally whites instead of blacks. As most of the labor was performed by slaves, the poor free people, unable to find employment, were reduced to great distress, so that it was often said that the slaves were better off than the plebeian free.

It was not considered safe to entrust the slaves with arms The patricians were the officers; the plebeians the commo soldiers, who fought and bled. They gained great victories, of which the patricians reaped all the benefits, while the plebeians saw their condition yearly growing worse and worse. The plebeians, proud of their nominal freedom, which thus elevated them above the slaves, in the country gained a

wretched living by cultivating small plats of ground. In the cities they were shop-keepers and mechanics; and there were vast numbers of them who had no ostensible means of support. The mildness of the climate rendered but little clothing necessary. They lived upon fruit, vegetables, and oil. Education was confined almost exclusively to the rich. The plebeians in the country were a more respectable class than those in the city. The popular party was thus composed of many well-meaning, industrious men, and also of many who were utterly worthless.

The aristocratic party were, as a class, rich, proud, cruel, selfish, and domineering. Accustomed to unlimited control over their slaves, they were insolent in their manners, and looked down with contempt upon all who were not on their own fancied level. The plebeians often complained of the sanguinary wars which were waged, asserting that the nobility sought to involve the nation in hostilities, merely for the gratification of their own ambition. But when the seat of war became farther removed, and the national vanity became gratified by the renown of conquest, and the soldiers were enriched by plunder these popular murmurs ceased.

The slaves had now become so numerous that they seemed to compose the whole of the visible population. In Sicily these bondmen rose in insurrection, and maintained a long war with the Roman government, spreading devastation over the whole island. There was at this time in Rome a young man of noble birth, and of great energy and ability, who, in consequence of some affronts he had received from the aristocratic party, espoused the cause of the people. His name was Tiberius Sempronius Gracchus, and he was the son of Cornelia, who was a daughter of the elder Scipio. Tiberius had a younger brother, named Caius, who sympathized with him in his popular tendencies. As discontents were rising, placards were posted upon the walls of Rome, urging Gracchus to place himself at the head of the plebeians, in their endeavor

to gain a share of the public lands, which the patricians had monopolized. Fearlessly Gracchus came forward and proposed a homestead bill, which provided that each father of a family should be entitled to three hundred and fifty acres of public or conquered land, in his own right, and about one hundred and fifty more in the right of each of his sons; and that any man who possessed more land than this, should restore it to the nation upon receiving a fair price for it from the treasury.

There were several others of the aristocracy who generously espoused the cause of the oppressed people, and coöperated with Gracchus in his endeavors to meliorate their condition. But the aristocracy, in general, violently opposed this law. The irrepressible conflict between aristocratic usurpation and popular rights was now opened. From all parts of Italy there was a rush of the most influential patricians and plebeians to Rome, to aid in carrying the measure or to crush it. M. Octavius headed the patrician party. The struggle between these two illustrious men, each availing himself, with wonderful sagacity, of all the forms of the constitution and the laws, is one of the most interesting recorded in history. But Gracchus triumphed. He carried a vote, in an assembly of the tribes, with a majority of but one, that Octavius should be degraded from the tribuneship. Octavius was present in this hour of his humiliation. The nobles looked on with unutterable indignation, as an officer was immediately sent to drag Octavius, one of their own number, from the seat he occupied as a tribune. The populace, exulting in their victory, shamefully broke over the restraits of law, and fell upon him with such violence that with great difficulty he was rescued from their hands. One of the slaves of Octavius lost an eye in his heroic attempts to defend his master.

The law of Gracchus was now passed without difficulty, no one venturing longer to oppose it. Gracchus, thus hopelessly alienated from the nobles, threw himself entirely into the arms of the people, and, without reserve, espoused their

cause. A commission was appointed to carry the reform law into effect. It consisted of Gracchus, his younger brother Caius, and his father-in-law Appius Claudius. The king of Pergamus just at this time died, bequeathing his treasure and his dominions to the Roman people. Gracchus at once proposed that the treasure should be divided among the citizens, and that the government of the kingdom should be lodged exclusively with the popular assembly.

Gracchus was now the idol of the populace, while the aristocracy pursued him with the most envenomed hatred. To secure him from assassination, the people guarded his house. The public excitement swelled higher and higher, until a tumult arose, and the aristocracy, arming their partisans and slaves, fell upon the friends of Gracchus, routed them with great slaughter, and Gracchus himself was slain in the melee. His body was thrown ignominiously into the Tiber, and the triumphant nobles pursued their victory with great cruelty. Even Cicero, ever prone to eulogize the rising, rather than the setting, sun, alludes to the murder of Gracchus in terms of commendation. For his espousal of the popular cause he was deemed a fanatic, and fanaticism is ever one of earth's unpardonable sins.

Though Gracchus had thus fallen, the laws which he had established could not be so easily subverted. A powerful popular party, extending through all the Roman States, had been organized, and they rallied anew to resist the encroachments of the nobles. The most vigorous measures were adopted to carry the popular homestead bill into effect. The enforcement of this law deprived many of the nobles of their enormous *landed* estates, which of course excited great indignation, and every possible impediment was thrown in the way of its operation. The popular party, to increase their power, made efforts to extend very considerably the right of suffrage. Thus the conflict raged with varying success, until Caius Gracchus, the younger brother of Tiberius, was placed at the

head of the plebeian party. He was then a young man thirty years of age, and by his energy and eloquence, was peculiarly adapted to be a popular leader. The death of his brother had fired his soul with most determined hostility to the nobles. All we know respecting the contest which ensued, is mainly derived from Plutarch's life of Caius Gracchus; and his accuracy is not generally deemed very reliable. He wrote two hundred years after the scenes he describes, and we are not informed from what sources he gained his information.

Plutarch relates that Caius commenced his career by most inflammatory appeals to the people, in which he incessantly bewailed the fate of his brother. From his position in the tribuneship he was enabled to exert a powerful legislative influence. With untiring zeal he devoted himself to the work of repressing aristocratic usurpation, and strengthening the influence of the popular mind and arm. His increasing popularity soon invested him with almost absolute power. He constructed roads, bridges, granaries, and various other works of ornament or utility. He was ever surrounded by a crowd of contractors, engineers, and men of science, and he enjoyed the reputation of universal genius. At the close of his year of tribuneship, though, by the law, he was not again eligible, the will of the people evaded the law, and he was again elected with enthusiasm. The aristocratic senate, at last alarmed by his strides, made the desperate attempt to curtail his influence, by proposing measures even more democratic than Gracchus had introduced. A very adroit politician, Drusus, was now the acknowledged leader of the nobles. He seemed to be getting the advantage, and at last a tumult was aroused, and one of the aristocratic party was slain. The senate summoned Caius Gracchus to their tribunal. Instead of obeying he retired, with his friends, to the Aventine hill, and invited the slaves, by promises of freedom, to aid him in resisting the demands of the senate.

Gracchus was now in the position of a rebel. The laws

were against him; and he lost all his energy. A strong force of soldiers was sent to attack him. The conflict was short. Gracchus, escaping from the carnage, fled across the Tiber, and finding escape hopeless, was killed, at his own request, by a slave who accompanied him. His head was cut off, and carried to the senate, while his body, with those of his followers who perished with him, was thrown into the Tiber. His property was confiscated, his wife even being deprived of her jointure. The aristocratic party pursued their victory with relentless cruelty, sending to the scaffold many who were merely the personal friends of those who were engaged in the sedition. It is recorded that more than three thousand of the popular party perished in the action on the Aventine hill, and in the executions which followed. The aristocracy were now again in almost undisputed ascendency.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE SOCIAL WAR.

From 121 B. C. to 82 B. C.

Corruption of the Nobles.—Restlessness of the People.—Demagogism of Marius.—Servile Insurrection in Sicily.—Heroism of Eunus.—Miseries of the Servile Wars.—Sumptuary Laws.—Struggle for Rights of Citizenship.—Commencement of the Social War.—Contemplated Reorganization of Italy.—Sylla.—War with Mithridates.—Internal Dissensions at Rome.—Civil War in the Streets.—Vibration of the Pendulum of Parties.—Cinna.—The Rallying of the People.—Marius Recalled.—Scenes of Anarchy.—Death of Marius.—Return of Sylla.—Pompey Enters the Arena.—Battles and Assassinations.

THE developments of human nature, eighteen hundred years ago, were the same as now. Carbo, one of the most zealous of the popular leaders, abandoned his party, and passed over to those who had become the sole dispensers of honors and emoluments. The Roman nobles were, at this time, plunged into a state of extreme corruption. The government of the empire had passed entirely into their hands. The governors of the provinces rioted in luxury, the means of which were acquired by the most unrelenting extortion. Wars were frequently waged for the sole object of plunder. The line of separation between the nobles and the plebeians was never more broadly marked. The nobles had but little occasion for any intercourse with the plebeians, as their own numerous slaves supplied them with laborers, tradesmen, and even with instructors for their children. The masses of the people were treated by the aristocracy with the most insulting pride and oppression. The people were restless, and at times almost stung to madness and they needed but a leader to rouse them to bloody vengeance.

Such a leader soon arose. It was Caius Memmius. He began by bitterly inveighing against the corruption of the nobility, and claiming for the people a larger share in the administration of affairs. The senate was compelled, by the popular clamor, to appoint a court of inquiry, and five persons, of the highest rank, were punished by fines and banishment. Marius, himself a plebeian of the humblest origin, who, in spite of the scorn of the nobles, had forced his way to the head of the army, was conspicuous in his endeavors to bring the populace into power, and to humble those from whom the lowly in rank had endured so much of contempt and outrage.

The ever vibrating pendulum of parties was again bringing the people into power. Marius had attained the consular chair. Saturninus, one of the most profligate of demagogues, by effrontery which nothing could abash, and by murder, had secured a seat in the tribuneship, and Glaucia, a man of kindred spirit, was one of the pretors. Both parties in the struggle resorted to bribery; and Marius, a successful general, overawed opposition by the presence of his army, who were devoted to his person.

The animosity of the two parties daily increased, and the struggle between them grew more fierce. There were frequent tumults in Rome, and antagonistic mobs swept the streets. At length there was open war—the masses of the people, ignorant, vicious, and degraded on the one side, and the aristocracy, rich, insolent, and hopelessly corrupt upon the other. Marius, as consul, was forced by his position to administer the decrees of the senate, though in heart he was in sympathy with the populace. The people took possession of the capitol, but Marius reluctantly cut off the pipes which supplied the city with water, and compelled them to surrender. The insurgents, thus taken prisoners, and unarmed, were assailed by their foes, and, notwithstanding the efforts of Marius to protect them, were all murdered.

The insurrection of the slaves in Sicily, to which we have

before alluded, and which was quelled about this time, deserves more particular notice; for Sicily was to Italy, what Cuba may yet possibly be to us. Large estates had been purchased by the Romans in this beautiful and fertile island, and these estates were stocked with vast numbers of slaves. Eunus, a slave of Syrian birth, had acquired great influence among his companions in bondage. The slaves on a neighboring plantation, exasperated by the cruelty of their master and mistress, applied to Eunus for counsel. He encouraged them to conspire with the slaves on the several estates in the neighborhood, in an immediate revolt, promising to place himself at the head of the movement. Four hundred men, armed with such weapons as they could suddenly grasp, were speedily assembled to strike for freedom. Their masters were smitten down, the plantations destroyed, and without an hour's delay they marched for the town of Enna. The slaves in the town immediately joined them. Enna was taken by storm, set on fire, and the indiscriminate slaughter of its free citizens ensued, men, women and children, with the exception of such citizens as understood the manufacture of arms, whom Eunus reserved to supply his followers with weapons.

The successful Syrian, thus striking for freedom, and at the head of a small, determined, but rapidly increasing army, now assumed the title of king, and formed a cabinet council, composed of those of his associates who were most eminent for courage and wisdom. In three days six thousand men were rallied beneath his banners, heroically resolved to regain their liberty or perish in the attempt. Every hour the roused captives were rushing from all directions to swell his ranks. The example became contagious. In another part of the island another sagacious man, named Cleon, roused his fellow-bondsmen to arms, and acknowledging Eunus as king, sent to him for orders that he might effectually coöperate in a general movement. The Sicilians had no force to meet the crisis. Rome sent eight thousand of her veterans to crush the insur-

gents. Eunus, with outnumbering bands, urged by the energies of despair, fell upon them and cut them to pieces. Another Roman army was sent, and still another, which met with the same fate.

Several months had now passed away, and the slaves were in possession of many of the principal towns in the island. The insurrection was so successful and had become so formidable, that Rome made a decisive effort to quell it. An overwhelming force was sent to Sicily, which first besieged the town of Taurominium. With great bravery and skill these unfortunate men, who had so nobly struck for freedom, repelled every assault until, at last, reduced to the utmost extremity by famine, they were unable to resist the rush of their foes, and were all mercilessly put to death. The victors with floating banners and gory swords, surrounded Enna, the first scene of the revolt, and the stronghold of the insurgents. The power brought against them was such that their state was hopeless. Cleon was slain in a sally. By famine and the sword, Eunus and all his followers soon perished miserably. Such is usually the end of a servile insurrection. And yet slaves, in their despair, will ever strike for freedom; and though they perish in the attempt, they take awful vengeance upon their oppressors.

The revolt was thus apparently suppressed, yet many years the disturbances continued, and there were innumerable local insurrections, causing great carnage and unspeakable misery. A Roman knight, Titus Minucius, harassed by debt, and annoyed by the importunities of his creditors, through revenge incited an insurrection, and placed himself at the head of three thousand slaves. A bloody battle ensued before he was put down. Soon after this, two very able slaves, Sabrius and Athenio, headed revolts. Their forces were marshaled in well-disciplined bands, and for some time they successfully repelled all the power Rome could bring against them. Several Roman armies were defeated with

great loss, and the whole island was surrendered to blood and violence. The poorer class of the free inhabitants availed themselves of the general confusion to indulge in unrestrained license and devastation. This insurrection became so formidable, that again Rome was compelled to rouse her energies. A consular army was sent, which drove the insurgents into their strongholds, and then subdued them by the slow process of siege. The carnage and misery resulting from these servile wars no tongue can tell. The whole power of the Roman empire was pledged to put down insurrections; and though the captives could avenge their wrongs and sell their lives dearly, it was in vain for them to hope for ultimate success.

A law was now passed prohibiting any slave from carrying a warlike weapon. Rigorously was this law enforced. At one time a boar of remarkable size was sent as a present to L. Domicius, then pretor of the island. He inquired who had killed it. On being informed that it was a slave, who was employed as a shepherd, he summoned the man before him, and asked how he had contrived to kill so powerful an animal. The shepherd replied that he had killed it with a boar spear. The merciless Domicius ordered him immediately to be crucified for having used a weapon in violation of the law. This rigor was pursued so unrelentingly, that, for a long period, there were no more revolts.

The progress of the world to its present state of political intelligence has been very slow. A decided advance was made when a law was passed declaring that every decree should be published on three successive market days, and should then be submitted to the vote of the people, not as heretofore, tied to other enactments, to be voted for in the lump, so that all must be rejected or all accepted, but that each clause should be acted on by itself. A sumptuary law had been enacted in a time of general distress, when Hannibal was thundering at the gates of Rome, which regulated the

amount of ornament which a lady might be permitted to wear, and which forbade the ladies of Rome from using a carriage, except in their attendance upon the public sacrifices. This law was called the Oppian law, from Caius Oppius, who introduced it. It was, however, repealed as soon as the national distress had subsided.

An enactment had also been established some years before, limiting the number of guests to be admitted to any entertainment, and ordering that the doors of the house should be left open during the meal, to guard against any secret violation of the rule. By a similar decree, the principal citizens were obliged to take an oath that they would not expend upon any entertainment a sum amounting to more than about forty dollars; and they were not to use any other wine than that made in Italy; and they were not to display upon their tables more than a hundred pounds weight of silver. Many very unwise and oppressive laws of this kind had been enacted, often descending to the minutest details of domestic expenses.

We now enter upon new troubles, perhaps more replete with calamity than Rome had ever experienced before. The number of Roman *citizens* was at this time very small, nearly all the subjugated tribes of Italy being deprived of the right of suffrage, and of all voice in the government. They were subjects—not citizens—enormously taxed, and these taxes were collected by men called publicans, or farmers of the revenue, who practiced the most atrocious extortion and cruelty. These subjugated tribes sometimes occupied the position of conquered people, who were left to the independent administration of their own local laws, but who were compelled to pay taxes to Rome, and to send contingents of troops in case of war. Thirty-five tribes, in the vicinity of Rome, had, in the lapse of time, and in various ways, become incorporated with the kingdom, and had secured the rights of citizenship. Occasionally this privilege was conferred upon

a stranger, as a great honor, in reward of some signal services.

Discontent had long been fomenting among the numerous tribes of Italy, from whom the political franchise was withheld. Taxation without representation, seems to have been as obnoxious then as now. L. Drusus, a tribune, pleaded their cause at Rome. He was deemed a fanatic and an incendiary, and was assassinated. This outrage threw these remote Italian nations into great excitement. All their hopes were blighted, and henceforth, it was feared, there would be no one who would dare to plead their cause. Thus exasperated, they prepared for that conflict which is renowned in history as the Social War. It broke out in the year 90 B. C. and lasted eighteen years.

The Italian tribes or nations who formed themselves into a confederacy for the redress of their grievances were ten in number—the Picini, Vestinians, Marrusinians, Marsians, Pelignians, Samnites, Trentanians, Hirpinians, Lucanians, and Apulians. The deputies of these nations in revolt, met at Asculum, to prepare for the terrible conflict against all the power of Rome. From the imperial city two legates were sent to remonstrate with them. They were both murdered by the infuriated insurgents, and, in the blind rage of the tumult, all the Roman citizens in the place were put to death. The confederates determined that Rome should be utterly destroyed, and that all Italy should be formed into one republic, with Corfinium for its capital. The government was to be administered by two annual consuls, twelve pretors, and a senate of five hundred members. They chose their two consuls, Marsian and Mutilus, and marshaled their forces for the war.

The Roman consuls, this year, were Lucius Julius Cæsar, and P. Rutilius Lupus. In the first campaign the Roman legions were, in almost every battle defeated, and Rome itself narrowly escaped falling into the hands of the Italians. The

city was only saved by the exertions of the powerful Latin tribes, whose fidelity was purchased by extending to them the rights of citizenship. Having obtained these rights for themselves, ignobly they fought against their brethren, to prevent them from securing the same. They acted the part of the slave who pays for his own emancipation, by riveting the shackles upon the limbs of his brother. The law, granting this franchise to the Latins, was called the Julian Law, from its author. The Romans were so severely pressed by the foe, that they were constrained to admit emancipated slaves into their armies.

In the campaign of the next year, the Romans were more successful. The siege of Asculum was conducted to a successful termination. This caused great exultation at Rome, as Asculum had first set the example of revolt. The confederate Italians removed their capital to Æsernia. A new Roman general, Sylla, was now rising rapidly to renown. He was a man whose commanding talents and energy were almost eclipsed by his profligacy. With the sweep of a hurricane he demolished his foes, and in the exultation of success sought and obtained the consulship. The confederates, utterly vanquished, and having lost all their principal cities, were compelled to accept terms from the victor. In this brief but desperate struggle, the Italians lost more than 300,000 of their sons; and many of their most flourishing towns were changed to heaps of ruins. The rights of citizenship were, however, by this conflict, greatly extended; but the embers of war still slumbered in the bosoms of those whose rights were not yet recognized. The newly formed citizens were organized into some eight or ten tribes, and we soon find the total number of tribes, composing the free citizens of Rome, amounting to fifty.

Mithridates was, at this time, monarch of Pontus, an energetic kingdom in the northeast part of Asia Minor. He was a man of commanding abilities, and one of the most illustrious

generals of that day. The Romans, during their lull in the Social War, picked a quarrel with Mithridates, and sent an army, collected from the effeminate inhabitants of Asia Minor, to conquer him. Mithridates trampled them down beneath the feet of his veterans. Thus victorious, he continued his march westward, emancipating subjugated nations from the Roman yoke, while the Greeks, with great enthusiasm rallied around him. With the characteristic cruelty of those times, in one day Mithridates put to death 80,000 Roman citizens, whom he had found in Asia Minor. He then dispatched one of his generals, Archelaus, with an army flushed with victory, into Macedonia and Greece, to drive out the Romans. This was in the year 83 B. C. Thebes, Athens, and most of the important towns of the Grecian peninsula, threw open their gates and received Archelaus as their deliverer.

In the meantime Rome was still ravaged by the most cruel internal dissensions. Sulpicius, one of the tribunes, was urging upon the government the extension of the rights of citizenship to all the inhabitants of Italy. This was eminently a popular measure, though it was abhorred by the aristocracy. Sulpicius, thwarted by the nobles, became more violent in his proceedings, and anticipating that his foes might soon attempt to crush him, by physical force, he organized a band of his determined partisans for his defense. A body of three thousand gladiators were ready to rally at his call; and six hundred young men, of the equestrian order, whom the nobles affected to despise, ever attended him.

Such was the state of affairs in Rome, when the news arrived that Mithridates had overrun all the Roman dominions of Asia Minor. Soon a riot ensued. Sulpicius was victorious, and the government was compelled to place nearly all the Italian nations, whom they had subjugated, on an equality with the Romans in the right of voting. The popular party was thus again triumphant. Thus slowly, in all ages, have popular rights struggled against aristocratic privilege. Sylla,

who had vigorously espoused the cause of the aristocracy, was dismissed from his command in the army, and Marius, a friend of the people, was transferred to the vacant post. The soldiers, attached to their victorious leader, who had rewarded them with plunder, and indulged them in every license, were indignant; many assassinations ensued, and finally the army, consisting of six legions, amounting to about thirty thousand men, in a mutiny, broke up its quarters, and, led by Sylla, commenced a menacing march upon Rome. Sylla was at this time consul, and he was joined by his colleague Pompeius. They approached the city, by stratagem entered the gates, and quartered their troops upon the inhabitants.

Marius and Sulpicius, in their extremity, invited the slaves to join them, with the promise of freedom, the highest reward which can be offered to a slave. With such force as they could raise they threw up barricades, and from the house tops hurled down missiles upon their foes. A woful warfare was now waged in the streets of Rome. Sylla, without scruple, set fire to the houses from whence he was assailed, and swept the streets with his veteran troops. The populace were speedily vanquished, and Marius and Sulpicius, with their principal friends, sought safety in flight.

Martial law was established in Rome. Sylla assembled the senate, and passed a decree declaring Marius and Sulpicius to be public enemies, and offering a reward for their heads. Marius, through numberless romantic adventures and hair-breadth escapes, succeeded in reaching Africa. Sulpicius, betrayed by one of his slaves, was arrested and put to death. The popular party, deprived of its leaders, and overawed by the presence of the victorious army, submitted without further resistance. The laws which had been passed by Sulpicius were immediately annulled, and again the aristocratic party were in the ascendency. But the struggle for equality of rights, in the human breast, is irrepressible. The people,

though again baffled, were more eager than ever before to resume the conflict.

The next year they succeeded in choosing Cinna to the consulship, one of the most able of the advocates of the popular interest. His colleague was Octavius, a patrician of the aristocracy. Cinna immediately, through the tribunes, threatened Sylla with a prosecution for his assault upon the city. To escape this peril, Sylla rejoined his soldiers, and sailed for Greece, to escape the storm which threatened him, and to arrest, if possible, the alarming career of Mithridates. The popular cause was now altogether too strong to be silenced by any single defeat.

Marius, proscribed and an exile, became the idol of the people. Immediately upon the departure of Sylla for Greece, Cinna reënacted the law of Sulpicius, conferring upon all the Italian tribes the rights of citizenship. Great crowds of those whom this law was intended to benefit, flocked to Rome, to aid, by their swords, should need be, the advocate of their cause. Riots soon broke out again in Rome, and great numbers on both sides were killed. Cinna summoned the slaves to his standard. Octavius, his colleague, headed the senate and the aristocratic party. Cinna was overpowered, and with his adherents, fled from the capital. The senate, by an act hitherto unprecedented, declared that he had forfeited his consulship, and they elected another, Cornelius Merula, in his stead.

The country people regarded the cause of Cinna as their own. They rallied around him in great numbers, bringing with them arms and money. He was soon at the head of quite an army, who acknowledged him as their consul, and took the oath of military obedience to his commands. Multitudes of the popular party in Rome repaired to his camp. The Italian cities, rejoicing at so favorable an opportunity of resuming the contest, espoused his cause with the utmost ardor and energy. So wide-spread was the enthusiam, that in a short time there

were rendezvoused beneath the banners of Cinna, thirty legions, amounting to, at least, one hundred and fifty thousand men.

Cinna despatched a messenger immediately to Marius, in Africa, inviting his return. The exile, rejoicing at this unexpected turn of fortune, landed in Tuscany with a few followers. Assuming the garb and aspect of extreme poverty, he appealed to the compassion of the people, who were deeply affected by the contrast between his present penury, and the splendor with which he formerly had been invested. He soon had an army of six thousand men, with whom he formed a junction with Cinna. The senate sent an army to meet the foe. A battle was fought, attended with immense slaughter, but with no decisive results. The battle took place almost beneath the walls of the city. Marius now with his cavalry swept the country around Rome, encountering no opposition, and cutting off all supplies from the capital.

The army of the aristocratic party, under the command of Octavius, and an illustrious young general, Metellus, was entrenched, in very considerable force, on the hill of Alba. But they did not dare to risk a decisive battle, for they had not full confidence in the fidelity of their soldiers; and a defeat would place Rome, with all its proud inhabitants, entirely at the mercy of their foes. Cinna, by proclaiming freedom to the slaves, found his forces rapidly increasing, while desertions were continually taking place from the army of the senate. Rome was now so strictly blockaded that the inhabitants began to feel the pressure of famine, and they clamored for the cessation of the hopeless struggle.

The senate, humiliated, were constrained to send to Cinna to treat for peace. Cinna, seated in his consular chair, proudly received the deputies, exacting from the senate the acknowledgment that he was legitimately consul, and demanding unconditional surrender. Marius stood by his chair, still ostentatiously dressed in the mean garb of exile, while his eyes

flashed with passion and with menace. Cinna triumphantly entered the walls of Rome, and infamously sent a band of soldiers to murder Octavius, his colleague. The deed was mercilessly performed, and the head of Octavius was suspended over the rostra, a bloody trophy of Cinna's triumph. The wheel of revolution had again turned. The aristocratic party were in the dust, helpless and hopeless. The popular leaders now strode through the streets, looking in vain for an acknowledged foe.

Marius proudly refused to enter the city until his sentence of exile was regularly repealed. But impatient of the delay, which the mockery of a vote required, after a few tribes had cast their ballots, he took possession of one of the gates of the city, and entered the town at the head of a band, zealously devoted to him, consisting principally of peasants and fugitive slaves. Then his emissaries immediately commenced the work of murder. There seems to have been no forgiveness or pity in the bosom of the democratic Marius. Those nobles who had displeased him were eagerly marked as his victims. They were hunted out through all concealments, and in cold blood butchered. Some, to escape the dagger of the assassin, fell upon their own swords. Some were slain openly in the streets, and it is said that Marius gratified himself with the sight of their agony.

A scene of universal license and anarchy ensued. Slaves murdered their masters, plundered their dwellings, and perpetrated every conceivable outrage upon their families. The wife and children of Sylla, concealed by their friends, very narrowly escaped the general slaughter. Never before had Rome endured such misery. In this massacre, Lucius Julius Cæsar, and his brother Caius, both perished, and their gory heads were exposed over the rostra. Marius, when seated at the supper table, was informed that the place of retreat of Antonius, whom he had long been seeking, was discovered. He immediately arose from the table to enjoy the gratification

of seeing him killed. But, dissuaded by his friends, he resumed his seat, ordering his soldiers to bring him the head of his foe. Crassus, after seeing his son murdered, killed himself. Merula, who had been chosen consul by the senate in the place of Cinna, preferring to die by his own hands, opened his veins, and as his blood flowed upon the altar of Jupiter, he invoked the vengeance of God upon his murderers. Catulus, who had voted for the proscription of Marius, finding that there could be no escape from the executioner, suffocated himself by the fumes of burning charcoal.

Cinna and Marius now declared themselves to be consuls for the ensuing year, and, like most demagogues, proved themselves utterly traitorous to the rights of the people. The enormities of Marius, with his servile bands, at length excited the indignation of the populace. Cinna was disgusted with the atrocities of his colleague, and finding himself utterly unable to check them, he one night secretly assembled a body of troops, and attacking the band of Marius in their quarters, put them all to the sword. Marius was precluded from revenge by a sudden attack of disease, which put an end to his life, in the seventieth year of his age. In the delirium of his dying hour, he imagined himself at the head of his legions, hurling them against the ranks of Mithridates. With vehement gestures, and loud shouts which were heard far into the streets, he issued his commands. Though the light of revealed religion had never dawned upon his mind, no one can doubt his responsibility at God's bar for his manifold crimes.

Cicero relates that at the funeral of Marius, a furious man, named Fimbria, made an attempt upon the life of Scævola, one of the most virtuous men of those times. The victim escaped with but a flesh wound. Fimbria, exasperated, declared that he would bring Scævola to trial before the people. Being asked what charge he would bring against one whose character was so pure, he replied, "I shall accuse him of not

having given my dagger a more hearty welcome." Such was the condition of Rome at this time.

Marius being dead, Cinna remained absolute sovereign, with no one to dispute his power. The massacres had now ceased, and to restore the usual forms of the constitution, Flaccus was chosen colleague consul with Cinna. The condition of Rome under this democratic sway much resembled that subsequently witnessed in Paris during the Reign of Terror. Many of the nobles left Italy, and sought refuge in the camp of Sylla, in Greece; while others fled trembling, from the dangers of the city to their country seats. Cicero describes the three years which succeeded the victory of Cinna as a period in which the republic enjoyed neither dignity nor laws.

Cicero was at this time at Rome, devoting himself to the study of eloquence and philosophy, and laying up those stores of wisdom and knowledge which enabled him subsequently to fulfill so brilliant a career. A curious sort of bankrupt law was passed by the democratic government, by which a debtor was allowed to liquidate all claims against him by paying one fourth of the amount. The provinces accepted, without opposition, the government established in the metropolis. But Sylla, at the head of his army in Greece, was breathing threats of vengeance. Openly he declared his intention, so soon as he should finish the war with Mithridates, to return to Rome, and punish with the utmost severity Cinna and his supporters. Sylla soon reconquered all Greece, and crossing over to Asia Minor, prosecuted the war with such vigor that Mithridates was glad to accept terms of peace.

Cinna began now to manifest alarm, and apprehensive of the return of Sylla with a victorious army, commenced endeavors to conciliate the rich, whose heads he had so long been crushing with his heel. It was evident that the wheel of fortune was about to experience another revolution. Cinna was not a man to fall without a struggle. He raised an army to crush Sylla; but public opinion, even in the army

turned against him. The soldiers rose in a mutiny and Cinna, in his endeavors to quell it, was slain. Sylla soon landed in Italy, with forty thousand men. This was a small force, with which to meet the two hundred thousand whom the popular party had raised to oppose him, but they were veteran soldiers, flushed with victory, and the whole aristocratic party was ready to join them.

Sylla landed at Brundusium, where he encountered no opposition. Immediately commencing his march upon Rome, he advanced through Calabria and Apulia. The two armies met near Capua, and the whole consular army in a body went over to the aristocratic Sylla, leaving their commander Scipio, alone with his son, in his tent; a memorable instance of popular fickleness and caprice. With new vigor Sylla pressed on toward Rome, wantonly ravaging the country through which he passed. The nobility were on all sides flocking to his camp; and Carbo, who had been the consular colleague of Cinna, to check this spirit, caused a decree to be passed, that all who united with Sylla, should be declared to be public enemies.

And now Cn. Pompeius, or as he is generally called, Pompey the Great, first makes his appearance upon this stage of wild adventure. He was the son of a late proconsul of that name, and he lived at Picenum, in circumstances of moderate wealth. The family was popular in the region of their residence. The sympathies of Pompey were strongly with Sylla, and he warmly espoused the aristocratic side, in this stern strife. With the energy which rendered his subsequent life so illustrious, he raised an army of three legions, amounting to about seventeen thousand men, and with the necessary supplies marched to join Sylla. He was then but twenty-three years of age, and had never filled any public office. Sylla appreciated the extraordinary energy of one so young, and received him with the most flattering marks of distinction. By this time, however, the campaign weather of summer had passed away and all the belligerents retired to winter quarters.

Carbo, who was now consul, secured the election, as his colleague, of the younger Marius, the nephew and adopted son of the renowned demagogue of that name. Though Marius was but twenty-seven years of age, he was already renowned for his profligacy. The winter was long and severe, and it was not until late in the spring that military operations were resumed. Soon a division of the consular army, under Marius, encountered Sylla, at Sacriportum, near the city of Præneste. Their defeat was entire. Marius having lost twenty thousand slain, and eight thousand prisoners, with difficulty escaped. In the tumult of the rout, it was not safe to open the gates of Præneste, and Marius was drawn up into the city by ropes thrown down to him from the top of the wall.

Marius had fixed on Præneste as the great rendezvous of his army, and the point from which he would sally forth in all his operations. The town, built on the side of a hill, but twenty miles from Rome, was almost impregnable in its fortifications. The battlements of Præneste were distinctly visible from the eternal city. Marius, during the winter, had added greatly to the strength of the place, having robbed the temples of Rome, that he might convert the treasure into money to pay his soldiers. As Sylla advanced with his veteran legions, Marius, conscious that the aristocratic party in the capital would, at the first opportunity, rise to welcome and join him, sent a summons for the senate to assemble in the Curia Hostilia. Unconscious of the premeditated treachery the nobles obeyed the summons. Marius then closed the avenues by armed men, and designated those whom he wished to be massacred. Three illustrous senators were struck down in the senate house. One was killed in attempting to escape Quintus Mucius Scævola, who was then Pontifex Maximus, the same who had been attacked by the fanatic Fimbria, a man of spotless character, yet renowned for his heroism, seeing a party advancing to murder him, fled to the temple of

Vesta. He was pursued and cut down, with sacrilegious hands, drenching the altar with his blood.

The most prominent of the aristocratic party being thus slain, Marius and Carbo hoped to retain their supremacy. But the terrible defeat of Sacriportum blighted all these anticipations. Marius was now blocked up in Præneste, and the road was open for Sylla to Rome. The gates of the city were thrown open to him, and he rode triumphantly into the streets, greeted by the acclamations of those who but a few months before had denounced him as a rebel and an outlaw.

The wheel of fortune had indeed revolved again. Sylla organized his government, replenished his military chests with the proceeds of the confiscated estates of the popular party, and leaving a portion of his army to conduct the siege of Præneste, with another portion hastened to Tuscany to confront Carbo, who was strongly entrenched there. Victory seemed every where to light upon his banners. Desertion thinned the ranks of Carbo, and treachery surrendered whole divisions of his army to the foe. Verres, whose infamy Cicero has embalmed in the amber of his eloquence, abandoned his general, and purchased the pardon of Sylla, by the treasure of money and military stores which he surrendered to his hands. Carbo, thus deserted, fled, and taking a boat with a few followers, escaped to Africa.

The triumph of the aristocratical party now seemed complete, and yet at this last moment one of those sudden turns of fortune, which often baffle all the calculations of human wisdom, came nigh to wrest the victory from their hands. The Italian allies, who had thus far looked quietly on, well pleased to see Roman slaughter Roman, were alarmed at the decisive victory which the nobles were gaining, for they knew full well that the triumph of the aristocratic party would toll the knell of their rights. They immediately combined and hastened to the relief of Præneste. The wrecks of Carbo's army rushed to their standards. The popular party all over

Italy were animated to new courage, and sprang to arms. Sagaciously and secretly they resolved to make a bold strike for Rome, which, not having the slightest apprehension of such an attack, was quite defenseless.

Breaking up suddenly, in a dark night, from before the walls of Præneste, the dawn of the morning found them in military array within a mile of the gates of Rome, marching energetically toward the Colline gate. Rome was in consternation. All the young men of the city formed into a body of cavalry, sallied from the walls to hold the foe in check till aid could arrive from Præneste. But they were routed and driven back with great slaughter. In the midst of the confusion and carnage, the peal of trumpets was heard, and the gleam of banners was seen in the distance, and nearly a thousand helmed and veteran horsemen, from Sylla's legions, came thundering upon the plain. Behind them Sylla himself followed, leading his infantry, panting, with their almost superhuman exertions, and upon the full run. It was indeed a wild scene of turmoil, clamor and blood, upon which the unclouded sun looked down that morning, so different from the quietude upon which its evening rays had fallen, when no sound disturbed the song of the bird and the chirp of the insect, and the fields slumbered in solitude.

The Italian chieftains rode along their ranks shouting, "Victory is ours. This is the last day of the Roman empire. The wolves who have so long ravished Italy shall now be destroyed, and their den demolished." But God had not so decided.

CHAPTER IX.

SYLLA AND CATILINE.

From 82 B. C. to 59 B. C.

Battle Under the Walls.—Triumph of Sylla.—Caius Julius Cæsar.—Death of Marius.—Massacre at Præneste.—Mission of Pompey.—Abdication of Sylla.—His Death.—Policy of Lepidus.—Triumph of Aristocracy.—Caius Julius Cæsar.—Cæsar a Ransomed Slave.—He Espouses the Popular Cause.—Character of Pompey.—Spartacus and his Band.—His Defeat and Death.—The Slave Trade.—Illustrative Anecdote.—Pompey Crushes the Pirates.—The Conspiracy of Catiline.

THE battle beneath the walls of Rome was as fierce as fury and despair could make it. Throughout the whole day it raged with unintermitted ferocity, until darkness enveloped the gory field. The combatants, utterly exhausted, threw themselves upon the sod and slept side by side, neither party knowing which, upon the whole, had suffered most in the fight. But the light of the morning revealed more fully the issue of the battle. The field was covered with the dead bodies of the allies, and, in confusion, the broken bands of the survivors commenced a retreat. Sylla, gathering recruits from Præneste, pursued them with merciless slaughter, and then, returning in triumph, entered the gates of Rome, where he perpetrated deeds of cruelty and blood which have consigned his memory to eternal infamy. The detail of his enormities would alike weary, disgust, and shock the reader. Human nature presents itself in its most pitiable aspect in all these scenes.

A division of the routed army of the Italians, three thousand in number, sent to Sylla imploring mercy. He promised to spare them if they would aid him in executing vengeance

on their associates. Infamously they accepted the terms, and fell upon their former companions, aiding the soldiers of Sylla in cutting them to pieces. They were all then, with other prisoners, amounting to eight thousand, put to the sword. The infamy of Sylla is not mitigated by the infamy of those who received the doom of treachery, having perpetrated its deeds.

While this massacre was transpiring, Sylla summoned the senate, and addressed them with the utmost heartlessness, even when the shrieks of his victims were resounding through the streets. Observing that the senators appeared horror-stricken, he sternly commanded them not to trouble themselves with what was passing elsewhere, but to attend to his words. The same chastisement, with aggravated vengeance, was now meted out to the popular party, which they, in the hour of their triumph, had visited upon their foes. Every day witnessed its hecatomb of victims. Each morning Sylla issued his proscription list, containing the names of those his soldiers were immediately to butcher. All laws were trampled under foot, and Sylla, an inexorable tyrant, as the advocate of the nobles of Rome, exercised a despotism which in mercilessness has never been surpassed.

These horrible scenes of cold-blooded murder were not confined to Rome alone, but extended all over Italy. Sylla seemed resolved to destroy every man who could be suspected even of advocating popular rights. M. Cato, then a mere boy, was roused to the utmost indignation by the spectacle of these crimes.

There was one young man, the renown of whose name subsequently filled the world, who narrowly escaped the sword of Sylla. It was Caius Julius Cæsar. He was then quite young, and had married the daughter of Cinna. The elder Marius was also his uncle, having married his father's sister. Caius Julius Cæsar was thus intimately connected with the popular party. The eagle scrutiny of Sylla had

searched him out, and he was commanded to repudiate his wife. Refusing to comply, he fled from Rome. Soldiers were sent in pursuit of him to bring his head to Sylla, but by the entreaties of some friends, the tyrant consented to spare his life. And though tradition says that he affirmed, "in Cæsar there are many Mariuses," it is not probable that he was at all conscious of the energetic spirit he had spared, to place its broad and deep impress upon the world.

The garrison at Præneste was soon compelled to surrender. Marius was beheaded, and his bleeding head was presented a welcome trophy to Sylla. He ordered it to be exposed in the forum. Thinking that now all his foes were vanquished, and that his power was invincible, and his elevation beyond all peril of fall, he assumed the surname of Felix, or The Fortunate. Immediately upon the surrender of Præneste, Sylla hastened to the place to enjoy the executions he had ordered. Twelve thousand men were given up to massacre. The women and children were turned into the fields, houseless and foodless, and the town was abandoned to plunder. Sylla enjoyed this so much, and his soldiers were so pleased with the wealth they gained, that the same course was pursued with seven other large cities. All the inhabitants who were not massacred, were sold for slaves. The entire nation of the Samnites were almost entirely extirpated by the proscriptions of Sylla.

Without any shadow of legitimate power, Sylla thus filled Italy, through all its provinces, with blood and ruin. Carbo, from Africa, fled to Sicily, hoping to rally a party there to make a stand against a tyrant who had been even more tyrannical and cruel than himself. Pompey was dispatched across the straits to meet him. His energy was successful, and Carbo was driven from the island. He was pursued, taken prisoner, and brought into the presence of Pompey at Lilybæum. Pompey, regardless of the consular dignity of his captive, ordered him to immediate execution. The republic was thus

left without a consul; and a successful general, supported by his army, was at the head of the state. Sylla, instead of proceeding to the election of consuls, caused himself to be appointed by the senate, dictator, for an unlimited period, until tranquillity and security should be restored to the affairs of the commonwealth. No one dared to offer a word of resistance.

But again clouds of darkness and war began to gather in distant lands. Mithridates was reassembling his forces, Africa was agitated and roused with the desire to drive out the Romans; and in Spain, the spirit of revolt had sprung up and spread with great rapidity and success. The power of the dictator, undisputed in Italy, could not overawe these distant realms. The popular cause in Italy, was apparently annihilated, and the commonwealth lay bleeding and gasping at the feet of its conqueror. The great object of Sylla, in all his measures, was to strengthen the aristocratic party, and to crush democratic freedom. The senate had been a legislative body. Sylla transferred to it judicial power. Some of the laws, which, with untiring industry, he enacted were salutary in their operation.

Pompey passed over to Africa, and by the energies of fire and sword, in one year quelled all insubordination there. He returned to Rome plumed with victory, and enjoyed the luxury of a triumph. Sylla now caused himself and one of his obsequious partisans, Q. Metellus Pius, to be chosen consuls. With great sagacity he established his authority and consolidated his party; and then, with all the reins of power collected in his hands, to be placed at will in the hands of his creatures, he nominally renounced his office of dictator. This abdication of Sylla, so renowned in history, seems to have been anything but a noble act. It is true he had accomplished his ends. The popular party was apparently annihilated, and the aristocracy were in the entire ascendency. His partisans were all enriched by the sale of confiscated estates; his sol-

diers were extravagantly rewarded by grants of land, and he had retained for himself more than regal wealth and luxury. He was still the acknowledged head of his party, and renouncing only its toils, and empty title, still retained in reality both sovereign dignity and power.

Sylla, retiring from the labors of office, surrendered himself to the utmost excesses of sensual and voluptuous indulgence. His associates were generally only those who had talents and attractions to gild the vices of which they boasted. His leisure hours he devoted to the composition of his own memoirs, bringing down the narrative until within a few days of his death. But little more than a year elapsed, after his abdication, ere he was attacked by a loathsome disease, the effect of his vices, and died, devoured by vermin, in a state of the most absolute and unmitigated misery. His funeral was attended with much parade in the Campus Martius, and, at his own request, his body was burned. The nobility of Rome, and especially the ladies, vied with each other in their endeavors to confer honor upon the memory of him who had so effectually reëstablished aristocratic usurpation in the eternal city. His life signally illustrates the truth that literary and intellectual eminence of the highest order may be combined with the lowest and most brutal profligacy. It is only that "wisdom," the beginning of which is "the fear of the Lord," which is the unerring guide to virtue.

Immediately upon the death of Sylla, the popular party, weak as it was, made an attempt to rally and to obtain a repeal of some of the most obnoxious laws of the aristocratic dictator. The two consuls at this time were Lepidus and Catulus. From some unknown influence, perhaps conscientiousness, Lepidus manifested some sympathy for the popular cause, and openly denounced several of the most oppressive measures introduced by Sylla. Growing more and more bold, as friends increased, he became the leader of those who were

now faintly hoping for a counter-revolution. The broken bands of the Italian allies were summoned to their aid. The two consuls, taking opposite sides, were arrayed in bitter hostility against each other, and Rome was again threatened with civil war.

The aristocratic senate, jealous of the increasing power of Lepidus, at the close of his consulship allowed him to take command, as proconsul, of the distant province of Cisalpine Gaul, thinking that he would be thus removed to a safe distance from Rome. Here Lepidus found himself at the head of a strong army; adventurers from Rome and its vicinity hastened to his camp, and soon he commenced a menacing march towards the capital. An army was sent to meet him. He was utterly defeated, and retiring in dejection to Sardinia, there soon died. One of his officers, who shared in this defeat, was Brutus, father of the one who has attained world-wide celebrity as the assassin of Cæsar. This elder Brutus was taken prisoner of war and put to death.

The popular movement was thus effectually quelled, and aristocracy was more firmly established than ever. But the conflict could never cease. So long as one portion of the community is resolved to trample upon the rights of another, there must be an undying struggle. And this irrepressible conflict must burst out into bloody war, whenever the oppressed see any chance to smite their oppressors. The recognition of man's fraternity, and the admission of equal rights for all, would have saved this world unnumbered woes. This cruel strife, which commenced with Cain and Abel, has continued to the present day. In this conflict America has had her Washington, France her Napoleon, and Rome her Caius Julius Cæsar, each, under different institutions, and with varying success, was the champion of popular rights.

The family of Cæsar was ancient and illustrious. Caius, the one to whom the name chiefly owes its renown, was the son of Lucius Julius Cæsar, a noble of pretorian rank, and of

Aurelia Cotta, a lady also of illustrious lineage. He was born about one hundred years before the birth of Christ. As we have before mentioned, he married, in early life, the daughter of Cinna, and very narrowly escaped the proscription of Sylla. He first drew his sword in Asia Minor, in the war against Mithridates. After this he, from time to time, studied, probably in company with Cicero, at Rhodes, under the instruction of Apollonius Molo. On one of his excursions he was taken prisoner by some Greek pirates, and was ransomed by the payment of a sum amounting to nearly sixty thousand dollars. The energetic young man immediately raised a small naval force, and, on his own responsibility, pursued the pirates, sank several of their ships, and capturing others, returned with them, and a large number of prisoners, to his own land. He then demanded of the authorities permission to execute them. But finding that the government, influenced by avarice, was rather inclined to sell them as slaves, Cæsar, without waiting for a reply to his application, caused them all to be put to death.

He early manifested hostility to the tyrant Sylla, and even ventured, in the height of the despot's power, to bring a charge of corruption against one of his officers. Though unsuccessful in his suit, as was to have been expected, the boldness of the act gave him distinction as the foe of the aristocracy, and the friend of popular freedom. Upon the death of his wife Cornelia, the daughter of Cinna, he pronounced an eulogy upon her character, which, for its polished diction and glowing eloquence, excited great admiration. We have before mentioned that his father's sister married Marius. At her death, though Marius had been denounced as a traitor, he ordered that his image, in accordance with the Roman custom, should be borne in the procession at her funeral. The nobles were enraged, but the populace were delighted, justly regarding this as the pledge of his devotion to their cause, and the image of Marius was greeted with enthusiastic acclaim.

It is recorded that at this time he was a man of profligate

habits; indeed the whole Roman world, with but rare exceptions, appears to have been in the condition of pollution and infamy, which Paul has so graphically described in his epistle to the Romans. We can see but little difference in that respect between aristocrat and democrat—between Marius and Sylla. They were struggling against each other for the supremacy, and each was equally unprincipled in the hour of triumph.

Pompey was at this time, as the agent of the aristocratic party, quelling an insurrection in Spain, and having, with his characteristic energy, accomplished his purpose, he was permitted to enjoy the luxury of a triumph; and was also additionally rewarded with a seat in the consular chair. As Pompey had maintained his army exclusively from the spoils of war, Spain was left in a state of utter destitution. Pompey, in his passage to Gaul, had punished the Gauls with merciless severity for espousing the cause of Lepidus, against the aristocracy at Rome; and this vast province also was thus now desolate and impoverished.

A curious incident, highly characteristic of the times, merits notice. About seventy gladiators, prisoners of war, were in training at Capua, for the bloody gladiatorial shows at Rome. They, in a body, broke away from their keepers, and encountering on the road some wagons with arms and supplies, seized them, and retreating to the heights of Mt. Vesuvius, strongly intrenched themselves there. Spartacus was the chosen leader of this band. Every day their numbers increased by the accession of fugitive slaves, and the impoverished and restless populace of Rome. Spartacus soon had a band so numerous and well disciplined, that he marched from behind his ramparts, and plundering the cities of Campania, endeavored to effect a retreat to the distant Alps. A Roman army was sent to attack him. He turned upon his foes with the bound of a lion, and crushed them to the dust. Another army was sent. It encountered the same fate. Proudly he now

strode on, unopposed, toward the defiles of Cisalpine Gaul. But here he found a third army, which he also promptly assailed and demolished.

Intoxicated by these successes, and at the head of an army rapidly increasing in numbers, Spartacus dreamed that he was able to cope with all the powers of Rome, and to conquer even the eternal city. Wheeling around his battalions, notwithstanding their remonstrances, he began to retrace his steps. Soon he was compelled to retire to winter quarters, maintaining his soldiers by the plunder of the surrounding country. The senate was now thoroughly aroused. A powerful army was organized during the winter. In the early spring Spartacus was attacked, cut off from his retreat to the north, and driven, with his broken bands to the south of Italy. Here he attempted to construct rafts to float his followers over to Sicily, hoping to rouse the slaves to join his standards. But Crassus, who led the Roman force, vigorously pursued him, and Spartacus was blockaded on a small promontory near Rhegium. Finding escape by sea hopeless, in a dark and stormy night he crept unobserved, with his diminished columns, through the enemy's line, and directed his retreat toward the fastnesses of the Lucanian mountains. Crassus vigorously pursued. A desperate battle took place, and the army of Spartacus was cut to pieces, he himself perishing with the slain. The cruel victor lined the road from Capua to Rome, with the crucified bodies of the prisoners, who were thus left to perish in the lingering agonies of that most terrible of deaths.

At this period the whole Mediterranean Sea swarmed with pirates, who, emerging from caves and creeping cautiously around headlands, baffled all the naval power of Rome. The slave trade was then in vigor, which has never been surpassed, though it was almost exclusively confined to the Caucasian race. The pirates of Cilicia, in Asia Minor, at the foot of the Mt. Taurus range, ravaged all shores, and

supplied abundantly, and on the most reasonable terms, the great slaveholders of Italy with men, women, and children. By night they would make an assault upon some sequestered hamlet, strike down all who resisted, fire the dwellings, and convey the residue to the great slave market at Delos, in the Ægean Sea, where purchasers flocked from all parts of the Roman empire, asking no questions, for conscience sake, respecting the manner in which the slaves had been obtained. How they defended the institution we have not been informed. *They* did not know that Noah, in his cups, had said, "Cursed be Ham;" and as Jesus Christ had not yet appeared, they could not blasphemously pervert His words to support this system of demoniac atrocity. Probably, in unblushing honesty of infamy, they simply exclaimed, "Might makes right."

These wretched slaves, packed in the holds of pirate ships constructed for rapidity of sailing, were often persons of fortune, distinction, and education. Caius Julius Cæsar had been thus captured, and was a slave, who, not being able to run away, purchased his freedom, paying for it sixty thousand dollars. These pirates were as ready to steal money as men, and property of every kind was seized by them without scruple. Rome was too deeply interested in the slave trade to act with determination against those who supplied the mart, and hence for ages the shores of the Mediterranean, in the prosecution of this traffic, blazed with conflagrations and were crimsoned with blood.

These pirates were so numerous and formidable that they often made descents from their ships and attacked fortified towns. About the year 70 B. C., one Heracleo, with four piratic ships, captured and burnt several Roman ships sent to oppose him, and after ravaging the coasts of Sicily at his pleasure, entered, in triumph and defiance, the harbor of Syracuse. Descents were frequently made upon the coasts of Italy. The brother of M. Antony was once sent in com-

mand of an expedition against them. During his absence the pirates landed by night at Misenum, seized the children of Antony, and carried them off as slaves. The distracted father rescued his children from bondage only by paying an enormous ransom. At one time these slave-trading pirates even entered the Tiber, and captured a Roman fleet within twenty miles of the capital. History gives us the names of four hundred cities which had been captured by these slavers. The condition of humanity then must have been miserable indeed. Pirates ravaged the seas, and Roman governors, still more remorseless, ravaged the land.

The triumph of Sylla had greatly aggravated the excesses of the governing power. The laws were almost entirely inoperative against any amount of extortion and corruption. One incident will show how powerless were the weak against the strong. Verres, as questor, was sent on a mission to the king of Bithynia. Passing through Lampsacus, in Greece, he was informed that a gentleman there had a daughter of very rare beauty. He determined to take her for himself, and sent one of his vile and obsequious attendants, in furtherance of his plans, to lodge with Philodamus for the night. He was entertained with great hospitality, and at his request several of his companions were invited to sup with him. When heated with wine they demanded that the beautiful daughter should be brought forward and exhibited to them, intending to seize her. According to the Grecian customs nothing could be more indecent and insulting than such an exposure The father indignantly refused. His Roman guests, aided by their slaves, endeavored to accomplish their purpose by violence. The father, assisted by his son, fought valiantly to protect his daughter. In the fray one of the Romans was killed and several of the slaves were wounded. The people in the neighborhood rallied and protected the family. But the father and son were both condemned and

beheaded. Cicero records this enormity, with others even more atrocious, against Verres.

When Pompey appeared in Rome, as a successful general, seeking the consulship, the people welcomed him, hoping that they might secure him as their leader He made them flattering promises, was elected by acclaim, and repealed, as one of his first measures, the most obnoxious of Sylla's laws, and restored the tribuneship—the popular branch of the government. By this act he secured great popularity. At the close of the year, as his consulship terminated, he declined accepting any other office, and remained in Rome a private citizen, opulent and generally revered.

The outrages of the piratic slave stealers had now become intolerable, and Gabinius, one of the tribunes, proposed that the war with the pirates, should be intrusted to one person for three years; that his power should extend to every part of the empire, with dictatorial authority to raise men and money; and that Pompey should be intrusted with this extraordinary command. Gabinius was a partisan of Pompey, and was acting under his guidance. The people eagerly advocated this measure. The nobles were alarmed, for it had now become evident that he was courting popular favor. The senate began to threaten Gabinius, and the mob to threaten the senate. The decree, after a severe struggle, was carried, and Pompey passed the whole winter in most energetic preparations to commence, in the early spring, his war upon the pirates. With a large fleet, almost before the storms of winter had ceased, he scoured the coasts of Sicily and of Africa, and thence sailed for Sardinia, leaving at all these places ships to guard important points, and detachments of troops upon the shore. So vigorously did he proceed, that but six weeks were employed in this enterprise.

The pirates, thus driven from their haunts in those regions of the Mediterranean, gradually drew back toward Cilicia, where they were intrenched in almost sufficient power to bid

defiance even to Pompey. But the indomitable warrior pursued them; and conscious that he must expect determined resistance, he went provided with all the apparatus for conducting sieges. To his surprise he found the pirates overawed by his military renown, and they surrendered almost without any show of opposition.

With great wisdom and mercy, Pompey followed up his victory. All the slaves he found in their hands he freed; took possession of all their resources for evil, and then established measures to reclaim the inhabitants from their guilty and wretched habits of life. Some of the pirates he removed into the interior, and endeavored to encourage them in the cultivation of the soil. In seven weeks from the time he sailed from Italy for the east, the sea was swept clean of every piratic craft, and measures were in successful operation permanently to change the habits and characters of those who had so long been scourges of humanity.

The magnificent island of Crete had until now maintained its independence. But a Roman army was at this time overrunning it, with every prospect of speedily effecting its subjugation. The Cretans, hearing of the wisdom and mercy of Pompey, sent a delegation to him at Cilicia, requesting him to come and receive their submission. Pompey was more than willing to accede to their request, and sent one of his lieutenants, Octavius, to take possession of the island. But Metellus, who was in command of the Roman legions there, spurned the message, and crushing down all opposition, with military exactions and executions of the utmost cruelty, brought the whole island in subjection to his feet.

The popular party was now again advancing, and the aristocracy at Rome, in their alarm, opposed every measure of reform, however reasonable or salutary it might be. The people were now looking to Pompey as their friend. Manilius, one of the tribunes, proposed that as Pompey had been so successful in terminating the piratic war, he should be

entrusted with the sole management of the war against Mithridates and Tigranes. This was the famous Manilian law. It was bitterly opposed by the nobles generally; but both Cæsar and Cicero advocated it, and it was carried.

Lucius Sergius Catiline, a man of world-wide notoriety through the eloquence of Cicero, now first makes his appearance upon the historic stage. He offered himself as a candidate for the consulship. But the senate pronounced him ineligible, as he was then under accusation for misconduct in the government of a province in Asia. Exasperated by this rejection, he conspired with two companions of congenial profligacy, to murder the two consuls-elect, Cotta and Manlius, on the first of January, as they were taking their oaths of office. Catiline, and one of his confederates Ausanius, were then to seize the consular dignity for themselves, while the third conspirator Piso, was to be dispatched to Spain to secure that province. The plot was suspected and its execution was consequently postponed to the fifth of February, when it was intended not only to murder the consuls, but a large part of the senators. Again, by some misunderstanding, the plot was frustrated. Both Cicero and Sallust mention this conspiracy as universally known, yet the conspirators being baffled, strangely were not punished.

Two years after this Catiline again offered himself for the consulship. He had been one of Sylla's most merciless agents in his proscriptions. Profligacy had reduced him to indigence, and in the desperate state of his affairs he was ripe for any remunerative crime. He was of patrician birth, and polluted with even an unusual share of the vices at that time characteristic of his class. Many young nobles, his boon companions in debauchery, were accomplices in his treasonable plots. The oppressions of the nobles had filled the land with restless spirits. The confiscations of Sylla had deprived thousands of their property, and these impoverished multitudes had something to hope for, and nothing to lose by revolution. It is also

recorded that there were many women of distinguished rank, out of utterly polluted lives, ruined by extravagance and dissipation, who were ready to use poison or the dagger, even against their own husbands, hoping to extricate themselves from their embarrassments by the tumult of civil war.

Catiline affected to espouse the cause of the people, though he himself was one of the most corrupt, and had been the most intolerant of the patricians. But it was evident to every eye that all the honors and emoluments were grasped by the rich, and the masses of the people were degraded and impoverished. Consequently whoever spake upon this theme found thousands of eager listeners. Even Cicero, notwithstanding the comparative purity of his character and his exalted abilities, was bitterly opposed by the nobles when a candidate for the consulship, solely because he could not boast exalted lineage. But as he earnestly avowed aristocratic principles, though of plebeian birth, the nobles at length condescended to waive their objections. The nobles were also alarmed in view of Catiline's conspiracy, and needed the influence of Cicero's matchless eloquence to protect them.

It was under these circumstances that Cicero and Antonius were elected consuls. Catiline, defeated in the election, was doubly exasperated. He now began to push forward with new vigor his schemes for civil war. His partisans at Rome were rapidly increased, secret meetings were held, depots of arms were provided at different points, and large sums of money were raised. Cicero, with great sagacity, traced out all the labyrinths of the plot. Though Catiline was ever attempting the assassination of this his most formidable foe, the friends of Cicero guarded him so carefully that all the efforts of the conspirators in that direction were frustrated.

One of the conspirators, Q. Curius, a debauched noble, hopelessly involved in debt, found himself quite unable to meet the extravagant demands of a woman, Fulvia, with whom he was living in criminal connection. To appease her

murmurs, he assured her that he should soon have money enough, and revealed to her the conspiracy, which was just on the eve of its accomplishment. She, woman-like, betrayed the secret to another, and soon Cicero had her in his employ, as his agent, keeping him minutely informed of all the details and progress of the plot. In this way, also, he was enabled effectually to guard against his own assassination. Still the character of Roman law was such that the consul could not move against the conspirators until there were some overt act of rebellion. Catiline assumed the air of an innocent and calumniated man, and his friends were so numerous, that it was needful that his guilt should be undeniably proved before it would be safe to strike him.

During all this time Cicero devoted his energies to the support of the aristocracy, lending no countenance to any measures for meliorating the deplorable condition of the poor. A law was proposed to provide the starving populace with land to cultivate, from the vast tract of national territory which war had depopulated. It is true that this homestead bill contained some objectionable features. Cicero, however, suggested no amendment, but brought upon the scheme the crushing weight of his eloquence, and the people were left to starve. A resolution, humane and just, was introduced, to restore to the rights of citizenship the children of those who had been infamously proscribed by Sylla. Again the voice of Cicero was heard on the side of oppression, and his eloquence prevailed.

At a meeting of the senate, as Catiline entered with an air of innocence, Cicero immediately assailed him with direct accusation and bitter reproaches. Catiline, allowing exasperation to get the better of his prudence, pithily replied, "There are two parties in the commonwealth; the nobles, weak in both head and body; the people, strong in body, but headless. I intend to supply this body with a head."

Measures were now ripe for the revolt. One of the con-

spirators, C. Manlius, hastened to Etruria, and, summoning his partisans, raised the banners of civil war. Others of the conspirators rallied their forces in Picenum and Apulia. But Cicero was prepared for the crisis. Proclamations, scattered far and wide, announced the peril. Armies were sent to crush the insurgents; and Rome assumed the aspect of a city under martial law. Still Catiline walked the streets unarrested. Though guiding every movement, he professed entire innocence, and declared his belief that the alarm was a mere pretense. As there was as yet no legal evidence against him, and he belonged to the aristocratic party, he could not be arrested. In his assumed innocence he offered to place himself in the custody of any persons whom the senate might appoint, even in that of the consul Cicero himself.

Many suspected Cicero of fabricating the story of the conspiracy to subserve his own ends, and particularly to effect the destruction of his rival Catiline. Hence it became a matter of vital importance to Cicero, that the conspiracy should be left to develop itself sufficiently to remove all doubt from the public mind. Still it was necessary for him to adopt such precautions for defense, that Catiline was greatly embarrassed in his operations, and his accomplices in Rome were overawed by the vigilance of the government. At length Catiline resolved to lay aside the mask. One night he assembled his associates, in one of their secret gatherings, and after giving them minute directions as to the plan of procedure, arranged for two of their number, C. Cornelius and L. Varguntius to go early the next morning to Cicero's house and assassinate him in his chamber. The conspirators had hardly crept through the dark streets of Rome to their homes, ere Cicero through his spies was informed of all that had transpired.

The next morning, November the 8th, Cicero convened the senate in the temple of Jupiter Stator, on the brow of the Palatine hill. Catiline, with his characteristic effrontery,

entered and took his seat with the rest of the senators. The audacity was so great, that Cicero, thoroughly as he knew Catiline, was amazed, and broke out upon him, in that oration of impassioned eloquence, with which every school-boy is now familiar, commencing with the words, "How long, O Catiline, wilt thou abuse our patience?"

That very night Catiline left Rome, to join Manlius in Tuscany. Still, while on his route, he wrote several letters to persons of high rank, affirming his innocence, and declaring that he was driven, by persecution from Rome, and that he should retire to Marseilles, into voluntary banishment. Information was transmitted so slowly in those days, that the statement was believed, by many, even long after Catiline was at the head of the insurgent camp.

Catiline now, with great energy, marshaled his forces. Stopping a few days at Arretium he organized the insurrection there, gave his lieutenants minute directions, and then proceeded to the camp of Manlius, which was near Fæsulæ. His agents were everywhere busy, in rousing the slaves to join them, by proffers of freedom, a measure which will always be resorted to in civil war, and which, under such circumstances, renders a slaveholding community almost helpless. In this emergence Cicero remained at Rome to protect the city. His colleague Antonius was sent with an army to confront Catiline. The conspirators, left in the city by the arrangement of Catiline, were, on a particular day, to murder the principal inhabitants, and, in all directions, kindle conflagrations. Catiline, by a secret march with his army, was to be at hand, cut off the fugitives, and, in the general consternation, with enormous butchery, take possession of the smoldering city. A large number of the profligate, ruined young nobles, were accomplices in the execrable plan; a contemplated revolution of blood and woe, by which one part of the aristocracy, making use of the slaves and the mob as their tools, consigned another part to massacre, merely for the sake of plunder and

power. Catiline had as little sympathy for the people, as had those aristocrats in power, whose cause Cicero so eloquently and energetically espoused.

Cicero at length succeeded in obtaining ample and legal evidence against the leading conspirators in the city, and four of them were arrested. Cicero then assembled all the people in the forum, and detailed to them the objects of the conspiracy, and the convincing proof which had been elicited. When the masses learned that the city was to have been surrendered to conflagration and indiscriminate massacre, their indignation was roused to the utmost.

The arrested conspirators were immediately brought to trial and condemned to death as traitors. It is remarkable, in attestation of the theology of those times, that Cæsar advocated confiscation and banishment instead of death; declaring that death was not severe punishment enough, since death was *annihilation*, with nothing more to fear or suffer. This emphatic denial of the immortality of the soul, was received by the assembled senate of Rome without any surprise or dissent, which seems to prove that the mass of thinking men in that day had no belief in a future state. The popular theology was believed only by the ignorant, and it had a *very frail* hold upon them, apparently having but the slightest possible influence upon their conduct. It is the gospel of Christ alone which has brought immortality to light, with all its infinite persuasions to a holy life. The prisoners were, after long debate, doomed to death, and were strangled in their cells.

Catiline was now at the head of twelve thousand men, but his plan of burning Rome had been frustrated, and he commenced a retreat toward Gaul. Antonius, with a consular army pursued him. A battle soon ensued. The insurgents were cut to pieces, and Catiline, sword in hand, rushing despair ingly into the thickest of the battle, fell among the slain. Thus terminated this most renowned conspiracy recorded in the annals of history. The eloquence of Cicero has given it immortality

CHAPTER X.

CÆSAR AND POMPEY.

FROM 59 B. C. TO 50 B. C.

CATO.—RETURN OF POMPEY TO ROME.—CLODIUS AND THE MYSTIC RITES.—DIVORCE OF POMPEIA.—ANECDOTES OF CÆSAR.—THE TRIUMVIRATE.—POLICY OF CICERO.—POPULAR MEASURES OF CÆSAR.—DIVISION OF THE SPOILS OF OFFICE.—PROSECUTION OF CICERO.—HIS BANISHMENT AND RECALL.—DEMOCRATIC TRIUMPHS.—DOMESTIC GRIEFS.—BLOODY FRAY.—TUMULT IN ROME.—DICTATORSHIP OF POMPEY.—ORGANIZATION OF A ROMAN COURT.—ANECDOTE OF CÆSAR.—HIS AMBITIOUS DESIGNS.—SICKNESS OF POMPEY.—POLITICAL CONTESTS IN ROME.—OPEN WAR.—RETREAT OF POMPEY AND FLIGHT TO GREECE.

ANOTHER of the most renowned of the men of antiquity now makes his appearance upon the busy stage of Roman life, Marcus Porcius Cato, a man of illustrious birth and fortune, and of exalted genius. In the early years of childhood, he gave indication of that force of character and resolution which distinguished his whole career. His education was conducted with much care, under the guidance of a private tutor, Sarpedon. His temperament was naturally cold, reserved, and stern. He was seldom seen to laugh, and despising the effeminate and dissolute habits of the young men of his day, he adopted the most singular plainness of dress, and great austerity of manners and conduct. With much nergy he coöperated with Cicero to quell the insurrection of Cati line, and in an eloquent speech, which Sallust professes to have preserved, he urged upon the senate the rigorous punishment of the conspirators.

As Catiline had professed to be the friend of the masses of the people, the poorer classes were generally in his favor Cæsar, whose sympathies were avowedly in favor of popular rights, was understood to lean toward the side of mercy in

regard to the conspirators; but Cato urged that they should be punished with the utmost rigor of the law. The murmurs of the people increased after the execution of the conspirators. They declared, and with justice, that the senate were eager to punish any offenses against aristocratic privileges, while they were utterly regardless of all the wrongs and oppressions to which the people were subjected. Cato, to appease these murmurs, presented a resolve that a large sum of money should be appropriated annually to the distribution of corn among the people. Though this decree was enacted, there was still so much discontent at Rome, and Cæsar so undisguisedly advocated the claims of the populace, that the senate removed him from his office as pretor. But the people immediately rallied around him, with so much enthusiam, regarding him as a victim suffering for his efforts in their behalf, that he was soon again reinstated in office.

At this time, Pompey, having accomplished all the purposes of his military mission, and acquired great renown, returned to Rome. The people assembled in vast numbers to give him a welcome, and hear from him an address. Both parties were very anxious to know to which side he would devote his very powerful influence. But his speech was non-committal, and, according to Cicero, both patricians and plebeians were alike disappointed. Probably, devoted to his own interests, he was waiting to see which side would prove the most powerful. Cæsar, appreciating the energy of this ambitious young soldier, courted his friendship. Pompey received these advances as merited homage to his own greatness. Each of these distinguished men hoped to avail himself of the abilities of the other in climbing to power. It consequently was inevitable that they would soon come to rivalry, and to deadly conflict.

After the death of Cornelia, Cæsar married another wife, whose name was Pompeia. It was a custom of the times for ladies, in closest privacy, to observe a religious ceremony called the "Mysteries of the Good Goddess." These rites were of

such a nature that all male observers were scrupulously excluded. Even the picture of a man was not allowed to remain uncovered upon the walls. These mysteries were one night to be celebrated at the house of Cæsar. A debauched young noble, by the name of Clodius, who had a very smooth and beardless face, disguised himself in the attire of a woman, and by bribing a female slave of Pompeia, gained admission. To the utter consternation of the ladies, he was discovered in the midst of their rites. The infamy of the crime was such that Clodius was brought to trial. The young nobles generally, debauched in character, were clamorous for the acquittal of their companion, being disposed to regard the offense merely as a good practical joke. After the mockery of a trial, he was dismissed uncondemned, to the extreme indignation of the people. Cæsar proudly took no part in the prosecution; but as it was whispered, during the trial, that Clodius was admitted through the concurrence of Pompeia, he immediately renounced her by a public divorce, haughtily saying: "The wife of Cæsar must not be suspected."

The aristocracy looked upon Pompey with much distrust, and opposed with great determination his attempts to procure grants of land for his soldiers. This brought Pompey and the aristocracy into fierce collision. Cicero rather coldly supported the measures of Pompey, but proposed several amendments to his bill. The conflict raged with much bitterness, and finally Pompey was defeated. Cæsar, in the meantime, had been sent to Spain as second in command in that province Here he greatly replenished his exhausted purse. It is reported that one day entering the town of Cadiz, he saw a statue of Alexander in the public square. With much sadness he said to an attendant, "Alexander, at the age of thirty, was master of the world. I have lived thirty-five years, and yet how little have I accomplished."

The vast sums of money with which he returned from Spain aided him in his ambitious enterprises at Rome. Com-

bining with Pompey and with Crassus, a man of boundless wealth, the three united, attained such supremacy that they were called the triumvirate, or commission of three. This coalition wielded immense power. Cæsar, without difficulty, obtained the great object of his desire—the consulship. The aristocrats, however, succeeded in associating with him one of their partisans as colleague. Cicero was not popular with either party. His want of noble birth exposed him to the contempt of the nobles. His apparently obsequious advocacy of the interests of the patricians rendered him obnoxious to the people. Finding himself thus deserted by both parties, in chagrin he retired for a short time from any participation in public affairs.

Cato was now the acknowledged leader of the aristocratic party, and he regarded Cæsar with emotions of animosity, which grew stronger and stronger until the end of his life. But powerful as Cato was, he could accomplish but little in antagonism with such formidable opponents as the triumvirate; particularly, since Cæsar, Pompey, and Crassus were supported by the whole weight of the popular party.

One of the first measures of Cæsar, in his consulship, was to grant farms to twenty thousand Roman citizens in Campania, one of the most fertile regions of Italy. Bibulus, his colleague, supported by the nobles, exerted himself to the utmost to thwart this measure, but in vain. The opposition of the nobles was silenced by the fierce menaces of the mob. In fact, Bibulus was thus so effectually overawed, that he withdrew into retirement, and Cæsar was left in almost undisputed possession of the consular power. Cæsar was now the idol of the people. The triumvirate made a division of the spoils of office at their disposal among themselves. Cæsar, with a large army, was intrusted with the government of Cisalpine and Transalpine Gaul, and of Illyrium, for five years. Pompey, who had in the meantime married Julia, the daughter of Cæsar, was intrusted with the administration

of affairs in Asia. Crassus, with his vast wealth, and ambitious of being the richest man in the world, remained in Rome, to watch over his pecuniary interests and prosecute his enterprises there.

The wheel of popular parties had, manifestly, again revolved, and the aristocracy were now depressed. A strong disposition was manifested to effect the ruin of Cicero. For some time he had absented himself from Rome. The triumvirate had caused, in the annual election, men who were in their own interests to be placed in the consular chair; and these new consuls immediately commenced the prosecution of Cicero, for the execution of Lentulus, Cethegus, and the other conspirators with Catiline. A law was enacted, reflective in its operation, or *ex post facto*, as it is legally termed, which sentenced to punishment any one guilty of putting a Roman citizen to death without trial. The populace, excited against Cicero, insulted him whenever he appeared in the streets. The distinguished orator, finding his cause hopeless, and conscious that he was already doomed by the decree which had passed, escaped by night from Rome, and retired into voluntary exile. A law was then enacted, in the usual language of a decree of banishment, forbidding him the use of fire and water within four hundred miles of Italy, denouncing any one who should harbor him within those limits, and declaring it a crime to move for his recall, either before the senate or the people. His property was also confiscated, and his house, on the Palatine hill, was burnt to the ground.

Cato denounced these measures of democratic violence The influence of this illustrious man was so great, that i was not deemed safe to attempt to strike him down. In the greed of annexation, Rome had decided, without the color of justice, to take possession of the island of Cyprus, and Cato, though he inveighed against the criminality of the measure, was sent to bring the island into subjection to Rome. He

was selected for the mission merely as a measure to remove him from the metropolis. The king of Cyprus, knowing his utter inability to cope with Rome, took poison and died.

At the close of the year, new consuls came into power; new influences prevailed, and, with extraordinary unanimity, both the senate and people concurred in a law for Cicero's recall. He landed at Brundusium, where he was received with great kindness. His advance to Rome was almost a constant triumph; and when he reached the gates of the city, nearly the whole population came forth to welcome him. The streets were thronged with the multitudes, who cheered him on his way. Cicero was probably much indebted to Pompey for his recall and his honorable reception.

One of Cicero's first measures, in the senate, after his return, was eminently a popular one. There had been, for some time, a great scarcity of corn at Rome. Pompey, at Cicero's suggestion, was invested with full powers to see that the capital should be amply supplied with corn for a period of five years. This office conferred immense power. The ground upon which Cicero's house had stood was restored to him, and money, from the public treasury, was placed in his hands to enable him to rebuild. Some of the disaffected, however, excited riots, and there were witnessed many scenes of tumult and bloodshed.

While these events were transpiring at Rome, Cæsar was passing the winter at Lucca, on the frontiers of the province intrusted to his command. The senate took advantage of his absence to endeavor to repeal the agrarian law, by which the lands of Campania had been divided among the poorer citizens; at the same time, they made an effort to degrade Cæsar from his command in Gaul. The haughtiness of the aristocratic party, and their insolent bearing toward Cicero, had alienated him from their cause, and he addressed the senate in a very eloquent oration in defense of Cæsar. He seemed now quite disposed to cast himself into the arms of the popular party

and composed a work, highly complimentary to Cæsar, which he sent to him to cement the bonds of confidence and union.

The opposition to Cæsar, stimulated by the aristocracy, was increasing so fast in Rome, that Pompey and Crassus decided to present themselves as candidates for the consulship, hoping thus to be able to sustain their colleague, for the fall of any one of their number, would endanger the authority of the triumvirate. The leaders of the democracy can generally bring forward the mob to aid them. Through such scenes as are often witnessed, when the rabble are roused, in a great city, they obtained their election. The aristocracy had presented Cato as their candidate for pretor; but he was rejected. The whole election was a decisive democratic triumph.

Pompey and Crassus now made rapid strides toward dictatorial power, the people being eager to grant them even more than they asked. By one law, in addition to the consular dignity, the government of Spain was assigned to Pompey, and that of Syria to Crassus, each to hold their command for five years, and to be invested with the power of raising troops, and of making peace or war at their pleasure. They then obtained the prolongation of Cæsar's dominion in Gaul for five years.

Crassus, with an army, embarked for Syria. Pompey remained in Rome, intrusting the command of his Spanish province to lieutenants. Pompey had now attained the height of his ambition. Cæsar was in Gaul; Crassus was in Syria; and Pompey was enthroned at Rome with dictatorial power. As is almost invariably the case, under such circumstances, Pompey, having attained such dignity, became very aristocratic in his tastes and principles, and was disposed to push from beneath him the popular ladder by which he had mounted to his exaltation. He was complaisant to the nobles, and favored them in all things, manifesting an earnest disposition to regard them as the support and ornament of his throne.

Domestic griefs were then as relentless and heart-rending

as now. Pompey was irreproachable in his relations as a husband and a father; and his love for Julia, who, as we have mentioned, was the daughter of Cæsar, was singularly pure, tender, and constant. Her death, at this time, leaving an infant who survived her but a few days, prostrated him, for a season, a heart-stricken man. Julia was universally loved and admired. Her funeral was celebrated by an immense con course in the Campus Martius, an honor which had never before been conferred upon a woman. But still more momentous issues resulted from this death. Pompey was passing over to the support of the nobles. He had never been *in heart*, democratically inclined. Cæsar was still the popular leader, looking steadfastly at the people as the supporter of his power. The influence of Julia had bound her father and her husband together. That tie was now, by her death, sundered for ever.

The following incident, which occurred at this time, illustrates the state of society in those days of violence. There were two distinguished men, bitterly opposed to each other in political strife, Clodius, a democrat, and Milo, an aristocrat. On the twentieth of January, Milo, who was a man of great wealth, left Rome on some business, in his carriage, accompanied by his wife Fausta, and attended by a strong retinue of gladiators. As, late in the afternoon, he was ascending the Alban hills, he met Clodius returning from a journey, mounted on horseback, and also accompanied by thirty slaves. The two rivals passed each other with civil recognition. But the attendants, espousing the cause of their several masters, were not so courteous. Blows succeeded jeering words, and the two parties were soon involved in a serious quarrel

Clodius turned back to interfere, and, addressing one of the retinue of Milo in an authoritative manner, was assailed by him, and severely wounded by a blow from his sword. The fray now became general between the two parties, Milo engaging eagerly in it. Clodius, helpless and bleeding, was

carried into a neighboring inn. Milo, deeming it a favorable opportunity for destroying his rival, made an assault upon the inn, and Clodius was dragged out into the street and murdered. Many of the slaves of Clodius were also slain, a few only escaping by flight. The gory corpse of Clodius was left by the wayside, and Milo, wiping his bloody sword, again entered his carriage, and quietly continued his journey, with the gladiators exulting at his side.

A senator who happened to pass, on his way to Rome, picked up the dead body, and sent it on to the capital, in a litter. It was an hour after dark, when the mangled remains were conveyed to the house of Clodius. An immense crowd of the populace were soon assembled, for Clodius was a prominent advocate of popular rights. Fulvia, the widow of the deceased, fanned the flames of excitement by her shrieks of anguish, and by the frantic manner in which she hung over the corpse, pointing to the wounds, and calling upon the people for vengeance.

Through all the hours of the night, the tumult and throng increased. In the early morning, two influential members of the popular party took the command of the agitated mass, who were waiting for a leader. The body, by their directions, was conveyed to the senate house, placed before the rostra upon a pile, composed of the furniture of the apartment. This was set on fire, and soon the whole senate house was in a blaze—the magnificent and appropriate funeral pyre of one who had fallen a victim to aristocratic violence.

But the lawlessness of the mob kindles flames which it can not quench. A beautiful edifice was in ashes, and Rome was endangered. The tide of public sentiment turned. The populace, who had received a great wrong, were now aggressors. Milo returned to Rome, and with his vast wealth, and the sympathy excited by the destruction of the senate house, rallied a strong party in his defense. The populace also rallied. Tumults, battles, conflagrations, blood, ensued. The next step

was inevitable. A dictator was needed, with a strong military arm, to restore peace to Rome. Pompey was the man for the hour. He was appointed dictator, under the form of sole consul, without any colleague.

With alacrity and energy, he assumed the office, and immediately entered into an investigation of the murder of Clodius. The power of Milo was such, that Pompey was in great danger of assassination. A strong guard surrounded his house by night and by day, and accompanied him wherever he went. With singular sagacity and justice, Pompey made preparations for the trial of Milo. An impartial judge was appointed to preside over a court, composed of the most distinguished citizens. Three days were appropriated to the examination of witnesses. The public accusers, who were the nephews of Clodius, were allowed two hours to plead their cause. Milo was permitted to take three hours for his defense.

Never before in Rome had there appeared regulations so wise for the attainment of justice. Milo endeavored, in every possible way, to frustrate the organization of this tribunal, but Pompey assured him that he would protect the commonwealth, if necessary, by force of arms. The illustrious Cato, of Utica, was one of the members of this court. On the first day of the trial the rabble were so menacing, that Marcellus, one of Milo's advocates, applied to Pompey for protection. A strong military force was immediately sent to the court house, and the trial proceeded without further interruption. Plancus, a demagogue of great ability and no moral principle, harangued the populace of Rome, urging them to be present in all their strength at the conclusion of the trial, and not suffer Milo to escape, should the court adjudge him not guilty.

The decisive hour arrived. It was the morning of the eighth of April. The shops in Rome were all closed. The whole vast populace of the Imperial city thronged the forum. The soldiers of Pompey, with their polished armor and gleaming weapons were drawn up in strong military array, pre

pared at every hazard, to enforce the laws. Pompey himself was present, surrounded by an ample body-guard. The pleadings were to be heard, and the sentence immediately to be pronounced and executed.

Antonius and Nepos appeared in behalf of the accusers. Cicero plead the cause of Milo. But he was a timid man, and overawed by the popular clamor, did not speak with his accustomed eloquence. There were fifty-one judges to decide the cause. Thirty-eight voted for the condemnation of the accused, and but thirteen for his acquittal. The culprit was sent into exile, and retired a ruined man, to Marseilles, in Gaul. His punishment would doubtless have been more severe, were it not that Clodius was a man of infamous character. The leaders of the mob in burning the senate house, were also tried, condemned, and punished. Pompey conducted this whole affair with so much wisdom and moderation, and yet with such determined, inflexible justice, as to elevate him greatly in public esteem.

Tranquillity being thus restored to Rome, Pompey apparently laid aside his dictatorial power by securing the election of L. Scipio as his colleague in the consulship. The new consul was the father of Cornelia, whom Pompey had recently married. The aristocracy were pleased with Pompey's resoluteness in frowning down, with strong military display, all insubordination of the mob; and as they were in no little danger from popular violence, they supported Pompey's power. The people were also well satisfied with him for securing the trial and condemnation of one of the most powerful of their aristocratic foes. Pompey was now the first man in Rome, and consequently, the first man in the world. Cæsar was still in Gaul. Crassus had died in Mesopotamia, and the wreck of his army had been led back to Syria. At a bound, Pompey had attained the highest round in the ladder of political preferment. He was, as it were, the monarch of the

Roman empire, and Cæsar but the general of one of his armies.

Cæsar was annoyed beyond measure in being thus eclipsed. Ambition was the all-devouring passion of his soul. In one of his expeditions, he passed through a miserable hamlet in Switzerland. One of his friends, in contemplating the wretched hovels and impoverished inhabitants, wondered whether rivalry and ambition agitated the hearts of the people there. Cæsar divulged his whole nature in the reply, "I had rather be the first man in such a village as this, than the second man at Rome."

Cæsar's command in Gaul was to expire in a few years, and then he had the humiliating prospect of returning, a private citizen, to Rome. Pompey had secured for himself five additional years for the command of the army in Spain; and he had also obtained the passage of a law forbidding any magistrate to be appointed to the government of a province, until five years after the expiration of his magistracy. Thus Cæsar was cut off from advancement, while Pompey was amply provided with continued wealth, dignity, and power.

But Cæsar was not a man to be laid upon the shelf. Obstacles to success never discouraged him; they only roused him to greater energies. He had already conquered a large part of Gaul, and enriched himself with almost fabulous wealth. And with him, wealth was of no value but as an instrument of power. He immediately became lavish of his treasure in securing the coöperation of a large number of influential friends in Rome.

To Cicero he loaned money in abundance. He won the applause and gratitude of the people by commencing at Rome several works of great public utility, and by establishing magnificent spectacles. Thus he kept his name continually alive in the metropolis. To his soldiers he was boundless in his liberality, while at the same time, he welcomed to his camp adventurers from all lands. Cæsar had been himself a slave;

but this did not prevent him from being a slave-trader. His boundless wealth was acquired by plundering the towns of the Gauls, and by selling the wretched captives into bondage. The soul sickens in reflecting upon the atrocities and woes of these dark days. If we can judge at all from the testimony of history, it would appear that the best men in those days were guilty of conduct which would now consign any one to infamy.

Pompey and Cæsar still professed friendship for each other, but it was well known that, in heart, they were bitter rivals. Their partisans in Rome were openly arrayed against each other. As the result of past conflicts, in the days of Marius, and Cinna, and Sylla, many of the Italian allies had secured the rights of Roman citizenship. But all the nations between the Po and the Alps were, as yet, deprived of those rights. They were restless and murmured loudly.

Cæsar, advocating ever the popular side, had espoused their cause, and was accused even of having at one time incited them to open insurrection. He now enlisted earnestly in their behalf. Availing himself of the power to which his military position entitled him, he had conferred upon several of the towns north of the Po the rank of Roman colonies; and thus, any of their inhabitants who were appointed to public offices in those towns, became, by that position, citizens of Rome. Comum, at the foot of Lake Como, was one of these towns.

A magistrate from that place, happening to go to Rome, claimed his rights as a Roman citizen. Marcellus, then consul, opposed to Cæsar, denied his claim, and, in cruel mockery, ordered the man to be scourged, and then bade him go and show his wounds to Cæsar. Cicero, in a letter to Atticus, alludes to this outrage, and says that it would give as much offense to Pompey as to Cæsar. Pompey was not at all disposed to make the people his foes; and he was himself in favor of conferring the rights of citizenship upon the inhabitants beyond the Po, as an act of justice.

Cæsar was silent respecting the outrage and insult, but quietly he was maturing his plans. He was at that time at the head of one of the finest armies which had ever been organized. Marcellus and other foes of Cæsar were conspiring to remove him, at any risk, from a position of such power. Pompey, with characteristic moderation, unwilling to give his former father-in-law any just grounds of offense, frustrated the contemplated movement. In the meantime, Curio entered the consulship, and ardently espoused the interests of Cæsar. His enemies said that he was bribed by a gift, amounting to four hundred thousand dollars. He commenced action by attacking Pompey, and declaring that he was aspiring to absolute command. Pompey's greatness was now such that the jealousy of the people was aroused, and they loudly applauded the denunciations of Curio. Pompey also began to be alarmed at the increasing greatness of Cæsar, and he advocated his recall.

We have now traced the incidents of Roman history down to the 44th year before Christ. In the autumn of this year Pompey was taken dangerously sick, at his villa, near Naples. His celebrity was such that all Italy was agitated with sorrow, and in all the temples sacrifices were offered in his behalf. When he recovered, the rejoicing seemed to be universal, and there were festivals of thanksgiving in all the towns. And when, in his convalescence, he returned slowly in his carriage, to Rome, the populace crowded the roadsides, with garlands by day, and torches by night, and strewed his path with flowers. Pompey was greatly gratified by these indications of popular favor, and was deceived into the belief that all Italy would move at his command. "I have," said he, "but to stamp my foot and armies rally around me."

But a few months passed away ere one of Cæsar's most confidential officers arrived at Rome, to attend to some private business for Cæsar, and did not call upon Pompey, but departed again, without holding any communication with him.

Soon after this, Antonius, a warm supporter of Cæsar, assailed Pompey in the tribune, in a speech of the utmost bitterness, following him through his whole public career with the most acrimonious denunciations. It became now pretty evident that there must be civil war. Neither Pompey nor Cæsar would be contented with the second place in the state, and they were each able to command immense resources. In this conflict the aristocracy almost universally would be with Pompey, and the populace, as a general rule, with Cæsar. There were, at the same time, not a few persons of broken fortunes, eager for tumults of any kind, hoping thus to retrieve their ruined affairs. Cæsar had presented his name as a candidate for the consulship. Pompey caused a decree to be issued, declaring that Cæsar could not be a candidate, until he first resigned his command of the army, and returned to Rome a private citizen. This would place Cæsar powerless in the hands of his enemies.

Cato was bitterly hostile to Cæsar. Cicero, though by nature inclined to non-committal, still, with his strong aristocratic tastes and associations, was disposed to coöperate with Pompey. Brutus, a nephew of Cato, was then in Rome, a young man of much promise, who had not as yet taken any very conspicuous position in public affairs. C. Cassius was one of the tribunes of the people. C. Octavius was then a boy only thirteen years of age.

At this time, an envoy came to Rome, from Cæsar, with a message to the senate. The letter contained a statement of the services Cæsar had rendered to the commonwealth, and a proposition that he would resign the command of his army, if Pompey would do the same; but stating, with much apparent candor, that it was not just to desire him to lay aside all power of defense, and expose himself helpless to his enemies. A vehement debate ensued, the partisans of Pompey demanding that Cæsar should be required to resign before a certain day, and that, if he should refuse, he should be pronounced a traitor

The aristocracy, as a body, united to crush Cæsar. The people, through the agency of the tribunes, supported the popular leader. The contest was violent and protracted, and at length the senate, in the exercise of its highest prerogative, invested the consuls with dictatorial power, by a decree authorizing them "to provide for the safety of the republic."

Lentulus and Marcellus were then consuls; the last who held that office by the free votes of the Roman people. Th dictatorial power, surrendered to the consuls, alarmed the friends of Cæsar, and three of them, Antonius, Cassius, and Curio, deeming their lives no longer safe, fled from Rome to Ravenna, where Cæsar then was, awaiting the result of his appeal to the senate. Cæsar was commanded to resign his office, and the direction of all the forces of the commonwealth was, by the same decree, placed in the hands of Pompey. High as was Cæsar's reputation at that time as a general, the reputation of Pompey was still more exalted.

Ravenna, then a more important t wn than now, was situated upon the shores of the Adriatic, about three hundred miles northeast from Rome. Cæsar had with him but one legion, consisting probably of between six and seven thousand men. The remaining eight legions of his army were quartered beyond the Alps. No sooner was Cæsar informed of the transactions at Rome, so hostile to him, than he assembled his soldiers around him, informed them of what had transpired, and committed his cause and their cause to their strong arms. The soldiers with enthusiasm responded to his appeal. That same night he advanced, by a secret march, several miles on the road to Rome, and took possession of the small town of Areminum. Here Cæsar received a private letter from Pompey, in which Pompey endeavored to defend the course he had pursued, declared that he had not been influenced by any unfriendly feelings toward Cæsar, and entreated Cæsar not to pursue measures which would inevitably involve the country in civil war.

Cæsar returned an answer couched in similar terms of friendship, similar avowals of devotion to the public good, and similar entreaties that Pompey would not persist in measures which must desolate their country with the horrors of a fratricidal strife. In addition, he urged that both should give up their armies; that all the forces in Italy should be disbanded, and that the senate and people should be left freely to deliberate on all public questions, and especially upon the question of his claims to the consulship. He finally requested a personal interview with Pompey.

Two envoys, L. Cæsar and L. Roscius, were sent to convey this letter to Rome. Cæsar, however, did not await the result of uncertain negotiations, but, with his disciplined cohorts, advanced, and crossing the Rubicon, which formed the boundary between Italy and his province of Gaul, took possession of the towns of Ancona, Fanum, and Pisaurum. It is said that Cæsar hesitated for some time upon the banks of the Rubicon, ere he ventured to take that step from which there could be no retreat. There are always crowds ready to gather around victorious banners. Multitudes, from all parts of Italy, flocked to the camp of Cæsar. He had also summoned other legions of his army from beyond the Alps, and his advance in such force, toward Rome, excited general consternation in the capital.

Pompey, quite unprepared for such decisive action, fled from Rome with the consuls, most of the senate, and a majority of the smaller magistrates, and sought refuge in Capua, that they might find time to organize efficient measures of resistance. Pompey had no troops to rely upon but two legions, which had been recently withdrawn from Gaul; and these legions were so devoted in their attachment to Cæsar, that it was greatly feared that at his approach, they would rush to join his banners. Pompey immediately sent out recruiting officers to raise soldiers, but the people, overawed by the advance of Cæsar, were very reluctant to enlist. Under these circumstances, there seemed to be no hope for Pompey, but to

retreat to the south of Italy, cross over to Greece with such forces as he could carry with him, and there attempt to organize an army sufficiently strong to warrant his return to make war upon Cæsar.

While in the midst of these embarrassments, he received Cæsar's letter. The propositions it contained were discussed in full council, and the peril was so great, that, probably to gain time, it was agreed to accede to his terms, provided Cæsar would withdraw from all the towns he had occupied out of his limits and go back to his own province.

But Cæsar was still advancing, and Pompey was still levying troops. Neither was willing to be the first to disarm, lest the other should then strike an effectual blow. Cæsar was consequently continually accumulating troops and fortifying his positions, and Pompey was also collecting an army and retreating. He had sent recruiting officers in all directions to enlist soldiers, but not a few of these men deserted and passed over to Cæsar. The month of February found Pompey at Luceria, in Apulia, with a considerable army, but one by no means sufficient to cope with the disciplined troops of Cæsar, who was at this time several hundred miles distant, in the north of Italy, occupying the towns of Iguvium and Auximum.

One of Pompey's officers, Domitius, at but a few days' march south of the encampment of Cæsar, had collected at Corfinium nearly nineteen thousand men. The insane idea entered his mind that he could with that force resist the march of Cæsar. In defiance of the express orders of Pompey, that he should hasten with his division to join the commander-in-chief at Luceria, he fortified himself at Corfinium. Pompey was greatly disturbed by this act of disobedience, and continued his retreat to Brundusium, at the southwest extremity of the Italian peninsula, where he arrived about the twenty-fifth of February. Domitius had cherished the hope that Pompey, appreciating his military sagacity, would at

once march to strengthen him. But he was left to his own resources. The banners of Cæsar soon appeared before the battlements of Corfinium. The soldiers of Domitius had sufficient intelligence to perceive their utter inability to resist such a foe. They began to murmur and desert, and finally broke out in open mutiny.

Seizing Domitius and all his officers, they sent word to Cæsar that they were ready to open the gates, deliver the officers into his hands, and receive him as a deliverer. Cæsar entered the city in triumph, and summoning the officers before him, reproached some of them with personal ingratitude, but, with the magnanimity which generally characterized his conduct, dismissed them all unharmed. He even allowed Domitius to carry away a large amount of treasure, which he had brought to pay his troops. The soldiers, with alacrity, enlisted in the service of Cæsar. With new vigor, he put his army in motion to march upon Brundusium, hoping to capture his only formidable rival there. It was evident to all that there was no hope for Pompey but in flight. Success is usually a persuasive argument. The crowd flocked to Cæsar, and Pompey was deserted. Even many senators and other men of rank and fortune, reluctant to abandon their country and follow Pompey into exile, were disposed to recognize the legitimacy of power, and to seek the smiles of the victor.

On the ninth of March, Cæsar arrived before Brundusium, at the head of nearly forty thousand men. Pompey had but twelve thousand, but they were very strongly intrenched. Many of his followers, with their wives and children, had already embarked for the opposite coast of Greece. Cæsar urged the siege with great vigor, and pushed out two moles from the opposite side of the harbor's mouth, that he might cut off the possibility of retreat by sea. Pompey, however, succeeded in holding Cæsar in check, until he was enabled to embark with the remainder of his troops and followers, and

on the seventeenth of March he spread his sails, and his fleet soon disappeared, passing over the blue waves of the Adriatic to the shores of Greece. The citizens immediately threw open the gates, and Cæsar entered the town, now undisputed master of Italy.

CHAPTER XI.

THE STRUGGLE AND FALL OF POMPEY

FROM 50 B. C. TO 48 B. C.

SIEGE OF BRUNDUSIUM.—FLIGHT OF POMPEY.—CÆSAR'S MEASURES IN ROME.—HIS EXPEDITION TO SPAIN.—THE WAR AND FINAL CONQUEST.—CÆSAR RETURNS TO BRUNDUSIUM.—CROSSES TO GREECE IN PURSUIT OF POMPEY.—VICISSITUDES OF THE WAR.—POMPEY'S VICTORY AT DYRACHIUM.—RETREAT OF CÆSAR.—BATTLE OF PHARSALIA.—UTTER RUIN OF POMPEY.—HIS FLIGHT.—JOINS CORNELIA AND HIS SON.—MELANCHOLY VOYAGE TO EGYPT.—HIS ASSASSINATION BY PTOLEMY.

AS Pompey's fleet was leaving the harbor, Cæsar, with six legions in his train, entered the streets of Brundusium. With much military skill Pompey had effected the embarkation of all his troops and his followers, and had completely swept the harbor of its shipping, so that Cæsar had no means of pursuing. It was on the 17th of March that the last division of Pompey's army made sail, and the next day the inhabitants threw open their gates to Cæsar. He entered the city in a triumphal procession, and made an address to the inhabitants; but finding it impossible immediately to follow Pompey, he decided to repair to Rome to consolidate his power, while his agents were building and collecting ships to transport his army to Greece, in pursuit of the fugitives.

Pompey, regarding Cæsar as a traitor and a rebel, had issued very denunciatory proclamations, threatening with the most severe punishment, any who should proffer him th slightest aid or countenance. Cæsar, on the other hand, had manifested the greatest moderation toward the partisans of Pompey. The sympathies of the community were consequently turning rapidly toward the conqueror. Cæsar at once assumed the attitude of the lawful sovereign of Italy.

He sent orders to all the chief magistrates along the shore to provide a certain number of ships, and send them to Brundusium. His legions he quartered in the principal towns. Success had drawn to his standards all the desperate adventurers and unprincipled demagogues of the empire, while the timid and the conservative, uncertain how the conflict might terminate, were reluctant to commit themselves to either party. Cæsar was anxious to secure the coöperation of men of leading influence, and he wrote to Cicero, earnestly requesting him to meet him at Rome. But Cicero was the last man for decisive action in a case in which success was doubtful. He, however, met Cæsar on the road, at Formia, but was careful not to commit himself to his cause.

Cæsar urged him to take his place in the senate at Rome, arguing that his withdrawal would be understood as his condemnation of Cæsar's conduct. Cicero intimated that should he take his seat in the senate, he could not refrain from expressing sympathy for Pompey, and that he should urge a decree that Pompey should not be molested in his retreat in Greece.

"I will permit no such language as that to be held," said Cæsar, angrily. "And if I am denied the benefit of your advice, I must follow such as I can procure; and I shall have recourse to extreme measures."

On these terms they parted, and Cæsar pursued his journey to Rome. He immediately summoned the senate. The majority had followed the fortunes of Pompey, accompanying him in his retreat to Greece. Of the minority who remained, several, under various pretexts, still stood aloof. Still, a goodly number were convened, and Cæsar addressing them in a very plausible speech, recapitulated his grievances and claimed their support. He, however, assured them that if they were averse to assist him, he could dispense with their services, and administer the government by the energies of his own unaided arm. He expressed an earnest desire to rescue

the country from the expenses and ravages of war, and urged that ambassadors should be sent to Pompey to endeavor to effect a peace.

The senate cordially accepted this last proposition, but Pompey's character was such, and his threats had been so decisive against any one who should countenance in any way the usurpation of Cæsar, that no senator could be found who dared to accept the office of an envoy to his camp, with such proposals. Such, at least, is Cæsar's representation, though Plutarch declares, and Cicero seems also to imply, that the senators refused the mission, because none of them had any confidence in Cæsar's sincerity in his offers to negotiate.

As Spain was still held by the partisans of Pompey, Cæsar, about the middle of April, leaving the government of the capital with M. Lepidus, set out in person for the subjugation of the Spanish peninsula. At the same time, armies were sent to Sicily and Sardinia to bring those islands into subjection to his power. This latter achievement was soon accomplished. In both these places, the inhabitants cordially espoused the cause of Cæsar.

The first opposition Cæsar encountered in his march to Spain was at Massilia, now Marseilles, in transalpine Gaul. The citizens manned the fortresses, and closed their gates against him. With three legions Cæsar laid siege to the city, and three months were employed in constructing a fleet to attack the place by sea, while immense towers were reared to aid the assault by land. Leaving the land army under the command of C. Trebonius, and the fleet in charge of D. Brutus, both of whom were subsequently in the number of his assassins, Cæsar, with a strong division of his army, continued his march into Spain.

Three of Pompey's lieutenants, with seven Roman legions held the fortresses of the peninsula. Cæsar crossed the Pyrenees with four legions, and others were following close behind. His cavalry was excellent, his troops all veterans, and devot-

edly attached to their leader. Pompey's generals had not full confidence in their soldiers, and feared to venture a decisive action. They, therefore, chose a strong position in the town of Ilerda, on the banks of the Sicoris, one of the tributaries of the Ebro, and having provided themselves with abundant supplies, resolved to protract the conflict. Cæsar marched to the opposite bank of the Sicoris and encamped, facing the foe the narrow stream flowing between them.

Cæsar caused a large number of boats to be constructed, ingeniously framed of wicker work, and covered with hides. These, being very light, were rapidly transported in wagons twenty miles up the river, and a detachment of troops was sent across by night, who strongly fortified themselves upon a bluff, and a bridge was speedily thrown across the stream. The Spanish tribes now began to espouse his cause, regarding him as the advocate of popular rights, and they flooded his camp with all needful supplies. Pompey's generals were alarmed, and breaking up their camp, commenced a retreat toward the Ebro. Cæsar pursued them vigorously, so vigorously that he outstripped them, cut off their retreat, and soon reduced them to such an extremity, that, abandoned by their soldiers, the generals threw themselves upon his mercy. Though they had been guilty of great outrages in the massacre of such prisoners as had fallen into their hands, Cæsar magnanimously allowed them to retire unharmed, on condition of their quitting Spain, and disbanding their army. The welcome stipulation was eagerly accepted, and all opposition to Cæsar vanished from Spain like the dissipation of morning mist. A small cloud darkened the sky in the south for a few days, but that, also, soon disappeared. The complete conquest of Spain was thus effected in forty days after Cæsar crossed the Pyrenees.

Cæsar returned to Massilia, which was now reduced to the last extremity. Immediately upon his arrival, the garrison, relying upon his well known clemency, offered to surrender.

With characteristic liberality, he protected the city from plunder, and allowed both citizens and soldiers to retain their liberty. The friends of Cæsar at Rome, in order to give some semblance of law to his usurpation, appointed him dictator. The conqueror immediately returned to the capital, and not willing to retain longer than was indispensable to his plans the always obnoxious office of dictator, summoned a meeting of the comitia for the election of consuls; and having secured, of course, his own nomination, in eleven days surrendered his dictatorial office, though in that short space of time, he had adopted more measures for the consolidation of his power than many rulers would have enacted in years.

Cicero intimates in his letters that many in Italy were dissatisfied with Cæsar's imperial sway, and had become much alienated from him. But Cicero's testimony upon this point can not be received without some distrust. It can hardly be doubted that the great mass, both of the army and the people, were quite cordial in support of Cæsar, as the great advocate of popular rights. So far as we can now judge of the *measures* adopted by Cæsar in the administration of public affairs, they were eminently wise, just, and adapted to promote the public weal. But the friends of Cæsar are so eulogistic in his praise, and his enemies so bitter in their denunciations, that one who desires, ever so earnestly, to be impartial, at times finds it exceedingly difficult to pronounce judgment. Julius Cæsar was the Napoleon Bonaparte of his day, both loved and hated, with the same intensity which accompanied the career of the great advocate of popular rights in France.

Cæsar had now assembled a powerful fleet, and a well-disciplined army of twelve legions, at Brundusium, and was prepared to cross the Adriatic, and pursue Pompey in Greece. Pompey had with him the two consuls who were in office at the time of his flight, and about two hundred of the senate. He consequently claimed that he was supported by the

authority of the government, and that Cæsar was but a traitor and a rebel. He established himself at Thessalonica, organized the government there, and with great vigor assembled, upon the western shores of Greece, armies and fleets to dispute the landing of Cæsar. He had nine legions of Roman citizens marching beneath his banners—all veteran soldiers—and also an auxiliary force raised in Greece. His cavalry amounted to seven thousand. It is, however, impossible now to ascertain the full number of his army. Fully conscious of Cæsar's military ability, Pompey was indefatigable in drilling his army, in the most effective manner possible, in all the exercises of warfare. To encourage the soldiers, he himself took an active part in these exercises, like the humblest man in the ranks, throwing the javelin, and performing feats of horsemanship which few could rival. It was his hope and expectation soon to be able to return to Italy with an army so numerous and well-disciplined, as to be able to sweep all opposition before him.

He issued a proclamation denouncing the rebellion of Cæsar, and threatening with the most direful punishment, not only all those who had manifested any sympathy with Cæsar and his cause, but all who had not vigorously and persistently opposed him. The far-famed manifesto of the Duke of Brunswick, when on the march to crush the republic in France, was but the echo of Pompey's proclamation, when prepared to march back with his emigrants, and reëstablish aristocratic usurpation in Rome. Even Cicero, with all his patrician proclivities, admits that the triumph of Pompey and his party would have been followed by proscriptions as unsparing as those of Sylla. Pompey was by no means a merciless man, but he could not restrain his party. He was but the foam on the summit of the billow, swept along by a force which he could not control. By no possibility could he retain his supremacy but by subserviency to the power which created him. Even the most bitter opponents of Cæsar admit that

the aristocratic party was at that time profligate beyond all hope of redemption. The triumph of Cæsar was unquestionably promotive of the happiness of mankind.

Cæsar, ever on the alert, took Pompey by surprise, and with a division of his army, amounting to twenty thousand men, crossed the Adriatic sea and effected a landing, unopposed, near Oricum, which important town immediately surrendered, thus affording Cæsar a foothold from which he could not easily be driven. The fleet was immediately sent back to Brundusium for another division of the army. Bibulus, who was in command of Pompey's fleet stationed at Corcyra, chagrined that Cæsar had thus eluded his vigilance, immediately dispatched his whole force, hoping to intercept at least some of the transports employed in the passage. He succeeded only in capturing thirty empty vessels on their return to Brundusium. With atrocious cruelty, he bound the seamen in the ships, which he set on fire, leaving the wretched captives to perish in the flames. Then lining the coast with his powerful navy, from Salone to Oricum, a distance of about two hundred miles, he watched, day and night, that no more soldiers should be landed in Greece.

It was now late in November. The season was inclement and chilling. Storms swept the Adriatic. These ancient ships-of-war were what we should call boats, without decks, constructed merely for coasting. The crews were generally accustomed to go on shore for their meals, and to sleep. With such absence of accommodations, the crews were exposed to very great distress, by remaining continually at sea, without any opportunity to land. Cæsar guarded the shore, that the sailors should not leave their boats. Bibulus guarded the sea so that Cæsar could receive no supplies. Both parties suffered very severely, and Bibulus would have perished but for relief which he obtained by occasionally landing on the island of Corcyra. The fate of Cæsar seemed sealed. He was blockaded on the shores of Greece, with but a small

part of his troops, cut off from all his magazines, with a vastly outnumbering army, under the command of Pompey, in his rear, and with an invincible fleet threatening him on the sea. In view of this formidable force, the transports at Brundusium did not dare attempt the passage. Bibulus was savage in his warfare. Seizing a private vessel, which had attempted the passage, he put the whole ship's company to a cruel death though there were no troops on board.

Cæsar was not a man to act long merely on the defensive. At Dyrachium Pompey had collected his principal magazines, having intended to establish there his winter quarters, that he might be at hand to resist Cæsar's invasion, which he did not suppose would be undertaken until spring. When Cæsar landed, Pompey was near Thessalonica, just commencing his march for his winter quarters, on the great road which crossed the heart of Greece, from the Ægean to the Ionian gulf.

Hearing of the landing of Cæsar, in consternation, he goaded on his battalions to forced marches, that he might save his imperiled magazines. By night and by day, hardly resting for food or sleep, the panting legions toiled on, their path being marked by the bodies of the dying and the dead, who had dropped exhausted by the way. He thus, at a vast expense of suffering and life, attained his object, and took possession of his magazines before Cæsar could reach them. Thwarted in this endeavor, Cæsar halted in an impregnable position on the banks of the Apsus, where he pitched his tents, and received the homage of the surrounding country, proposing to await the arrival of the remainder of his army. His encampment was extended along the left bank of the Apsus. Pompey advancing from Dyrachium, took possession of the right bank of the same stream.

While both parties were summoning all their energies for a decisive struggle, Cæsar,—sincerely, say his friends, insidiously say his enemies,—sent a messenger to Pompey urging peace. After dilating upon the woes which civil war must

entail upon their country, he proposed, with apparent fairness, that each commander should take an oath, in the presence of his army, to disband his forces within three days; and that the terms of peace should be referred to the arbitration of the senate and people of Rome. Pompey, who then apparently had Cæsar in his power, rejected the proposals with disdain, impatiently exclaiming:

"I value neither life nor country, if I must receive them as a favor from Cæsar."

Bibulus, whose sufferings upon the sea were very great, proposed also to Cæsar a truce. "I grant it willingly," Cæsar replied, "and will allow you to come to the land to obtain reënforcements and supplies, if you will allow me to obtain the same by sea." This proposal was not acceptable, and the conference was broken off, and with renewed diligence both parties prepared for the arbitration of battle. The tide of popular sympathy was constantly flowing toward Cæsar; and Pompey resorted to the most severe and even ignominious measures to prevent his troops from holding any communication with the enemy. M. Antonius was at Brundusium, in command of the second division of Cæsar's army, which was impatiently awaiting an opportunity to cross over to Greece to join their illustrious leader.

Bibulus, in command of the fleet, worn down by fatigue, anxiety, and the exposure and hardships of his condition, sickened and died. The intrigues among Pompey's generals was such that he found it difficult to fix upon a successor. There was thus no harmony of action in the squadron, each commander acting for himself. The sun was now returning from the south, and the soft airs of spring began to succeed the storms of winter. Cæsar grew very impatient of delay, and wrote to his officers, at Brundusium, condemning them severely for their want of energy of action, declaring that they had lost many opportunities in which they might have crossed to Greece, and ordering them to put to sea with the very first

fair wind, and steer for the coast of Apollonia, directing them upon their arrival to run their vessels ashore, as the vessels themselves were of but little importance.

In his burning impatience, he resolved to cross himself to Brundusium, in defiance of the vigilance of the enemy's squadron, and in person expedite the embarkation of his troops. On a dark and stormy night, he left his encampment in disguise, bribed the boatmen to brave the peril of wind and wave, and made an endeavor, all but desperate, through the tempest, to cross the Adriatic sea, a distance of one hundred miles. It was on this occasion that he is reported to have said to the seamen, who were in dismay at the howling of the tempest and the sweep of the billows, "Fear not. You carry Cæsar and his fortunes." But mortal strength could not triumph over the elements in that tempestuous night, and the seamen were compelled to put back and return to the Grecian shore.

The letters of Cæsar had, however, roused his officers to effort. Twenty-four thousand men and eight hundred cavalry were embarked, and set sail from Brundusium with a south wind. They successfully crossed the sea and effected a landing. Sixteen of Pompey's ships, from those which had pursued them, were driven on shore and wrecked. Cæsar treated their crews with the greatest humanity, and dismissed them, unharmed, to their homes. This second division of Cæsar's army was landed at Nymphæum, on the coast of Illyricum, several miles north of Dyrachium. But Cæsar and Pompey, from the shore, had watched the movements of the fleet with eager eyes. They both immediately put their armies in motion, from the banks of the Apsus—Cæsar to effect a junction with his troops, and Pompey to prevent it.

Cæsar was successful, and Pompey, apprehensive that the united force might fall upon him, commenced a rapid retreat toward his intrenchments. Cæsar now very energetically renewed offensive operations, and pursued Pompey, offering

him battle. Pompey, who had not dared to meet him even before the arrival of the reënforcements, declined the challenge. Cæsar, flushed with success, and bidding proud defiance to his intimidated foe, commenced a march upon Dyra hium, and, by astonishing rapidity of movement, reached the walls in season to cut off Pompey's entrance into its gates. Pompey, thus baffled, intrenched himself upon a neighboring hill, which commanded a small bay, where hi ships could safely lie at anchor.

There was now but little probability of the speedy termination of the war. The two generals were men of consummate ability. Each was at the head of a powerful army, and each had command of almost inexhaustible resources. Cæsar's first endeavor now was to blockade Pompey's army on the eminence, called Petra, where it was intrenched. The struggle of military strategy which ensued was one of the most memorable which war has recorded. As Cæsar reared his fortifications on the most commanding eminences, connecting them all together by ramparts and ditches, Pompey constructed opposing ramparts, bound together by continuous works, over a space of fifteen miles in circuit. The embattled fortresses of Pompey amounted to twenty-four in number. Frequent conflicts, during the construction of these defenses, occurred between the hostile armies. Cæsar's blockading line extended over eighteen miles. These immense works required an amount of labor almost incredible, labor which, if appropriated to any useful object, might have been of incalculable benefit to mankind. Both armies suffered much, in various ways, during this extraordinary warfare.

Pomp y's military reputation was seriously damaged by the fact, that, declining Cæsar's challenge to battle, he had allowed himself to be thus cooped up by his adversary.

"He can not," wrote Dolabella to Cicero, "escape with honor; driven as he has been, from Italy, deprived of Spain with the loss of a veteran army, and now even blockaded in

his camp, a disgrace which scarcely any other than our commander has ever endured."

Want and famine began at length to reign within Pompey's lines, and he resolved to break from his confinement, hewing a path through the serried ranks of his foes. Having selected his point and carefully matured all of his arrangements, at the earliest dawn of day he made the assault, striking by surprise, and hewing his way with prodigious slaughter, through the legions which were hastily gathered to oppose him. Cæsar, who was at a remote part of his lines, hastened with three legions to the scene of conflict. But Pompey's troops, flushed with victory, fell upon Cæsar's soldiers, in the confusion of their march, and Cæsar had the mortification of seeing his troops put to utter rout. The flight was so precipitate and headlong, notwithstanding Cæsar's most vigorous efforts to arrest it, that Pompey, apprehensive of an ambuscade, checked the pursuit. This victory of Pompey rendered it necessary for Cæsar to retreat. He accordingly, in the night, sent off, under a strong escort, his baggage, his sick and wounded, and in the first gray of the morning, followed with the whole body of his troops.

Pompey immediately and resolutely commenced pursuit. Cæsar, however, effected his retreat with but little loss, and in four days gained some intrenchments which he had previously occupied, at Apollonia. Resting here for a short time to refresh his weary troops, he resumed his march, directing his steps across the country toward Thessaly. In the rich plains of this province, Cæsar found abundance for his troops. The first town of importance which he encountered upon his march, was Gomphi. He found the gates shut against him, and took the place by storm. Metropolis, the next city they reached, surrendered at once. All the other towns of Thessaly then readily yielded, and Cæsar found himself in the midst of an opulent country, covered with waving harvests. Here, on

the plains of Pharsalia, he established himself, awaiting the arrival of Pompey, and preparing for a decisive battle.

Pompey, elated with the victory of Dyrachium, followed eagerly after Cæsar, and pitched his camp in the face of his foe. Cæsar immediately offered battle, but Pompey for some days declined, keeping his troops so effectually intrenched, that Cæsar could not venture to attack them. But at length, both armies appeared, drawn up in parallel lines upon this memorable plain. It was the year 48 B. C. From the best information now to be obtained, it appears that Pompey had forty-five thousand infantry, and seven thousand cavalry. Cæsar had but twenty-two thousand infantry and one thousand cavalry. These were the regular armies. On both sides there were also auxiliary troops, but their number is not known. The Romans considered the auxiliaries as of very little importance.

The signal for battle was given by Cæsar, and his soldiers rushed forward to the onset, which then consisted mainly of a hand to hand fight. The action soon became general, and seventy-five thousand men struggled against each other, with the most demoniac fury, for hours. But at length, Pompey's forces were entirely routed, and they fled in indescribable confusion from the plain, leaving the ground covered with the dying and the dead. The darkness of night alone terminated the pursuit and the slaughter. All who surrendered were treated with great humanity. Pompey's army was annihilated, and Cæsar was so thoroughly the victor, that no further foe remained to present any serious obstacle to his sway.

Pompey, with a few followers, fled from the fatal field of Pharsalia, a hopeless fugitive. For a time, he seemed overwhelmed and stunned by the blow, perhaps enduring as much mental suffering as in this mortal state the human soul has capacity to endure. In disguise, he escaped from the field, accompanied by about thirty horsemen. Through the long hours of the night, he rode in silence and anguish, until he reached the shores of the Ægean sea, near the mouth of the

Peneus. He there embarked in a small trading vessel which chanced to be passing, and crossed over to Mitylene, in the island of Lesbos, on the Asiatic coast, where he had left his wife Cornelia and his son Sextus.

The domestic character of Pompey was singularly pure, and this interview with his family was tender, affectionate, and sorrowful in the extreme. Cornelia had received no tidings from her husband since the great victory of Dyrachium, of which she had heard the most exaggerated reports. The appearance of her husband before her, a fugitive and woe-stricken, caused a shock she was poorly prepared to meet. She immediately joined him on board the vessel, and they were detained two days in the harbor by contrary winds. Though the Mityleneans urged him to come on shore and receive their hospitality and testimonials of their homage, he firmly and magnanimously declined, saying, "I will not expose my friends to the resentment of the conqueror, by availing myself of their kindness."

Conscious that his power had vanished forever, and that his great rival was now sovereign, with none to dispute his sway, he urged all to submit, assuring them that they would receive no treatment from Cæsar but that which was just and magnanimous. There were still a few who were disposed to adhere to the falling fortunes of Pompey. Several small vessels joined him, and they sailed along the shores of the Mediterranean to seek refuge in Syria. They attempted to land at Rhodes, but the people, apprehensive of the displeasure of Cæsar, would not allow the little fleet to enter their harbor. Pompey, deeply chagrined, continued his voyage, often attempting to land, but as often meeting with a repulse, until he reached the coast of Cilicia.

This Asiatic province was governed by Scipio, the father of Cornelia, and Pompey felt confident of meeting here with hospitality and support. But when they reached Paphos, on the island of Cyprus, they were informed that Antioch, the

capital of Syria, had declared for Cæsar, and that a decree had been issued, that none of the fugitives of Pompey's party should be permitted to land upon the coast. In dejection, and almost in despair, Pompey and his friends, in the dark cabin of the galley, held a deliberation as to the course next to be pursued. It was at length decided to seek refuge in Egypt. The young king Ptolemy was but a boy, but his father had been placed upon the throne by the influence of Pompey, and it was believed that the son would not be insensible to this debt of gratitude.

The sorrowing fugitives again raised their anchors and sailed for Pelusium, near one of the mouths of the Nile. The boy-king was then waging war with his sister, the renowned Cleopatra, who was endeavoring to wrest the crown from his brow. He was at the head of his army in the vicinity of Pelusium. An envoy was immediately dispatched by Pompey to his camp. The king received the envoy with the utmost apparent cordiality, and sent a pressing invitation for Pompey to repair immediately to his headquarters. But this invitation was an act of the blackest treachery. The king's council had held a session to deliberate upon the matter. They decided that it would be dangerous to receive Pompey, lest it should give offense to the all-powerful Cæsar; that it would be perilous to reject him, lest by some sudden turn of fortune he should again find himself in power. They, therefore, counseled that he should be invited to the camp, and then murdered. "Dead dogs," said the leading advocate of this measure, "do not bite."

A boat was sent by the king to convey Pompey from the galley to the shore, where Ptolemy had repaired, and was waiting in person, with a group of her principal generals, to receive him. Several of the officers of the Egyptian king were in the boat. Among these, was a Roman centurion, L. Septimius, then in the employ of Ptolemy, but who had formerly served under Pompey. Pompey entered the barge, accompanied by a few

of his friends, and immediately recognized Septimius, and addressed him in a few friendly words, to which Septimius replied merely by a nod. It was some distance from the galley to the shore, and the melancholy sublimity of the occasion was such, that all sat in silence. At length the boat touched the beach. Pompey rose from his seat, and as he was in the act of stepping on shore, Septimius plunged a dagger into his back. The other assassins at once fell upon him with their swords. The heroic man, never greater, perhaps, than in the hour of his death, uttered not a cry, and attempted no resistance or defense, but folding his mantle over his face, received in silence the blows which fell upon him, until he sank lifeless upon the sand.

Cornelia, holding her little son Sextus by the hand, stood upon the deck of the galley, anxiously following her husband with her eye, and was a witness to the whole scene. As her husband fell, she uttered a shriek of anguish, which pierced every ear in the galleys and along the shore. The murderers cut off the head of Pompey and embalmed it, to be sent, as a present, to Cæsar, leaving the headless trunk upon the beach. As soon as the crowd had dispersed, the friends of Pompey, recovering a little from their consternation, broke to pieces a boat which they found wrecked upon the shore, and burning the remains, gathered the ashes in an urn to be transmitted to Cornelia. In the meantime, the little fleet which had conveyed Pompey to Egypt, put to sea, taking with them Cornelia, in a state of utter distraction and despair. The Egyptians at first endeavored to intercept them, but soon relinquished the pursuit, and the fleet reached Tyre in safety.

Thus perished one of the greatest and best of the men of ancient times. Pompey, as the leader of the aristocratic party, was far superior to his party in elevation of character and in moral worth. Though devoted to the supremacy of the patricians, and hostile to popular liberty, he was a man of integrity, rare in those days,—of spotless purity in all his do-

mestic relations, virtues then, still more rare; and the amiability of his character won the enthusiastic attachment of all who knew him best. Though by no means equal in genius to his illustrious rival, he developed qualities of mind and energies of action, which have justly entitled him to the designation, which he has now borne for eighteen hundred years, and will bear through all time, of POMPEY THE GREAT.

CHAPTER XII.

THE TRIUMPH OF CÆSAR AND THE FATE OF POMPEY.

FROM 48 B. C. TO 44 B. C.

CLEMENCY OF CÆSAR.—PURSUIT OF POMPEY.—THE EGYPTIAN WAR.—CÆSAR AND CLEOPATRA.—CAPTURE OF PHAROS.—POPULARITY OF CÆSAR.—LOSS OF THE ALEXANDRIAN LIBRARY.—BRIEF CONFLICT WITH THE KING OF PONTUS.—QUELLING THE MUTINY.—CATO'S EFFORTS IN AFRICA.—THE AFRICAN WAR.—DEFEAT AND DEATH OF SCIPIO.—SUICIDE OF CATO.—THE SPANISH WAR.—DEATH OF POMPEY'S SON.—CÆSAR'S RETURN TO ROME.—HIS TRIUMPH.—HIS ADMINISTRATIVE MEASURES AND ENERGY.—HIS CHARACTER.—CHARACTER OF CICERO.

THE morning after the battle of Pharsalia, Cæsar gazed sadly upon the field, covered with the dead, and exclaimed, in melancholy tones, "They would have it so." All the prisoners who fell into his hands were treated with that clemency, —so unusual in those days, which he ever manifested. As the strife in Greece was now at an end, Cæsar sent back most of his army to Brundusium, and, taking with him a small body of cavalry, engaged eagerly in the pursuit of Pompey. He crossed the Hellespont, and followed down with his horsemen, the coast of Asia Minor. For a long time, he could get no tidings of the fugitive. At length he heard that he had been seen in Cyprus, and he inferred from that, that he was directing his steps toward Egypt.

He immediately collected a fleet of ten galleys, and sailed for Egypt, landing at Alexandria. Here he received the tidings of Pompey's death; and at the same time, the head of the murdered man was presented to him, as if it would be an acceptable gift. Cæsar was shocked at the sight, and could not refrain from weeping, as he gazed upon the gory remains of his former son-in-law, friend, and companion-in-arms. The

grief of Cæsar was unquestionably sincere, and he was filled with strong indignation against the murderers of Pompey. Through all the remainder of his life, he manifested great respect for his memory. There is now at Alexandria a column of remarkable architectural beauty, called Pompey's Pillar, which tradition says, was reared by Cæsar, a tribute to the greatness of his unhappy rival. This column, which is about one hundred feet high, is formed of stone, in three blocks, the pedestal, shaft, and capital. It is even to the present day, an object of world-wide interest and admiration.

The death of Pompey was the signal for the dismemberment of all his forces, and the termination of the war. The soldiers eagerly availed themselves of the opportunity to throw down their arms, for they had long been, in heart, in sympathy with Cæsar. Plebeian soldiers, fighting the battles of their patrician masters, are ever half conscious that they are slaves, riveting their own chains. Even multitudes of the patricians hasted to bask in the beams of Cæsar's rising sun Cicero, who had repaired to Dyrachium, and was anxiously awaiting the issue of the campaign, that he might decide which party to join, promptly returned to Italy to be early in his congratulations of the victor. Pompey's eldest son was so enraged with Cicero for this apparently unprincipled desertion, that he would have killed him, but for the protection which Cato afforded the "willow backed" man, who was at least illustrious as an orator, if he were destitute of all moral courage and decision.

Cato had adhered to the cause of Pompey; with a small fleet he followed him in his flight, and hearing the mournful tidings of his death, took Cornelia and Sextus under his protection and sailed for Africa, where he devoted himself to the organization of a force to renew the war against Cæsar. For a few months, there were *disturbances* in various parts of the extended empire, but nothing which could be deemed serious opposition to Cæsar's sway. The whole tenor of his policy

was toward the extension of equal rights for all. This was the talisman of his power. It might be said of Rome in that day, as Napoleon said of France, "Que le peuple Français tenait plus à l'egalité, qu' à la liberté;" *The French people desire equality of rights rather than liberty.* A man can easily surrender a portion of his natural liberty for the promotion of the public good, if the whole community make the same surrender. But when a burden is placed upon one portion of the people, from which another portion is exempted, there must always be an irrepressible conflict.

Dictatorial power was now again conferred upon Cæsar, who had not as yet returned from Egypt, which he was to hold until tranquillity should be restored. Antonius, or Mark Antony, as history and tragedy have embalmed his name, as Cæsar's master of horse, was intrusted with the regency at Rome. He is described as a man whose profligacy of character was only equaled by his energy. Indeed, Christian morality seems to have been unknown in those days. The best of men were guilty of acts which would now consign their names to infamy. Even Pompey, whose virtues are so highly lauded, and who, in purity of character, was vastly in advance of his times, from motives of ambition, discarded his wife, Antistia, and robbed another man of his wife, Æmilia. This was contrary to written law and to all the instincts of the human heart. But these distinguished men generally had no belief in a future life, and *expediency* was their only rule of action—expediency embracing the range of this brief life only. Paul, in his epistle to the Romans, has given a truthful and graphic account of the condition of Rome at this day.

Honors and power were now showered thickly upon Cæsar. A popular vote conferred upon him the consulship for five years, and the office of tribune for life. This was an office appointed expressly for the protection of the Roman plebeians against the encroachments of the patricians. The disposition of Cicero to be in popular favor, now that the

popular party were in the supremacy, is indicated by the fact that his son-in-law, Dolabella, obtained an election as one of the tribunes of the people, and immediately proposed the infamous and radical democratic measure for a general abolition of debts, and for exempting all tenants from rents, for a space of one year. But here again we see a strong resemblance between Cæsar and Napoleon. The Roman conqueror was as hostile to mob violence as he was to aristocratic usurpation. And when the mob rallied on the pavements, in advocacy of the infamous measures proposed by Dolabella, the troops of Cæsar swept the streets, with gleaming swords and clattering hoofs, "quelling the insurgent sections," and eight hundred of the rioters were slain.

Immediately after the battle of Pharsalia, Cæsar issued a proclamation to his army, urging every soldier to *save* at least one of the enemy. The instinctive generosity and tact which inspired this singular order, are characteristic of the man. The decree immediately enkindled emotions of humanity in every heart; and mercy, in the bosoms of the soldiers, took the place of the passions of war. Though fifteen thousand of Pompey's troops were slain upon the field of Pharsalia, the slaughter would have been vastly greater but for this decree, which saved the lives of twenty-four thousand, who were taken prisoners. These men, thus saved, were easily incorporated as friends and brothers into the legions of Cæsar.

We have before mentioned that Ptolemy and his sister Cleopatra were struggling in Egypt for the crown. Cæsar, soon after his arrival at Alexandria, was joined by quite a formidable fleet and army. Both of the contestants for the throne of the Pharaohs applied to him for support. All Egypt was rent by the strife, and anarchy distracted the realm. The Egyptian government owed Rome a debt which Cæsar now needed, but which, under the circumstances, could not be paid. He resolved, therefore, to settle the strife, and

reduce the turbulent kingdom to order. Ptolemy determined to resist his arbitration. Cleopatra, young, beautiful, and sensual, resolved to try the effect of her charms in bribing the voluptuous, self-constituted arbitrator to espouse her cause. But Ptolemy had so surrounded Cæsar's head-quarters, that Cleopatra could not obtain access to him without incurring great danger of being taken captive. With woman's tact, as the story now is told, she accomplished her purpose by being rolled up in a bale of carpeting, and thus being carried on the shoulders of a man through the guards. Cæsar, who was delighted with the stratagem and fascinated by her beauty, eagerly accepted the surrender of her person. Her disgraceful situation in his camp, as his acknowledged and guilty favorite, stung almost to madness the pride of Ptolemy, and with indignation, he rejected Cæsar's decree, that Cleopatra and Ptolemy should share the throne together.

Woman's guilty love bound Cæsar as by a spell. The Egyptians rallied around Ptolemy, and the war, called in history the Alexandrine war, raged with increasing violence. Cæsar found it necessary to summon new legions from Italy, and the conflict was so severe and protracted, that Cæsar, in the commentaries generally attributed to his pen, has minutely detailed its events.

Opposite the port of Alexandria, there was an island called Pharos, which created the harbor of that renowned seaport. It was joined to the continent by a causeway nine hundred paces in length, and by a bridge. Upon this island there was reared a light-house, also called Pharos, which is reported to have been five hundred feet in height. It was said that the brilliant light, ever blazing from this enormous summit, could be seen over the waves of the Mediterranean for a distance of over one hundred miles. The tower was built in successive stories, each ornamented with balustrades, galleries, and columns, and from its eminent utility and gorgeous architecture, it was renowned throughout the then known world. "Far and

wide over the stormy waters of the Mediterranean this meteor glowed, inviting and guiding the mariners in; and both its welcome and its guidance were doubly prized in these ancient days, when there was neither compass nor sextant upon which they could rely."

Cæsar, after a bloody strife, took possession of this island and the renown of the exploit spread as would now the tidings of the capture of Gibraltar. In all these conflicts, Cæsar won the confidence and the affection of his soldiers by his readiness in sharing their toils and dangers. In the hour of battle he was ever found in the post of the greatest danger and the hardest conflict. It was also evident that Cæsar, now love-inspired, courted the admiration of Cleopatra by his chivalric daring in her behalf. In the course of the struggle for the possession of this island, Cæsar was in a boat which, in the confusion of the fight, became so crowded that it was in momentary danger of sinking. He leaped into the sea and swam to a ship at some distance, holding above his head in his left hand some important papers which he had, and drawing after him his mantle of imperial purple, which he held by a corner, between his teeth.

It was during this war that a large portion of the Alexandrian library was destroyed, a disaster so irreparable to the world, that by scholars it will never cease to be deplored. The kings of Egypt, many of whom were renowned as the munificient patrons of learning, had made a vast collection of books or manuscripts, then inscribed on parchment rolls. The number of these volumes amounted to seven hundred thousand. When we remember that these rolls were all written by hand, with the greatest care, and at a vast expense, and that many of them were richly ornamented, it must be admitted that one can with difficulty exaggerate the magnitude of the loss. In fact, the Alexandrian library was the depository of the whole body of ancient literature.

Cæsar, in the heat of battle, set fire to some Egyptian

galleys, which were near the shore. The flames, driven by the wind, spread to some buildings which were on the quay, and then extended until one of the most important of the library buildings was wrapped in the destructive conflagration. It is mainly in consequence of this loss that fragments only of ancient history have descended to our times. Cæsar at length brought the war to a successful issue, and placed his paramour Cleopatra upon the throne, in conjunction with her younger brother, a boy eleven years of age; Ptolemy having perished during the war. He was drowned in the Nile while attempting to swim the stream to escape from an awful defeat. Cæsar returned to Rome. Cleopatra soon poisoned her young brother, that she might reign untrammeled, and after a few years of sin and misery, to which we shall hereafter refer, she finally committed suicide by exposing her arm to the bite of an asp.

Cæsar returned to Italy by land, passing through Syria, and receiving the homage of all the petty princes on his route. The king of Pontus attempted to oppose him. Cæsar crushed him with one blow, and reported the battle in the famous words, "*Veni, vidi, vici*," I came, I saw, I conquered. Cæsar had but just arrived in Rome, and was preparing for a campaign in Africa, where Cato was endeavoring to maintain the banners of revolt against his sway, when a mutiny broke out in Cæsar's army, which was rendezvoused in Campania. In a tumultuous array, which spread consternation throughout the capital, they approached its walls. Cæsar threw open the gates for their admission, and met them in the Campus Martius, demanding why they had left their quarters, and what were their complaints. They demanded release from further military service, upon the claim that the term of their engagements had expired.

Cæsar promptly replied that their complaints were reasonable and their demands just, assuring them that they should immediately receive their discharge, and the grants of land

which had formerly been promised them. The soldiers were quite unprepared for this treatment, and finding that Cæsar was perfectly ready to dispense with their services, they began to hesitate and to express a wish to remain. Cæsar appreciated the advantage he had gained, and while expressing deep grief that his faithful soldiers should wish to leave his service, persisted in giving them their discharge.

The tide was now turned, and with full flow rushed in the other direction. So urgent were the soldiers in their entreaties to be retained, that he at length consented to receive them all, excepting the tenth legion, which had been his favorite corps. He declared that he could never again receive them into his service. But even this legion, in the fervor of its zeal, persisted in following him without his orders, hoping, in the field of battle, to perform feats of heroism which should secure their forgiveness. They were finally received to favor, but the legion itself was disbanded, and its members were incorporated in other divisions of the army.

With his authority over his troops thus effectually secured, he set out on his expedition to Africa. His fleet touched at Lilybæum, on the eastern extremity of Sicily, on the seventeenth of December. At this point, he had assembled a force of about thirty thousand infantry and two thousand cavalry. With these he crossed the sea, and landed on the African coast, at Hadrumetum, near ancient Carthage, on the thirtieth of December. In crossing from Sicily to the African shore, a distance of about one hundred miles, the fleet was dispersed by a storm, so that Cæsar landed, at first, with but three thousand men. Hadrumetum was so strongly fortified by Cato and the advocates of his cause, that it was hopeless to attack it with so small a force; Cæsar therefore marched along the shore for some distance, until he found a strong position, where he threw up an intrenched camp and waited for additional reënforcements.

The opposition in Africa was found to be quite formidable.

A large army had been organized, and a fleet had been collected, sufficiently strong to cause great annoyance to Cæsar. Cato and Scipio were at the head of these forces, but they were both conscious that notwithstanding their vast numerical superiority, they were but poorly prepared to encounter the veteran legions of Cæsar, sustained as Cæsar was, by the sympathies of the popular mind. Utica was at that time the principal city of Africa. It was situated on the coast but a few miles from the ruins of Carthage. Cato had constituted this city the chief rendezvous for his army, and the magazine for his materials of war.

Immediately upon Cæsar's landing, the populace began to flock to his camp. Bogud, an African prince, and Sitius, a Roman general, then in exile, eagerly joined Cæsar, bringing with them disciplined troops and military stores. The dispersed ships also, rapidly arrived with their detachments, and Cæsar soon found himself in a condition to assume offensive operations with the utmost confidence of success. Early in April he emerged from his ramparts, and commenced his march. Scipio was strongly intrenched at Thapsus. A decisive battle was fought, a second Pharsalia, in which the defeat of the foe was speedy, sanguinary, and entire. The slaughter was awful, for Cæsar's soldiers, many of whom were Africans, had no mercy, and notwithstanding Cæsar's utmost efforts to restrain them, glutted themselves with blood. Scipio escaped by sea, from the wreck of his army, knowing not where to go to seek an asylum. But he was pursued by Cæsar's ships, and finding escape hopeless, killed himself to avoid the humiliation of falling into the hands of his foes. The battle of Thapsus was fought in the year 46 B. C.

The tidings of this battle spread rapidly, far and wide, increasing the conviction that Cæsar was invincible. A few of the cavalry, fugitives from the scene of the carnage, carried the intelligence to Utica, where Cato was in command. This illustrious advocate of patrician privilege, with spirit unbroken

by the disaster, endeavored to rally his dejected forces to continue the conflict. But finding all his efforts in vain, and that a panic, which no human power could check, pervaded his army, he gave them all permission to depart and consult their own safety.

The ships in the harbor were soon crowded with the fugitives. Cato manifested much interest in seeing all on board and safely out of the harbor. He then made such open preparations for the commission of suicide, as to induce his son, with tears, to entreat that his father would live for his sake. But Cato was too proud to be the recipient of that pardon and those favors which he knew Cæsar would lavish upon him. He retired to his apartment, calmly read, for a time, Plato's Dialogues, and then plunged his sword into his side The servants heard him fall upon the floor, and rushing to his room, found him insensible. They bound up the wound, endeavoring to restore him to life. Reviving for a moment, he tore off the bandages, and blood again gushed forth, and he instantly expired.

Such was the melancholy end of Cato. He was the firm, earnest, decisive advocate of patrician supremacy, and the unrelenting foe of popular encroachment upon aristocratic usurpation. He was sternly upright, inflexible in his ideas of justice, humane according to the measure of those days, but haughty, often coarse, and so selfish as to take cowardly refuge for himself in suicide, leaving his family to struggle alone in the encounter with life's storms. It has been well remarked:

"The character of Cato, and the circumstances under which his suicide was committed makes it, on the whole, the most conspicuous act of suicide which history records; and the events which followed show, in an equally conspicuous manner, the extreme folly of the deed. In respect to its wickedness, Cato, not having had the light of Christianity before him, is to be leniently judged. As to the folly of the deed, however, he is to be held strictly accountable. If he had lived

and yielded to the conqueror, as he might have done, gracefully and without dishonor, since all his means of resistance were exhausted, Cæsar would have treated him with generosity and respect, and would have taken him to Rome; as, within a year or two of this time Cæsar himself was no more, Cato's vast influence and power might have been, and undoubtedly would have been, called most effectually into action for the benefit of his country."

When Cæsar heard of the event, he said, "I grudge thee thy death, since thou hast grudged me the honor of sparing thy life." In those days of darkness and crime, Cato, next to Pompey, was the purest man of the patrician party. Hence his name, even to the present day, has been a favorite theme of panegyric. Cæsar advanced to Utica, treating all his foes, who remained there, with his characteristic clemency. The kingdom was reduced to the form of a Roman province, and placed under the government of the renowned historian Sallust. The war in Africa being thus terminated, Cæsar embarked for Rome, and reached the imperial city, after a tedious voyage, about the end of May.

In the meantime, the sons of Pompey had repaired to Spain, and through the influence of their name, and their father's celebrity, had organized there the partisans of patrician rule in opposition to the sway of Cæsar. To quell this disturbance, Cæsar embarked for Spain. He took but few troops with him, for he was confident that he would find enough there ready to espouse the popular cause. The conflict was very short, and, as usual, was decided in Cæsar's favor. In a decisive battle, Cn. Pompey, the son of Pompey the Great, escaped bleeding from the field, where he had seen his whole army cut to pieces or dispersed. In his flight, he sought refuge in a wild glen of the mountains. He was pursued, found in a cave, in a state of extreme destitution and suffering, and his captors mercilessly cut off his head and sent it a trophy to Cæsar. The younger son, Sextus, fled to the fastnesses of the

Pyrenees, where he was left, a helpless fugitive, unmolested. Cæsar returned to Italy, the undisputed sovereign of the Roman world.

The triumphs which Cæsar now celebrated in the imperial capital, in commemoration of his victories, were such as Rome had never witnessed before. There were four celebrations, in honor of each of his four great campaigns in Egypt, Asia Minor, Africa, and Spain. These celebrations occupied each one day, separated by an interval of several days. In the first triumph an accident happened to Cæsar's chariot, which detained the procession, so that it was dark before the procession had completed its route. But this event added to the sublimity of the scene, for forty elephants of the train were employed as torch-bearers, each sagacious animal holding a flaming flambeau in his trunk, and waving it over the heads of the crowd. Still, Cæsar regarded the accident as ominous of evil, and, to appease the imagined anger of the gods, he crawled up the steps of the capital upon his knees; and it is reported that he ever afterward, whenever he entered a carriage, repeated over three times a form of words as a charm or a prayer, to secure a prosperous journey.

In the second triumph, Arsinoe, a younger sister of Cleopatra, appeared in the Egyptian procession which graced the occasion. To Cæsar Cleopatra was indebted for her throne, and probably her sister was sent to Rome, in recognition of the debt of gratitude which thus rested upon her. In the third triumph, which celebrated the reduction of Asia Minor, a banner was unfurled, inscribed with the famous words, "Veni, vidi, vici." The splendor of the pageant dazzled all eyes and intoxicated all minds; and when it was announced that a sum of money, amounting to more than twenty millions of dollars, was deposited by Cæsar in the treasury, as the fruits of these conquests, few were disposed to reflect upon the misery caused by confiscated estates and plundered provinces.

The popularity of Cæsar was now unbounded. He established the most magnificent spectacles for the entertainment of the people of Rome. Meat, corn, and money were distributed to the poor. A feast was provided for them, twenty-two thousand tables being spread. It gives one a deplorable idea of the condition of Rome at this time, to be informed that there were three hundred and twenty thousand persons needing to be fed at the public expense. It is hardly possible to credit the accounts, seemingly authentic, which have descended to us respecting the splendor of these gifts and displays. It is said that to each of his common soldiers, he gave a sum amounting to over eight hundred dollars; to the centurions sixteen hundred dollars; to the military tribunes three thousand two hundred. Each man of the cavalry received nearly one thousand dollars. The patricians complained that he was pampering the populace with spectacles and gold, while he was robbing the opulent and the noble.

Dramatic entertainments were established in different quarters of the city, and were performed in various languages, for the entertainment of strangers from all parts of the then known world. It is worthy of remark that even then, and surely it is difficult to say why, the profession of a play-actor was deemed infamous, and any patrician who appeared upon the stage forfeited his rank. The games of the circus, gladiatorial combats, and mock sea-fights were then popular above all other shows. At one time, there appeared in the gladiatorial arena twenty elephants, thirty horsemen, and five hundred soldiers on each side, to contend in mortal combat.

For the display of a naval battle, an immense lake was dug near the Tiber, sufficiently large to contain two fleets of galleys, with two thousand rowers, and one thousand fighting men on each side. For the amusement of the people they met, not in sham fight, but in all the sanguinary horrors of real war. Vast numbers were killed, and the waters of the

lake were crimsoned with their blood. Such was Rome. The world has surely made advances since the advent of Christianity.

In this horrid naval battle, the unhappy captives of Cæsar were compelled to fight each other, the Egyptians being arrayed against the Tyrians. The gladiatorial fights were scarcely less cruel and bloody. To protect the spectators from the sun, silken awnings were spread over the whole forum and the whole length of the Via Sacra. These entertainments were so accordant with the barbaric habits and tastes of the times, and so attractive as to draw such multitudes to Rome, that all the principal streets, and the fields outside of the city, were lined with booths for their accommodation. For some cause, not explained, human sacrifices were deemed essential to the completion of these festivities, and two men were the victims of these revolting rites.

Cæsar's power seemed now consolidated beyond all fear of reverse. The senate, amidst other honors which they lavished upon him in the greatest profusion, had appointed him dictator for ten years. His statue was raised on a globe in the capital, opposite the statue of Jupiter, and on it were inscribed the words, "He is a demigod." His popularity was such, and his confidence in the affection of the people so unbounded, that he did not even retain about his person a body guard. In exploring the records of these days, one is strongly impressed with the semblance between Cæsar and Napoleon; though Napoleon, living in a more enlightened age, displayed a character of much greater moral worth. We have before mentioned that the estates of Pompey were confiscated. Marc Antony, whom Cæsar had left in command of Rome, and intrusted with the government of Italy during his absence, purchased these estates at auction of the government, and relying upon Cæsar's partiality, was not disposed to pay for them. But Cæsar insisted indignantly on the payment being

made. Antony was a dissolute, extravagant man, always involved in pecuniary embarrassments.

The triumph of Cæsar was a signal triumph of the intellectual and moneyed classes over the aristocracy of birth. Merit was now the passport to office, far more than had ever before been known in Rome. It was, however, a decided addition to Cæsar's power that he was himself of such illustrious lineage as to authorize him to take his stand at the head of the proudest of Roman patricians. The laws which Cæsar enacted are generally admitted to have been wise and liberal, and intended to promote the prosperity of the empire. Being strictly temperate in his own habits of eating and drinking, he attempted to enforce sumptuary laws, which experience has proved to be inexpedient. He extended greatly the rights of Roman citizenship, and was intending to confer those rights upon all the inhabitants within the Alps. Several persons of distinguished merit were ennobled; others were placed in the senate; and all physicians, as well as other professors of the liberal arts and sciences, resident at Rome, were admitted to the rights of citizenship.

These measures were very influential in breaking down the rigor of aristocratic caste, of uniting the distant provinces in closer ties, and in giving more unity to the nation. Nearly all the soil of Italy was cultivated by slaves. To encourage free labor, and to relieve the capital of a vast population of ignorant and beggared people, he conferred farms, in the provinces, upon more than eighty thousand of the citizens of Rome, thus adding also, to the population and the power of regions which had been desolated by war. Carthage and Corinth, which had both been destroyed in the same year, one hundred years before the reign of Cæsar, were by his encouragement rebuilt, and again attained a very considerable degree of wealth and importance. It seemed to be a special object of his administration to encourage free labor. Citizens between the ages of twenty and forty were not allowed to be absent from their

estates for more than three years at a time; and all graziers and shepherds, on a large scale, were required to employ freemen to the amount of at least one third of their laborers.

The grasp of Cæsar's mind is, perhaps, in nothing more conspicuous than in his reform of the calendar. Until his day, the division of time was so imperfect, the year consisting of but three hundred and sixty days, that the months were moving continually along the year, the summer months passing into the winter, and the winter into the summer. The vernal equinox was already two months later than it should be. To rectify this irregularity, Cæsar invited the celebrated Greek astronomer Sosigenes to Rome, who, with the assistance of Marcus Fabius, by accurate calculations, so arranged the system of months, that the real and nominal time might agree with each other. The year was divided into three hundred and sixty-five days for three years, adding one day on the fourth year. This division was called the Julian calendar, and though not perfectly accurate, was so nearly so that it continued unchanged for sixteen centuries. In the year 1582, Pope Gregory XIII. made the slight alteration called the change from Old Style to New Style, which was adopted by Great Britain in the year 1752. By this change, called the Gregorian calendar, ten days were dropped after the fourth of October, and what would have been the fifth was called the fifteenth. It will now require three thousand years before the error will again amount to a single day.

The honors now lavished upon Cæsar were more than frail human nature could well bear. The senate declared him to be the "father of his country," and voted that the title "Imperator" should be affixed to his name. The month in which he was born, which had been called Quintilis, was now named, in honor of him, Julius, or July. A guard of senators, and of citizens of the equestrian rank was appointed for his protection, and the whole senate, in a body, waited upon him as a committee to communicate the decrees which had been passed

in his honor. Never was a mind more active in originating and executing schemes of grandeur. He planned public buildings for Rome, which were to surpass in splendor any which the world had before seen. He commenced the collection of imperial libraries; undertook the vast enterprise of draining the Pontine marshes; formed plans for supplying Rome with pure water by an aqueduct, and even began to cut a new passage for the Tiber from Rome to the sea, constructing a capacious artificial harbor at its mouth. He commenced opening a canal through the isthmus of Corinth, and making a royal road over the cliffs and ravines of the Apennines from the Tiber to the Adriatic. Rome was the idol of his adoration, and all his energies were concentrated upon the undertaking of making Rome the capital of the world.

Such energy and power could not but create both admiration and jealousy. As subsequently in France, against Napoleon, there were two parties hostile to Cæsar,—the aristocracy over whom he had triumphed, and the lowest class of the democracy, the Jacobins, the Red Republicans, who could not brook a master. The intermediate class, however, composing the mass of the community, were enthusiastically in his favor, and were eager to confer power upon him beyond what he asked. His enemies began to accuse him of the desire to to make himself king in name, as he certainly already was in fact. The Romans had a great abhorrence of the kingly name. Execrating the pride and oppression of their former kings, they had indignantly expelled them from the throne, and now, for a period of more than five hundred years, their empire had assumed the forms of a republic.

The enemies of Cæsar appealed to the following incidents as indicative of his ambitious desires for royalty. In some of the galleries of Rome there were statues of kings of renown. Cæsar caused, or allowed, his own statue to be placed among them. In the theater, he had a seat in the form of a throne, reared for himself, more conspicuous than all the rest, and

magnificently adorned with drapery and gold. In the senate chamber a similar seat was prepared for him. On one occasion, when the senate, in a body, waited upon him in the conference of some distinguished honor, he did not even rise from his magnificent chair or throne, but received them sitting. At the celebration of one of his triumphs, an admirer, in his enthusiasm, placed a laurel crown, the emblem of royalty, upon the head of Cæsar's statue. For his audacity, the man was thrown into prison, but Cæsar immediately liberated him, saying proudly, that he wished to disavow such claims himself, and not have others disavow them for him. He was at times greeted, in the applause of the streets, with the title of *Rex*, or king. Mildly he rejected the title, simply remarking, "I am Cæsar, not king." Marc Antony, on one of their festival days, approached Cæsar, who was sitting in imperial state, and placed a crown upon his brow. Cæsar immediately, but without words of reproach, laid it aside. Again Antony placed it upon his brow, and falling at his feet implored him, in the name of the people, to accept it. Cæsar still persisted in the refusal of the gift, saying: "Take it away to the temple. There is no king in Rome but Jupiter." The vast crowd assembled applauded this act to the skies. The next morning, all the statues of Cæsar were crowned with diadems. In commemoration of Cæsar's wonderful patriotism and self-denial in rejecting the crown, the following memorandum was inserted in the calendar for the year:

"On the day of the Lupercalia, M. Antony, the consul, by command of the people, offered the dignity of king to C. Cæsar, perpetual dictator, and Cæsar refused to accept it."

Still it was affirmed, that these were but the preliminary steps by which Cæsar was preparing to ascend the throne.

The horrible system of slavery of that day consigned to that degradation the most noble, wealthy, and illustrious families who chanced to be taken captives in war. Consequently, the slave was often in lineage, political rank, and

intellectual dignity superior to his master. Cæsar himself had been a slave, and his freedom had been purchased at a vast expense, by his friends. Many of the most renowned men of the times were slaves. Cæsar, the friend of the people, was strongly anti-slavery in his sympathies, and was disposed to reward merit, wherever he found it, in Roman citizen, freed man or slave. To the excessive annoyance of the aristocracy he intrusted the charge of the public mint to some of his own slaves, in whose integrity and ability he reposed confidence When he left Egypt, the command of three legions was intrusted to the son of one of his freedmen.

Cicero was quite disposed to be on friendly terms with Cæsar, but he could never regain that confidence which he had lost by his notorious deficiency in moral courage. The abilities of the distinguished orator could make no atonement for his timidity and temporizing spirit. He was often found waiting in Cæsar's ante-chambers; but, though always treated with respect, he was never received into the imperial councils. Cicero, in one of his letters to Atticus (Epist. lii.), has given a very interesting account of a visit he received from Cæsar, at his villa near Puteoli, in December, 46 B. C. Cæsar having no son, was disposed to adopt C. Octavius, his sister's grandchild. On the twentieth of December, with a retinue of two thousand troops, as a guard of honor, he visited the father-in-law of Octavius, who resided in the vicinity of Cæsar's villa. All the hours of the morning he spent earnestly engaged in business. He then took a walk on the sea shore, after which he went into a bath, amusing himself in the meantime in hearing read one of the most virulent Philippics against himself. He then honored Cicero with a call, dining with him, in company with some of the most prominent of his attendants. "Cæsar," writes Cicero, "seemed to enjoy himself exceedingly, and was in very good spirits. The conversation did not touch at all on politics, but we talked much on literary subjects."

Cæsar's constitutional bravery rendered him insensible to danger; and he adopted no measures to guard against assassination. "My life," said he, "is more important to my country than to myself. I have attained all which ambition could desire; and I would rather die than make myself an object of terror to the people."

CHAPTER XIII.

ASSASSINATION OF CÆSAR.

FROM 44 B. C. TO 42 B. C.

BRUTUS AND CASSIUS.—THE CONSPIRACY.—THE SCENE OF ASSASSINATION.—CONDUCT OF THE CONSPIRATORS.—INDIGNATION OF THE PEOPLE.—FLIGHT OF THE CONSPIRATORS FROM ROME.—MEASURES OF MARC ANTONY.—CAIUS OCTAVIUS.—INTERVIEW WITH CICERO.—COLLISION WITH ANTONY.—RALLYING OF THE ARISTOCRATS.—CIVIL WAR.—FALSE POSITION OF OCTAVIUS.—PHILIPPICS OF CICERO.—DEFEAT OF ANTONY.—ESCAPE BEYOND THE ALPS.—OCTAVIUS CÆSAR'S MARCH UPON ROME.—TRIUMPH OF THE PLEBEIAN CAUSE.—THE NATURE OF THE CONFLICT.

THERE was at this time in Rome a man of much distinction, both in rank and achievements, named Marcus Junius Brutus. He was a nephew of Cato, and had been a warm partisan of Pompey, fighting in his ranks at Pharsalia. In that disastrous battle he was taken prisoner, and receiving his life from the clemency of Cæsar, entered into his service. The government of Cisalpine Gaul was conferred upon him, and he administered the affairs of the province, under the direction of Cæsar, with so much wisdom and justice, notwithstanding many great blemishes in his personal character, as to reflect much honor upon Cæsar's government. The mother of Brutus, who was Cato's sister, is said to have been once the object of Cæsar's most tender affection, and hence Cæsar was disposed to confer upon Brutus, her son, every favor. Wantonly, Brutus had divorced his first wife Appia, and married Porcia, Cato's daughter, and his own cousin. This Brutus conceived the plan of striking a dagger into the heart of the benefactor who had spared his life, and who was still loading him with benefits.

Caius Cassius was another of Pompey's generals, who

after the battle of Pharsalia had surrendered to Cæsar, and had been generously received into his service. From a boy he had been remarkable for the impetuosity of his character and the violence of his temper. Cicero says that, even at the moment of his surrender to Cæsar, he intended to assassinate his benefactor, and would have done so had not an accident prevented. Cæsar had constituted this treacherous man one of his lieutenants. Cassius was the intimate friend of Brutus, having married his sister.

The conspiracy, for the assassination of Cæsar, originated in the bosom of Cassius. He enlisted the coöperation of Brutus, and a large number of others were soon involved in the plot. Cassius, who was an earnest republican, probably hoped to introduce democratic sway. But Brutus, with strong patrician prejudices, hoped to bring the aristocracy again into power. The death of Cæsar was essential to either of these plans. Not a word of extenuation can be offered in favor of Brutus and Cassius, both of whom had accepted honors and office from him whom they were conspiring to assassinate. The whole number of the conspirators is said to have amounted to sixty. Their first intention was, to strike Cæsar down when passing unguarded through the streets, or to inflict the blow, when presiding in the Campus Martius over the elections of magistrates.

Cæsar, having issued an order for the senate to convene on the fifteenth of March, then called the Ides of March, and there being a rumor that on this day the title of king was to be conferred on him by his partisans in the senate, the conspirators, many of whom were senators, fixed upon that occasion as the hour for the accomplishment of their plan. On the evening of the fourteenth, Cæsar supped with Lepidus, his master of horse. The conversation, at the table, was turned to the question, "What kind of death is the most to be desired." Cæsar, who was writing at the time, had his attention arrested by it, and exclaimed, looking up from his

paper, "The most sudden death is the most desirable." It is said that he had received frequent warnings to beware of the Ides of March. Various incidents had so wrought upon the mind of his wife, exciting her alarm, that she passed the night preceding his assassination in feverish dreams, which so excited her imagination, that in the morning she entreated her husband not to leave the house that day. Cæsar himself was not well that morning, and, yielding to the fears of his wife Calpurnia, he remained at home until the senate was assembled.

One of the conspirators, Decimus Brutus, apprehensive, from the delay, that Cæsar had received some intimation of the plot, and might not attend the meeting of the senate, visited him and urged his attendance. At eleven o'clock in the morning, Cæsar, accompanied by Decimus Brutus, and others of the conspirators, set out for the senate-house. On his way, a friend, whose suspicions had been aroused, approached him, and placed in his hands a paper, containing a written statement of his suspicions, which he begged him to read immediately. Cæsar, holding the paper in his hand, and pressed by the crowd, passed along, in conversation with his friends, until he entered the senate-house. Marc Antony, the devoted friend of Cæsar, and his colleague in the consulship, was detained at the door by Trebonius, one of the conspirators, that he might not render Cæsar any aid. Some of the conspirators had wished that Antony should be slain also, but Junius Brutus objected to it as needless.

All the senators rose to greet Cæsar when he entered the senatorial chamber. As he ascended to his magnificent chair of state, the conspirators contrived to gather around him as his immediate train. The chair was placed near the pedestal of a statue of Pompey the Great, which Cæsar had characteristically permitted to remain as the chief ornament of the senate-chamber—a building which Pompey had reared. It was observed that Cassius looked imploringly to that statue as

of invoking the spirit of Pompey to aid him in his murderous deed.

As Cæsar took his seat, surrounded by the conspirators, one of them, L. Cimber, approached as if to offer him a petition. His accomplices pressed near as if to support him in his request. Cimber suddenly seized Cæsar by his robe. It was the signal for the attack. Many daggers were instantly gleaming in the air, and Cæsar was pierced by many wounds. The victim made frantic endeavors to brush his assailants away, and the confusion was so great that many of the assassins were wounded by each other's daggers. Cæsar, seeing Brutus among his murderers, seemed to surrender himself to despair, as he exclaimed, "And you too, Brutus!" Then, with dignity, covering his face with his mantle, he fell, pierced by twenty-three wounds. It seemed that each one of the conspirators wished to avoid striking the *fatal* blow, for of the twenty-three wounds he received, but one was mortal.

The scene of consternation and confusion in the senate can not be described, as that numerous and august body witnessed this murderous act. The deed was so rapid in its accomplishment that there could be no rescue. Brutus, brandishing his dagger, dripping with blood, in the air, called upon Cicero, congratulating him that his country was delivered from a tyrant. The senate immediately dispersed in terror, the friends of Cæsar flying for their lives, expecting that they also were marked out for death. The conspirators, keeping in a body for mutual protection, repaired to the forum, where they addressed the crowd who gathered around them, and in earnest harangues endeavored to defend their deed. Protected by a band of gladiators, they then went into the capitol, where they took refuge for the night, accompanied and sustained by a number of the nobles.

The dismay throughout all Rome was such, that the body of Cæsar remained for several hours in the spot where it fell

At length three of his slaves placed the body on a litter and carried it to his home. They were so agitated that, as they bore the mutilated corpse through the streets, the arm of Cæsar, blood-stained, hung down, the hand at times sweeping the pavement; a piteous and revolting spectacle.

The morning of the sixteenth of March found Brutus and Cassius, with their accomplices, in the capitol, which was a citadel on the Capitoline hill. Many of the aristocratic party had joined them, with their sympathy or their congratulations, and among the rest was Cicero. The aristocracy expected the immediate restoration of the old regime, which had been crushed with Pompey at Pharsalia, which was to the ancient nobility of Rome what Waterloo was subsequently to the popular party in France. Dolabella, who had been in high authority under Cæsar, seems to have hoped to place himself at the head of the radical democratic party—the mob—and sustained by them to grasp the supreme power. He immediately assumed the consular dignity, inveighed bitterly against his murdered benefactor as a tyrant, and attempted to conciliate the assassins by visiting them in a friendly way in their retreat. But Antony and Lepidus rallied the more conservative masses of the people, who had ever regarded Cæsar as their peculiar representative.

The veteran soldiers of Cæsar, many of whom were then in Rome; most of the magistrates who had been appointed by Cæsar; the foreigners who had been admitted to the rights of citizenship, and a large part of the industrial and and moneyed classes, were all disposed to support the government as organized by Cæsar. Cicero, we regret to say, must be regarded as a participator in the crime of Cæsar's assassination; for he joined the murderers that very night, and counseled them as to the steps next to be pursued. The assassination of Cæsar was regarded as securing the "restoration" of the Roman "Bourbons."

Marc Antony and Lepidus, as soon as they had recovered

from their consternation, rallied the friends of Cæsar, to wage determined warfare against the reëstablishment "of that exclusive and insulting system which was upheld by the friends of the old aristocracy."* It now seemed that the murder could only introduce a civil war, from which there could be no refuge but in another dictator. Cicero urged the leaders of the assassins, Cassius and Brutus, immediately to summon the senate, and grasp all the reins of government while the people were bewildered by the panic. But Marc Antony anticipated them, and, in his character of consul, legally convened the senate on the seventeenth of March. Cæsar's veteran soldiers sprang to arms and surrounded the capitol where the conspirators were assembled, menacing them with death should they emerge from their retreat. Cæsar's widow, Calpurnia, placed, in the hands of Antony, Cæsar's will. Its contents were immediately announced to the people, and its generous provisions roused their enthusiasm to the highest pitch.

By this will, Caius Octavius, then a young man of eighteen, was declared the heir of Cæsar's property, and was adopted into his family to assume his name. Several of the conspirators were appointed his guardians while he should remain under age, so little did Cæsar suspect their treachery. He bequeathed his beautiful gardens upon the Tiber to the Roman people; and to every citizen a sum of money amounting to about twelve dollars. The vast population of Rome, roused by this remarkable proof of the attachment of their illustrious advocate, burned with the desire to avenge his death. All opposition to the good name of Cæsar, was swept away by the breath of their indignation.

His friends in the senate were animated by the public tide flowing so strongly in his favor. They immediately voted him the most imposing funeral honors at the public expense. Marc

* Thomas Arnold.

Antony was appointed to deliver his eulogy. All his administrative acts were confirmed, his appointments to office were declared to be valid, and all the grants of land he had made were pronounced inviolable. The assassins were, however, so powerful in rank and influence, and the peril of civil war so great, and its issue so uncertain, and yet so indubitably promotive of national ruin and woe in its progress, that the two parties agreed to a truce, which was effected by the advice and through the influence of Cicero.

The conspirators assented to the continued ascendency of the popular party, and that party decreed to consign to everlasting oblivion the crime of the Ides of March, and promised never to call any of the participators in it to account for their conduct. This adjustment was considered so satisfactory that we are informed, Brutus and Cassius on that same evening, supped with Marc Antony and his friends.

The funeral of Cæsar was conducted on a scale of magnificence such as had, perhaps, never been witnessed before. The body was conveyed through the streets on a bier of ivory, decorated with scarlet and gold. At the head of the procession was borne the dress in which Cæsar was assassinated. The funeral pile, upon which the body was to be consumed, was reared in the Campus Martius, and a model of the temple of Venus was constructed to hold the remains while the funeral oration was delivered. The oration of Antony was brief, but very effective. The decrees, with which the senate had awarded to Cæsar extraordinary honors and powers in requital for his extraordinary services, were publicly read, and also the oath which the senate, including the assassins, had taken to defend his person. The few words which Antony added, so vividly recalled the brilliant achievements of Cæsar and his devotion to the popular cause, that the ardor of the people in favor of Cæsar, and their indignation against the assassins, was roused beyond all bounds.

A clamor arose as to the place where the body should be

burned, all being anxious to name the most honorable locality in the city. Some named the senate-house, others the temple of Jupiter. In the midst of the confusion, two of the veteran soldiers of Cæsar stepped forward and set fire to the bier upon which the body lay enwrapped in thick and gorgeous drapery. An unparalleled scene of enthusiam then ensued. The ladies rushed forward and threw upon the flames their scarfs and mantles. The soldiers crowded to the bier and cast upon the pile their javelins and war clubs. The populace broke into the neighboring houses and temples, smashed chairs, tables, altars, and heaped the fragments upon the pyre. Dense volumes of smoke arose as from a volcano, and the crackling of the flames drowned the murmurs of the multitude.

The passions of the populace were now roused, and notwithstanding the decree of amnesty passed by the senate, they demanded vengeance upon the murderers of Cæsar. Earth has never heard a sound more appalling than the roar of an infuriate mob sweeping the streets. With the rush of the tornado the frenzied masses, raising cries which sent terror to all hearts, assailed the dwellings of Brutus and Cassius, but the senate had adopted the precaution of placing troops in defense of these dwellings, and the unarmed mob were repelled. Turning away they encountered an innocent man, whom they mistook for Cinna, one of the enemies of Cæsar. His doom was sealed. As well might one appeal to the reason of famished wolves, as to the passions of an infuriated mob. They fell upon the innocent, helpless stranger, beat him to the ground with their clubs, cut off his head, and paraded it through the streets on a pike.

For many days these tumults continued. The populace erected to the memory of their benefactor a marble statue, in the forum, twenty feet high, and upon it inscribed the words, "To the Father of his Country." An altar was reared by the side of this statue, on which, for a long time, sacrifices were offered to Cæsar as if he were a god. Every day tumultuous

groups assembled around this column, until at length, by the strong arm of the law, these acts of violence were quelled.

A man by the name of Amatius, who was to Rome what Marat was subsequently to Paris, placed himself at the head of the mob, and formed a conspiracy for the assassination of all the principal senators of the aristocratical party. But Antony, the consul, was by no means disposed to tolerate the reign of the mob. Amatius was arrested, tried, condemned, executed, and his body was ignominiously dragged by a hook through the streets of Rome, and thrown into the Tiber. Still the hearts of the people burned to avenge the murder of Cæsar. There was an instinct of justice which declared that such a crime must not go unpunished. These indications so alarmed the conspirators and rendered their residence in Rome so uncomfortable, that they deemed it expedient to retire, for a time, from the city.

They all left Rome, some seeking refuge in their country-seats, and others in distant provinces. Marc Antony was thus enabled gradually to assume dictatorial power. Having Cæsar's will in his possession, and being regarded by the people as his successor and the representative of his political views, he had but to announce a decree as recommended in Cæsar's will, to secure its immediate enforcement. Cicero says that Antony forged grants to states and individuals, which he pretended to have found among the papers of Cæsar, and which he sold to such advantage, that he raised in less than a fortnight, a sum of money exceeding a million and a half of dollars. He took a tour of the neighboring states, and bound to his service by oath Cæsar's veteran generals.

The young Octavius was at this time in Apollonia, in Greece, pursuing his studies. He had long been regarded as Cæsar's probable heir, and had consequently received very flattering attentions. As soon as the tidings reached Apollonia, of the assassination of Cæsar, the military officers in the vicinity crowded around him, and urged him to avenge the

murder of his uncle, assuring him of the coöperation of all the troops under their command. Octavius, not knowing the strength of the foes he might have to encounter, deemed it expedient to move with caution, and consequently hastened privately to Rome. He did not ascertain the particulars of the assassination until he reached Brundusium; where he was also informed that he was declared Cæsar's heir and his adopted son.

Octavius immediately assumed the name of Cæsar; and, as he advanced from Brundusium to Rome, his partisans rallied, from all quarters, around him. On his way he stopped at Puteoli to visit his father and mother. Cicero's villa was at this place, and Octavius, anxious to secure the support of the illustrious orator called to see him. Cicero received him with great politeness, but studiously refrained from calling him *Cæsar*. Octavius hastened to the capital, and at once sought an interview with Antony. But Antony, now in the height of his power, as the executor of Cæsar's will, was not at all disposed to resign the scepter to Octavius. Indignant at the repulse he encountered from Antony, who had very artfully ingratiated himself into the popular favor and felt secure of the people's support, he turned to the aristocratic party, seeking to court their favor in the strife against Antony, in which it was evident that he must now engage.

Indeed, the aristocratic party was at this time gaining ground. Decimus Brutus, one of the assassins, had been appointed by Cæsar, in his unsuspecting confidence, to the command of Cisalpine Gaul. He was now there, rapidly organizing an army; and by the plunder of neighboring tribes, he was obtaining wealth, which he lavished upon his soldiers, to secure their support. Sextus, the youngest son of Pompey, whom we have before mentioned as having secured an unmolested retreat among the fastnesses of the Pyrenees, was gathering the fragments of the old aristocratical party in Spain, that with these forces he might join Decimus Brutus.

Junius Brutus and Cassius, exiles from Rome through fear

of popular violence, were secretly plotting with the members of the aristocratic party to coöperate with the generals in Gaul and Spain to reëstablish patrician ascendency. In Asia, in Syria, and in Galatia movements were already on foot for the accomplishment of this end. It was the old struggle between the *outs* and the *ins*. Antony and Dolabella, Cicero's son-in-law, were now at the head of affairs at Rome. A meeting of the senate was convened in June. Cicero says that Antony stationed soldiers along all the avenues leading to the forum, who prevented any senators from attending the meeting but those who would act in accordance with his wishes. Three laws were passed which were very popular. The aristocracy condemned these laws severely, and said that they were enacted merely to court favor with the mob. By one of these laws the lands belonging to the national domain were to be distributed to settlers. Another decree admitted even plebeians, who had attained the rank of centurions, to be eligible to the judicial power—a law exceedingly offensive to the nobles, but which modern civilization will certainly commend. "The third and worst" measure, in the judgment of aristocratic privilege, was a decree which allowed men, condemned for any state offense, to appeal to the people.

By the verdict of republicanism, these decrees would all probably be pronounced salutary measures of reform. The patricians made such endeavors to embarrass the execution of these laws, that Antony entered the senate escorted by an armed force, that he might repel any violence which should be attempted. Antony was now all powerful in the senate and in Rome, and the conspirators did not dare to leave their retirement and show themselves in the capital. Brutus and Cassius were untiring in their plots to regain that power for which they had imbrued their hands in the blood of assassination. They were preparing to leave Italy and to rally around them provincial armies, with which they hoped to march triumphantly upon Rome.

Elated with their prospects, they issued a proclamation, which Marc Antony professed to regard as a declaration of war. Cicero, with his characteristic vacillation, was in communication with both parties, though he did not cordially espouse the cause of either. While affairs were in this menacing attitude, and the cloud of civil war was gathering blackness, the young Octavius Cæsar, almost unobserved, was creating and concentrating powerful influences of support. Some victories of Sextus Pompey in Spain so animated Cicero, that he at length consented to allow himself to be placed at the head of the aristocratic party, and to consecrate all his energies to the restoration of the old patrician regime. With this object in view he repaired to Rome, where he arrived on the thirty-first of August. Cicero himself has given an account of this enterprise.

The day after his arrival he attended a meeting of the senate. Antony chanced to be absent. Cicero, perhaps emboldened by the absence of Antony, pronounced his well-known oration called his First Philippic. Cautiously, in temperate phrase, but very sagaciously and powerfully, he assailed the measures of Antony's administration. Antony was much exasperated, and soon replied in a speech in which he accused Cicero of being an accomplice in the assassination of Cæsar. This charge Cicero could not successfully repel. He was, indeed, afraid to attend the meeting of the senate when Antony replied, lest that reply should rouse the senate to acts of personal violence upon himself.

Cicero prepared a reply, called the Second Philippic, which is read to the present day with admiration, but which h feared to enter the senate to deliver. The speech wa written, not spoken. Cicero sent it at first to his friend Atticus, with the earnest injunction that he should not let it be seen by any of the friends of Antony. This visit discouraged Cicero, and he retired again, the weak, eloquent, scholarly man, to the shrubbery and flowers of his villa.

Cowper himself was hardly less adapted for the storms of state than was Cicero. And yet Cicero was ever consumed by the desire of grasping that scepter of power, which, by his nature, he was utterly incapable of wielding. It is not difficult to find such men in modern times.

We hear much in our degenerate days, so called, of Roman virtue. Unfortunately, authentic history seems to be but a record of Roman vice. One of the first acts of Octavius Cæsar, after his arrival in Rome, was to hire some assassins to murder Antony. The plot was discovered. Antony, who had at one time been engaged in a similar endeavor to assassinate Cæsar, knowing how easy it was in Rome to hire any number of daggers, was greatly alarmed. The indications of Octavius' popularity were such that he did not dare to bring him to trial. He became even afraid to trust the strong body guard with which he had surrounded himself. He accordingly left Rome and went to Brundusium, that he might, by flattery and bribes, devote to his interests four legions which were quartered there. He addressed the troops with all his powers of persuasion, and offered to each man a gratuity amounting to about fifteen dollars. To his surprise and mortification, the troops, accustomed to the largesses of Cæsar, ridiculed the meanness of the gift.

Alarmed and indignant at these indications of revolt, Antony summoned several officers whom he suspected of being ringleaders in the disaffection, and caused them instantly to be put to death. Receiving tidings from Rome that his enemies were making headway there he hastily returned. Octavius Cæsar was more successful with some legions in the vicinity of the imperial city. Through his friends and the vast wealth which Cæsar had bequeathed him, he was enabled to present to every man of these legions a sum amounting to eighty dollars. He commenced collecting his troops at Capua, and wrote to Cicero urging him to advocate his cause in the senate. The illustrious orator, deeming the prospects of Octa-

vius encouraging, after much hesitation, and casting longing eyes toward Brutus and Cassius, who were now far away beyond the Ionian gulf, ventured to accept the proffered hand of Octavius.

The young adventurer, under the auspices of Cicero, visited Rome, and addressed the assembled citizens in the forum. But he had a difficult task to perform, as he wished to reconcile in his favor the two antagonistic elements of aristocratic privilege and popular rights. But the spirit of Julius Cæsar was in his heart, and it broke out in his words. And when, in the fervor of his address, he pointed to the statue and swore, by the immortal gods, that he would emulate his uncle's spirit, and strive to attain his uncle's greatness, the people applauded him to the skies, while the nobles turned away in disgust and indignation. Cæsar, though dead, still ruled in Rome.

In the meantime Antony was marching upon Rome with some troops who remained faithful to him. Octavius, not able then to resist him, retired. Antony issued a proclamation denouncing him as a traitor, and threatening with the severest punishments all who should, in any way, abet his cause. But every day, tidings were reaching Antony that his legions were in revolt, and were giving in their adhesion to Octavius. He, in his alarm, retired to Gaul, taking command of that distant province, hoping there to reëstablish his power; but his fears of Octavius were so great that he traversed Italy by cross roads, lest he should be intercepted by his formidable foe. Decimus Brutus was then in command of Gaul, and he resolved not to surrender his office. Antony thus found himself immediately arrayed against hostile troops. Dolabella, the colleague of Antony in the consulship, was now in Syria; consequently Rome was left without the presence of either of the consuls.

The purity of Cicero's private character gave him much influence, notwithstanding the boundless corruption of those times. The worst of men could appreciate the nobleness of

what is called good morals. The pendulum of Cicero's mind now vibrated again to the cause of the aristocracy, and, as Brutus had sent a proclamation to Rome, declaring both his determination and his ability to defend Gaul against Marc Antony, Cicero hastened to the metropolis, and in a full meeting of the senate pronounced his renowned oration, entitled the Third Philippic. This oration, in its eloquence and its caution, is characteristic of the author. He proposed a vote of thanks to Brutus, the illustrious advocate of aristocracy, for the firm stand he was making against Antony; and, at the same time, called for an expression of gratitude to Octavius, the representative of the plebeian cause, for his hostility to Antony.

The indications were very decisive that Antony was ruined; but whether the party of Brutus, or that of Octavius would rise upon those ruins, was not settled. Cicero was prudently prepared for either. The opening of the new year introduced two new consuls, Hirtius and Pansa. Cicero grew more bold, and proposed in the senate, that Antony should be declared a public enemy, and that the people should be summoned to rise *en masse* to crush him. The proposition of Cicero was adopted, with the exception that a deputation should first be sent to Antony with the demand, that he should throw down his arms and submit himself to the senate and people. The sun of Octavius Cæsar was now manifestly rising. The senate admitted him to its membership with high rank, and erected an equestrian statue in his honor.

The delegation sent to Antony was composed of Sulpicius, a renowned lawyer, and one of Cæsar's most devoted friends, of Piso, the father of Cæsar's wife, and of Philippus, the husband of Cæsar's niece, and stepfather of Octavius. One of the consuls, Hirtius, also took the field, with a well provided army, against Antony. The courage and decision of Cicero now waxed rapidly. Antony rejected the terms proposed by the senate, but returned some propositions of his

own, which he offered in the way of compromise, but which in their turn were peremptorily cast aside, and Antony was declared to be a rebel. This was a great gain for Octavius Cæsar. The embroilment of parties was, however, now such, that the people were embarrassed to know which was the popular, and which the aristocratic side.

Junius Brutus, then in Greece, with consummate sagacity and administrative skill roused the enthusiasm of Pompey's veteran soldiers, and assembled beneath the banners of the old aristocratic party, seven legions, with a well-supplied treasury, and all the needful munitions of war. Dolabella, then in Greece, discomfited and defeated, fled to Syria, and sought a cowardly refuge from life's woes, in suicide.

Cassius in Syria, was as triumphant as Brutus in Greece, and it now became apparent that the civil war would be one of no ordinary magnitude; and, from the chaos of parties, there began to emerge again the two distinct arrays of the advocates of patrician supremacy on the one hand, and of plebeian equality of rights on the other. Cicero, whose *sympathies* were invariably with the patricians, proposed in the senate,

"That the senate highly approve of the conduct of Brutus and confirm him in the government of the armies he has raised and the provinces he has acquired; and that they request him to hold himself in readiness to lend his assistance to the commonwealth, when necessary."

By the *commonwealth*, was meant the old aristocratic regime of Pompey. Cicero was now rushing headlong into the embraces of the aristocracy, and, in his zeal, which was tempered with but very little discretion, he urged a resolution equally laudatory of the conduct of Cassius, the other leading assassin of Cæsar, and which conferred upon him also almost absolute control over the fleets, armies, and revenues of the East. This inordinate proposal alarmed the *people*, and raised a great outcry against Cicero. Antony availed

himself of this sentiment, in the endeavor to rally around him the undivided energies of the popular party. He wrote a letter to Octavius, urging upon him the impolicy of committing himself to the old Pompeian policy, a policy which was in deadly hostility to all the principles of Cæsar's government, and, though it might deceive the people for a time, could never secure their cordial support.

This letter was intercepted and placed in the hands of Cicero, and he read it to the assembled senate. The progress of the war in Italy, or rather in that portion of Italy then called Cisalpine Gaul, had placed Octavius as commander-in-chief of those forces which were fighting the battles of the assassins of his uncle, an eminently false position for him to occupy. Antony had been defeated in a sanguinary battle at Mutina, now Modena, and was on the rapid retreat, pursued by Decimus Brutus and Octavius, yet hoping to find refuge beyond the maritime Alps. As, in confused retreat, he pressed along his way, his ranks were continually swelled by the slaves, and the lowest portion of the people who flocked to his standards. When the tidings reached Rome that the army of Antony was defeated, and in wild confusion was rushing through the fastnesses of the Alps, the exultation was very great with the aristocratic party then in the ascendency there. Congratulations, thanks, and ovations were voted to Brutus and Octavius, and it was reaffirmed that Antony and all his followers were public enemies.

Octavius seems to have been conscious of his false position, and that through the force of circumstances he had become the tool of a party who execrated the principles of his uncle, and who were the unrelenting foes of that popular political equality, through which alone he could hope for permanent ascendency. He therefore manifested but little zeal in the pursuit of the fugitives; and Antony soon rallied his forces between Genoa and Nice, and was joined by such reënforcements, as enabled him again to assume the aspect

of one prepared to cope with his foes. Cicero, now avowedly the warm friend and partisan of the aristocracy, was, by his commanding influence, at the head of the government of Rome, directing all its measures. He was watchful to reward with honors and to strengthen with office, those upon whom he could rely as supporters of the patrician cause.

Murmurs loud and deep were now heard in the army of Octavius, respecting the unequal distribution of purse and place in favor of the enemies of the people. Octavius, every hour, became more and more warmly in sympathy with his troops, and decided to turn his attention from the prosecution of a provincial war in which he was but harming his own cause, to the endeavor to secure his election as consul at Rome. This would place the scepter of power in his hand which he could wield effectually for the furtherance of his high ambition. He accordingly sent a deputation of his friends to Rome, to suggest his name and to labor for his election. These men engaged in their enterprise of securing the consulship for their commander, Octavius, with the spirit of successful soldiers, who felt conscious that they were backed by a powerful army. It is said that the centurion who headed this delegation, when he presented the name of Octavius to the senate, insolently pointed to the hilt of his sword and said:

"If you refuse our request, this shall grant it."

Octavius Cæsar, now, in imitation of his uncle Julius Cæsar, wheeled around his columns and commenced a march toward Rome. He was at the head of an army flushed with victory, and devoted to his service, and who knew that if the scepter of power was placed in their commander's hands he would wield that scepter for their benefit. By a singular coincidence, he marched along the same road from Cisalpine Gaul, which his uncle had traversed. The revolution of the wheel which crushed the patricians and elevated the plebeians, was almost instantaneous. Octavius encountered no impedi-

ments in his march; no murmurs even seem to have been raised. He advanced to the gates of the capital and encamped his troops in the Campus Martius, uttering no other menace than the presence of such an army silently indicated. He was everywhere recognized as the Nephew of his Uncle, and that armed him with almost invincible power.

Almost without opposition he was elected consul, and the plebeian's heel fell crushing upon the patrician's head. We should have more sympathy for the patricians in their downfall, had they not enjoyed long ages of ascendency, during which the plebeians had writhed beneath the tramplings of patrician feet. This oblivion of the ties of brotherhood—this attempt of one class of men to live at the expense of another—this irrepressible conflict, in which the patrician has endeavored to crowd his brother plebeian into the dust, has been through all ages the fruitful source of human woe. And this conflict will continue bitterly to the end, until the ties of fraternity shall be recognized, and until the principle of our own declaration of independence is enthroned in all hearts—that all men are created equal, and are entitled to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

Octavius Cæsar commenced his consular reign vigorously. He first expunged the decree that Antony and his friends were public enemies. He then sent a wave of terror to the remotest bounds of the Roman empire, by a law which enacted that all implicated in the assassination of Cæsar, wherever they could be found, should be arrested and brought to trial. M. Agrippa appeared as the accuser of the conspirators, whose names were well known. As they did not appear to respond to the charge, they were all convicted of treason, and doomed to perpetual exile from Rome, by a bill of attainder, which in the usual style prohibited them the use of fire and water, within a certain distance from the metropolis.

CHAPTER XIV.

OCTAVIUS CÆSAR.

FROM 42 B. C. TO 32 B. C.

FATE OF DECIMUS BRUTUS.—MASSACRES IN ROME.—DEATH OF CICERO.—ANECDOTES.—THE TRIUMVIRATE.—WAR IN MACEDONIA.—RUIN OF THE PATRICIAN CAUSE.—SUICIDE OF CASSIUS AND BRUTUS.—TRIUMPH OF THE TRIUMVIRATE.—OPPRESSION OF THE PEOPLE AND DISCONTENT IN ROME.—PROFLIGACY OF OCTAVIUS CÆSAR.—DOWNFALL OF LEPIDUS.—DRUSILLA.—DIVORCE OF ANTONY'S WIFE.—ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.—WAR BETWEEN OCTAVIUS AND ANTONY.—MUSTERING OF THE FORCES.—ANTONY AND HIS BRIDAL PARAMOUR.

DECIMUS BRUTUS, abandoned by his soldiers who deserted in battalions to Antony, attempted to escape to Greece, in the disguise of a Gaul. But he was arrested, and, at the command of Antony, beheaded. Though the assassin of Cæsar deserved no better fate, there was no virtue in Antony, which authorized him to be executor of such vengeance. Octavius, now invested with the consular dignity, and at the head of a victorious army, opened a friendly correspondence with Antony and Lepidus, in which they agreed to bury all past differences, and to coöperate in the furtherance of the common cause. Antony had reconducted his troops back to Mutina, and the three chieftains held an interview on one of the numerous marshy islands, which then existed between the Apennines and the Po. They constituted themselves a triumvirate to administer the affairs of the empire, supported by their united armies; they divided among themselves the powers within their grasp, and made arrangements for the punishment of their adversaries. The three returned to Rome, followed by their troops, and, without difficulty, secured the appointment of the triumvirate by the legal

tribunals. A list of the proscribed was then made out and published, with a proclamation which said:

"Whilst we are hastening to attack our enemies abroad, we can not with safety leave so many other enemies behind us in Rome; nor can we delay to take precautions against our domestic foes, lest the dangers with which we are threatened from abroad, become too formidable to be overcome."

Rome was appalled at the appearance of the names of one hundred and thirty senators, with a still larger number of the equestrian order, on these proscription lists. All persons were warned, by the severest penalties, against harboring the proscribed in any way, while rewards were offered to any one who would bring their heads to the triumvirs; and it was also stated that there should be no record kept of the payment of this money, that no stain might be left on the memory of those who should receive it. In nothing, perhaps, is the awful corruption of those times more conspicuous, than in the eagerness with which sons sought the promised reward by betraying their fathers to death.

The name of Marcus Tullius Cicero was, of course, found on this proscription list. Cicero, apprehensive of danger, had fled from Rome, and in disguise was hastening to the coast, that he might embark for Macedonia, where he could seek shelter beneath the power of Junius Brutus and Cassius. He obtained a vessel, and even commenced his voyage. But a storm so delayed his progress, and caused him to suffer so much from sea-sickness, that he returned to the Italian coast, and, with unwonted heroism, said, "I will die in that country which I have so often saved."

Cicero had now attained his sixty-third year. Quietly he returned to his villa, at Formiæ. His slaves, devotedly attached to their master, saw some soldiers approaching, and knowing full well their object, almost forced him into a litter that they might convey him to the shore and place him on board a ship. The soldiers overtook them while still on

Cicero's grounds. He commanded the slaves to make no resistance, but to set down the litter. Calmly he stretched his head out, with his neck bare, to be dissevered by the sword. The deed was immediately performed, and the gory head remained in the hands of his murderers. They also cut off his hands, saying that they were the instruments with which he had written his Philippics, and they carried both head and hands, and exposed them at the rostra where Cicero had uttered strains of eloquence which still vibrate through the world. Rome crowded to witness the shameful spectacle, and both plebeian and patrician wept over his cruel fate. Whatever judgment may be pronounced upon the weakness of Cicero, he was, beyond all question, one of the purest and best of the men of those dark and dissolute days.

It is urged in defense of Cicero's apparent timidity and vacillation, that he regarded with equal disapprobation the selfish and unprincipled members of both factions—the aristocratic and the democratic. Neither party, it is said, was worthy of the support of any intelligent and honest patriot. There was, however, this undeniable difference: the patricians were struggling to deprive the plebeians of an equal share in political privileges; while the plebeians were contending for equal rights for all. In this conflict, which seems to have agitated the world for countless ages, there is not much room for doubt where the sympathies of an honest man should be. Still every historian feels disposed to deal tenderly with the reputation of Rome's most distinguished philosopher and orator. The intellectual world owes him a debt of gratitude, which should fall as a mantle to vail his frailties.

The annals of those days were filled with records of the tragical deaths of some, and the wonderful escapes of others, of the proscribed. Many of these anecdotes aid one very much in obtaining a conception of the state of society at that time. Vetulio, one of the proscribed, assumed the rank and state of a pretor, a Roman magistrate of very high station, at

the head of the judiciary. He disguised his slaves as lictors, officers in retinue, who bore the insignia of power before men of illustrious political position. Chariotted in splendor, he thus commenced a journey from Rome to Naples. Travelers whom he met moved aside, overawed, from his way. The doors of inns were eagerly thrown open. Carriages and horses were impressed as by governmental power. At the sea shore, in the name of the government, he seized vessels for himself and his attendants, and effected his escape to Sicily, where he threw himself under the protection of Sextus Pompey, then in power there.

Antius Restio, another of the proscribed, escaped from his house by night. His slaves, elated at their master's doom, commenced pillaging his property. One alone followed his master; and strange to relate, that one had been cruelly branded in the face by his master, and had been loaded with chains, from which his insurgent fellow-servants had released him. This slave, with a spirit of forgiveness which Christianity itself might envy, followed his master, concealed him by the way-side, constructed a funeral pile, and then, with inhumanity of which even paganism should be ashamed, murdered an innocent traveler who was passing by, and placed him upon the pile. While thus employed the soldiers came up. He informed them that he had slain his master, and was preparing to burn his body, and pointed to his branded cheek and his limbs galled by the chains, as an excuse for the revenge thus satiated. The unsuspecting soldiers cut off the head of the murdered man, and received for it the proffered reward. Suspicion being thus lulled, the slave succeeded in conveying his master safe to Sicily. It is difficult to exaggerate the horrors attending the execution of these proscriptions. They found but a counterpart during the reign of terror in France. In the one case as in the other, all these woes were consequent upon the strife between aristocratic usurpation and popular equality. The recognition of man's

fraternity; the adoption of merit as the passport to office, without regard to the distinctions of rank, would have saved Rome all this expenditure of blood and misery.

All the machinery of confiscations, forced loans, and burdensome taxes was called into requisition to aid the triumvirs in prosecuting the civil war in which they were now engaged. The soldiers, conscious of their power, rioted in robberies and plunderings, and were guilty of every atrocity which human passion could incite. Bands of slaves, liberated by the flight or death of their masters, and with no badge of color to indicate their servile condition, assumed the disguise of soldiers, and sought the redress of their past wrongs by the sorest vengeance. It seems that the triumvirs did what they could to repress these disorders. Were the leaders of the popular party ever so patriotic and unselfish, the only choice before them was to submit to the haughtiness and the outrages of patrician supremacy, or to fight the battles of popular rights with every weapon they could grasp. This disposition of those in power not to respect, but to trample upon the rights of those beneath them, is utterly infamous, and through all past time has deluged the world in crime and woe. The only alternative for the slave, is patiently to bow his neck to the yoke and his back to the stripe, or to assert his manhood through the dreadful energies of conflagration and blood.

Macedonia and Sicily were still under the sway of the patrician party, and many of the aristocracy from all parts of Italy, flocked to the banners which were there unfurled Sextus Pompey, with a fleet and an army, had taken possession of the island of Sicily, and there, safe from immediate assault, had established his head-quarters. He dispatched his ships to cruise along the coast of Italy, to encourage the friends of patrician sway to persist in opposition to the established government, and to receive on board any who either sought protection or wished to join his camp.

Though the triumvirs at Rome were in the undisputed

possession of power, the old forms of government were retained, the offices being filled by men in favor of plebeian rights. By the usual forms of election, Lepidus and Plancus were chosen consuls. Lepidus remained at Rome to administer, with his colleague, the home government. Antony and Octavius Cæsar prepared for an expedition to the East, to attack Brutus and Cassius, who were rallying the forces of rebellion there. Notwithstanding the most earnest entreaties of Cicero, that Brutus would hasten to Rome to aid the nobles with his army within the walls of the capital, Brutus, more sagacious than Cicero with regard to the strength of the plebeian cause, declining this appeal, crossed over to Asia, and effected a junction with Cassius at Smyrna.

Octavius and Antony speedily dispatched an army, under able generals, across the Adriatic to Macedonia, and took possession of that rich and powerful province. Traversing the whole kingdom unopposed, from the Adriatic to the Ægean sea, a distance of nearly three hundred miles, Saxa and Norbanus, in command of this force, established themselves in a very formidable position, on the great plain of Strymon, near Philippi, at the opening of some mountain defiles, through which they supposed that Brutus and Cassius must necessarily pass, should they attempt to return from Asia and regain Macedonia.

The patrician generals were soon on the march with a force vastly superior to that of their plebeian foes. A Thracian chief guided them, through forests and swamps, by unfrequented paths, across the mountains, and suddenly their trumpet blasts were heard and their banners gleamed in the rear of the intrenchments of Saxa and Norbanus. The patricians threw up formidable intrenchments, and having a vast superiority of land forces, and with their fleet in entire command of all the neighboring seas, they hoped soon to starve their foes into submission without risking a battle. Octavius and Antony, hearing of the peril of the army, hastened to its

aid with large reënforcements, from Brundusium; and, notwithstanding the most energetic endeavors of Sextus Pompey to cut them off with his fleet, they effected a landing in Macedonia, and soon joined their friends at Philippi.

The material forces now, on either side, were nearly equal; but the moral forces were so unequal as to render the victory of the Triumvirs almost certain. The soldiers of Brutus and Cassius were fighting for their masters; the soldiers of Octavius were fighting, as they believed, for themselves, their own rights, their own political equality with the wealthy and the high-born. After a few days of cautious maneuvering the charge was sounded, and horseman and footman rushed into the battle.

Cassius led the left wing of the patrician army, Brutus the right. The field was soon so enveloped in dust, that neither victors nor vanquished could tell what was transpiring around them. Antony rushed upon Cassius, trampled down his cohorts, and sweeping every thing before him, broke through the intrenchments, and seized the camp of his foe. The unhappy assassin of Cæsar, accompanied by an officer and a single freedman, fled to a neighboring hill, and immediately dispatched one of his staff to ascertain the fate of the division led by Brutus.

Anxiously, from the hill-side, he watched his progress. In the extreme distance he soon saw him meet a body of cavalry, and a faint shout reached his ear. The horsemen, with his messenger in their midst, now commenced a rapid advance toward the spot where he stood. Cassius, inferring that his officer was a prisoner, and that his captors were approaching but to cut him down, yielded himself to the folly and the cowardice of suicide. Presenting his sword to his freedman he ordered him to plunge it into his heart. The order was obeyed, and Cassius fell dead to the ground. A moment after, the cavalry came galloping up the hill to announce to Cassius that Brutus had been signally successful, and to call upon him

to rally his broken bands in the rear of the victorious ranks. Had Cassius lived, the whole issue of the campaign might, perhaps, have been changed.

Brutus was thus deserted to struggle alone against the tide of adverse fortune. Though he had maintained his ground and repelled the assaults of the enemy, there was but little in prospect to encourage him. His soldiers had fought through the influence of military discipline, and not inspired by good-will. Desertions began to thin his ranks. Octavius, though but partially victorious, was elated by the result of the battle, and all his troops were eager for another fight. Brutus, conscious that he was growing weaker by every hour's delay, gathered such reënforcements as he could speedily command, and again led out his legions in order of battle.

Octavius was ready for the strife. Fiercely for a few hours the battle raged, and then the patrician troops began to give ground. First they slowly retired, then rapidly retreated, then fled, a rabble rout, in utter confusion and dismay. Brutus, cut off from his flying troops, escaped to a ravine in the mountains, gloomy with overhanging cliffs and forests. Several of his friends accompanied him in utter despair. The sun had now set, and the gloom of night enveloped them. Brutus sat down upon a rock, and, for a moment, gazed in silence from the glen through the foliage and the cliffs to the stars beaming brightly. Sadly he conversed with his friends, in such strains as would naturally fall from the lips of a reflective man whose whole earthly interests were wrecked, and who had no confidence in immortality. The Christian can look beyond time's narrow horizon for the redress of all wrongs, but Brutus, in death, could see nothing but a leap in the dark.

"Oh unhappy virtue!" said he, "I have worshiped thee as a real good; but thou art a vain, empty name, and the slave of fortune."

Again he quoted a verse from the Medea of Euripides:

"O Jupiter, forget not to punish the author of all this misery."

Thus the melancholy hours of the night wore away. A friend was dispatched to see if he could ascertain any tidings from the camp. But he did not return, and Brutus rightly inferred that he had perished by the hands of the enemy. The morning was beginning to dawn, when their retreat would no longer be safe.

"It is time for us to go hence," some one said.

"Yes," Brutus replied; "we must indeed go hence; but it must be with our hands and not with our feet."

He also had decided upon suicide. Shaking hands with all his friends, in a final adieu, and thanking them for their faithful adherence to his cause, he said:

"I weep for my country, but not for myself. I am happier than my conquerors; for I shall leave behind me a name, which no success or power can confer upon them."

Then, to save his friends the anguish of witnessing his death, with two attendants, he retired for a short distance out of their sight. To one of them he gave his sword, and, placing his heart against the glittering point, he threw himself upon it with such force that he instantly fell dead to the ground. Thus perished Brutus—the noble assassin, the heroic self-murderer, in whose character were singularly blended far more of the virtues than of the vices of paganism. Brutus died at the early age of forty-three.

The leaders of the aristocratic party were now nearly all destroyed; and the power of the triumvirs was effectually established. But the soldiers were to be rewarded, and their expectations were high. The military chest was empty, and could only be replenished by confiscation and plunder. Antony was accordingly sent to Asia to reorganize that country, and to raise contributions, by those extortions with which all Roman generals, of every party, were so familiar. Octavius returned to Italy to superintend the important matters demanding attention there.

Octavius, suffering severely from ill health, commenced

slowly his journey to Rome. But the triumph of the plebeians had by no means secured the liberties of the people. They soon found that the rapacity of a victorious army could be as oppressive as the extortions of a rich nobility. The people were despoiled of their property and their lands, that these gifts might be lavished upon the troops. This caused so much exasperation that there were frequent and bloody conflicts between the soldiers and the citizens; houses were plundered and destroyed, and anarchy, even in the city of Rome, became so great, that the shops were closed and the magistrates resigned their offices in despair.

Lucius Antony, a brother of Marc, raised the banner of revolt against this merciless spoliation. The people rushed eagerly to his standards. Patrician and plebeian alike combined for mutual protection against the extortion of a rapacious soldiery. Octavius himself would gladly have repressed these disorders, but he was indebted to his soldiers for his supremacy, and a quarrel with them would leave him entirely powerless. The army was conscious that its leader must obey its behests, and, unscrupulously and unopposed, they rioted in violence and oppression.

But Octavius soon had cause for alarm, in seeing that a truly national party, composed of men of all parties, was rapidly forming around Lucius Antony. Octavius had professed to be the leader of the democracy, but now the democracy itself was organizing against him. Undisciplined citizens, however, could make but a feeble stand against the veteran legions of Octavius. L. Antony was soon overwhelmed. But anxious still to court popular favor, and to retain the position of a friend of the people, Octavius pardoned the plebeians engaged in the revolt, and wreaked his vengeance on the patricians alone. Lucius Antony, in deference to Marc, the colleague of Octavius in the triumvirate, was pardoned, but nearly all the citizens of distinction, who were taken captive, were remorselessly put to death. Three

hundred of the prisoners, most of them of the highest rank, were sacrificed, on the Ides of March, on an altar erected in honor of Julius Cæsar. The city of Penesia, where the insurgents had made a stand, was plundered, and then burnt to the ground, and the magistrates were all put to death. Octavius Cæsar was then but twenty-three years of age.

From the defeat of the army of Lucius Antony, and from the executions which ensued, a young man, of the highest patrician rank, and whose family subsequently became renowned in history, escaped to Sicily. His name was Tiberius Claudius Nero. His wife, Drusilla, soon after was married to Octavius Cæsar, and his little son, then but two years old, in half a century from that time, as Tiberius Cæsar, became emperor of Rome. Such is history, and such is life. The impoverished fugitive to-day, is the monarch to-morrow—and the monarch throws aside his diadem to perish, an exile in distant lands.

This brief contest, thus terminated, rendered all further opposition to Octavius hopeless. The whole power of the empire was now in the hands of a mercenary standing army, and that army dominated its chief. Sextus Pompey was still in power in Sicily, at the head of a numerous and well-disciplined army, and his fleet was in supremacy so entire, that nearly all the ports of Italy were blockaded by it, and even Rome itself was thus reduced to great distress. Some considerable jealousy had now sprung up between Octavius and Marc Antony, as to which should be the greater. The one was Cæsar's nephew—the other his oldest associate, and his favorite general. Octavius, very wisely, was disposed to compromise, that he might avert the threatened breach of friendship. Fulvia, the wife of M. Antony, having recently died, Octavius gave him his sister Octavia in marriage, and agreed that all the provinces of the Roman empire, eastward of the Ionian gulf, should be under the exclusive dominion of Antony, while Octavius Cæsar should be supreme over the

region west of that line. Lepidus was to be left undisturbed in the possession of Africa. The triumvirs then, after some correspondence with Sextus Pompey, held an interview with him at Misenum, on the coast of Campania, and concluded a treaty, by which they surrendered to him the islands of Sicily, Sardinia, Corsica, and the province of Achaia. They also paid him a sum amounting to about three millions of dollars, in compensation for his father's confiscated estates. Thus the Roman empire was divided into four parts.

It is pleasant to record that in this treaty the humane regulation was introduced, that there should be a general amnesty for all political offenses, and that the proscribed, who had fled from Italy, should be allowed to return in safety, and recover a fourth part of their confiscated estates. But the leviathan of human depravity is not easily tamed. War was soon renewed; and the shouts of the infuriated combatants pierced the skies, while conflagration and blood desolated the land. The Parthians, from the eastern shores of the Caspian, had marched upon Syria; and, after many fierce battles, all Syria and Palestine, with the exception of Tyre alone, fell into the hands of the invaders. The foe then ravaged Cilicia, and like demon legions penetrated Asia Minor. Antony raised an army in Greece for the recovery of his provinces, and again the horrid billows of war rolled over the land, leaving in their train pestilence, famine, and misery. But the Parthians were driven out, and the woe-scathed people had Antony for their plunderer instead of Pacorus, the son of the Parthian king.

Difficulties soon arose between Octavius and Pompey, each accusing the other of not being faithful to the terms of the treaty. Some affirm that Octavius was the aggressor, and that he had assented to peace, only that he might recruit his energies to renew the war, and acquire for himself universal empire. Others assert that Pompey, hungering and thirsting to regain the ascendency, throughout the Roman empire,

of the old aristocratic party, of which his father was the illustrious representative, was responsible for the outbreak of hostilities. The question can not well be decided. Even to the present day, opinions will be expressed according to the reader's proclivities toward the patrician or plebeian side of this question. Neither Octavius nor Pompey were scrupulous as to the means employed for the attainment of their ends, and there can be no question, that they both were equally eager to gain, for the parties which they represented, undisputed dominion.

The war between aristocracy and democracy is ever waged fiercely. Octavius wrote immediately to Antony to coöperate with him. But Antony was then fully occupied with the Parthian war, and it is supposed that, jealous of the power of Octavius, he was perfectly willing that he should be weakened in the strife with Pompey. But for the entreaties of his wife, Octavia, the sister of Octavius, it is said that he would even have united his fortunes with those of Pompey. Octavius, baffled in his first attempts to effect a landing in Sicily, appealed again to Antony. The two illustrious sovereigns met at Tarentum, by their sole authority renewed the triumvirate for five years more, and Antony, who was just setting out on a military expedition to Parthia, intrusted his fleet of three hundred ships to Octavius, and also his wife and child, to reside in Rome during his absence.

At the same time Octavius, in harmony with the utter demoralization of the times, married his third wife, Livia Drusilla, whom he wrested from her husband, Tiberius Nero. Drusilla, at the time of her marriage, was on the eve of again becoming a mother. To this scandalous union Octavius was driven by mere sensual passion. Octavius first married Clodia, the daughter-in-law of Antony. He soon repudiated her, and married Scribonia, the sister of the wife of Sextus Pompey. Both of these unions were formed for political purposes merely. Octavius charged Scribonia with being as profligate

as he was himself. This charge, however, was not made until, incited by a passion for Drusilla, he had resolved to divorce Scribonia. This divorce was effected on the very day in which Scribonia became the mother of a daughter. At this time Octavius was but twenty-five years of age.

A vast amount of money was needed for the prosecution of the war against Pompey, and Italy again groaned beneath the burden of taxation. Every man of wealth was required to furnish a certain number of slaves to provide the ships with rowers. In the spring of the year 36 B. C., Octavius had assembled an overwhelming force on the coast of Campania. The fleets were sheltered in the lakes Lucrinus and Avernus. Lepidus had sent to his aid a powerful army from Africa. The army effected a landing on the island of Sicily, and Pompey, utterly defeated both by land and sea, abandoned the contest as hopeless, and escaped to Peloponnesus.

Octavius, flushed with victory, assumed an air of authority and of superiority which roused Lepidus. A conflict immediately ensued, which was short, bloodless, and decisive. The soldiers preferred to have for their commander one who was sovereign at Rome, rather than a governor of the remote province of Africa. In a body they passed over to the camp of Octavius. The ruin of Lepidus was so entire, and so utter his helplessness, that in the garb of a suppliant he repaired to the tent of Octavius, threw himself at his feet, and besought his mercy. There was no occasion for severity upon so powerless a foe. Octavius spared his life, and allowed him to retire wherever he pleased, with his private property. Some of the nobles had rushed to the camp of Lepidus, hoping to take advantage of the quarrel for their own reinstatement. All of these, with but few exceptions, were mercilessly put to death.

Having secured the enthusiastic devotion of his troops by immense gifts of money and lands, Octavius now returned to Italy. The army was in his hands, a pliant weapon with

which he could bid defiance to the world. By such influences does one man get a control, which compels millions of men to bow to his sway. A people, jealous of liberty, should guard, above all things else, against the organization of a great military power, unless, as is unhappily the case in many of the states of Europe, this great military power is absolutely essential to guard against the encroachments of menacing foes.

The conqueror was received in Italy as undisputed sovereign. Antony, far away upon the plains of Asia, was forgotten in Rome. The senate voted, that Octavius Cæsar should be received with that triumph called an ovation; that an annual thanksgiving should be appointed in commemoration of his victory; and that his statue, decorated with triumphal robes, should be erected in the forum. He addressed the senate in speeches containing a full exposition of his political views. The sentiments he advanced were, generally, eminently just, and calculated to promote the public weal. He promised to do all in his power to grant peace to the empire; all the unpaid taxes, for the support of the war, were remitted; he proposed vigorous measures to prevent the extortion which had been practiced by the public officers, and established an efficient city police.

But these judicious measures were sullied by one of unpardonable atrocity, if, through the somewhat obscure recital of those times, we are correctly informed respecting its nature. In the treaty with Pompey, amnesty was promised for all political offenses. A large number of slaves, who had served under Pompey, were now scattered throughout the empire. These men were ordered to be arrested, and returned to their former masters, if they could be found. If their masters could not be found, they were mercilessly to be put to death. It would seem that there must be some mistake in this recital, the act seems so unreasonable. But historic fidelity renders it necessary, that it should not be passed over in silence.

Sextus Pompey arrived safely in the Peloponnesus, and sailed thence with a few followers to Asia to seek Marc Antony, hoping to form an alliance with him against Octavius Cæsar. He first stopped at the island of Lesbos, where his father found his wife and child on his retreat from the fatal field of Pharsalia. He was received by the inhabitants so kindly, that his hopes were quite revived. A number of his partisans, who had been widely dispersed, here joined him; and a great number of others plundered and wretched, who had nothing to lose, and nothing to fear, as no change could be for the worst, offered him their services. For food, clothing and a chance for plunder, they were willing to go any where, and serve any body.

Antony sent a force of disciplined troops under M. Titius to oppose him, and the rabble of adventurers gathered beneath the banners of Pompey were speedily slain or dispersed; and Pompey himself was taken prisoner and cruelly slain. The death of this illustrious son, of a still more illustrious sire, was celebrated by Octavius in Rome with indecent rejoicings.

Octavius and Antony were now dividing the world between them. They were both men of too much ambition to brook a superior; and Antony, as sovereign of the east, was by no means disposed to yield the palm to Octavius, monarch of the west, though Rome, which had claimed to be the mistress of the world, was his capital. Every month the indications of an approaching quarrel became more clear. Complaints and recriminations passed from one to the other, until war was openly and madly declared.

Antony was, at this time, in Leucopolis, a city of Asia Minor, in effeminate, guilty, and unblushing dalliance with Cleopatra, the beautiful, voluptuous, and wanton queen of Egypt. With wonderful seductive charms of person and of mind, she had obtained the entire ascendency over Antony, so that he was perfectly her slave. Octavius sent his sister Octavia to her faithless husband, expecting that his treatment of

her would be such as to magnify his unpopularity in Italy, and rouse the people to that vigorous prosecution of the war which personal animosity would inspire. Antony, in obedience to the requirements of Cleopatra, his paramour, who languished, sighed, and wept, and played off all the pretty artifices of coquetry, not only sent Octavia back to Rome, refusing to see her, but followed this outrage with a bill of repudiation and divorcement, cuttingly copied verbatim from the divorce which Octavius had infamously inflicted upon Clodia, the daughter-in-law of Antony. Such was Roman virtue.

Antony now resolved publicly to make his queenly paramour his wife. To Cleopatra it was a matter of no earthly moment, save as she might enjoy the pomp and pageantry of the nuptials. There were no ties which she respected; and governed solely by her passions, and possessed of regal wealth and power, she played the wanton at her pleasure. The city of Alexandria, her capital, was selected as the spot for the espousals. In the public theater two thrones of gold were erected. Antony sat upon one in the dress so appropriate to his character of the god Bacchus. Cleopatra sat upon the other by his side, representing the Egyptian goddess Iris. Cleopatra had then several children. One was the son of Julius Cæsar. Two were recognized by Antony as his own. On this occasion Antony conferred upon his bride, as a present, vast provinces over which he held sway.

While the agents of Antony were collecting an army in Greece for the decisive strife with Octavius, he repaired with Cleopatra to Samos, an island of the Archipelago, to superintend his measures. His conduct here was such as must needs consign his name to utter contempt. His camp was crowded with armed men from all the countries of the East, blended in ridiculous confusion with comedians, dancing girls, and buffoons. From Samos, Antony and his wedded paramour proceeded to Athens, in Greece. But while they were thus

wasting their hours in folly which exposed them to universal derision, Octavius was mustering all his energies for the strife.

Still Antony, through the combined energies of Egypt and the whole western empire, had assembled an enormous force, consisting of one hundred thousand foot, twelve thousand horse, and five hundred ships of war. Octavius had mustered an army of eighty thousand foot, twelve thousand horse, and two hundred and fifty ships. His ships, however, were better built and more efficiently manned than those of his antagonist. With such forces these two imperial men prepared to contend for the mastery of the world. But Octavius was in the prime of youth, and inflamed with a yet unsated ambition. Antony had already passed the meridian of his days, for many years he had tasted both the bitter and the sweets of power, and now he was surrendering himself to voluptuous indulgence, and to all the enervating influences of a sensual and shameful love. A lascivious woman was the ignoble idol of his adoration; and for one who worships at that shrine, final destruction is sure.

CHAPTER XV.

CÆSAR AUGUSTUS AND MARC ANTONY.

FROM 32 B. C. TO 10 B. C.

BATTLE OF ACTIUM.—FLIGHT OF CLEOPATRA.—ENTIRE VICTORY OF OCTAVIUS.—THE PURSUIT TO ALEXANDRIA.—SUICIDE OF ANTONY.—GUILE OF CLEOPATRA.—HER ENDEAVORS TO WIN OCTAVIUS.—DESPAIR AND SUICIDE OF CLEOPATRA.—TRIUMPHANT RETURN OF OCTAVIUS TO ROME.—HIS WISE MEASURES.—THE TITLE OF AUGUSTUS CONFERRED.—STATE OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE, ITALY, GAUL, BRITAIN, SPAIN, AFRICA, SYRIA, ASIA MINOR, GREECE.—THE DESOLATIONS OF CIVIL WAR.

ON the coast of the Grecian province of Epirus, there is a noble sheet of water, twenty-five miles in extreme length, and from three to ten miles in breadth, now called the gulf of Arta, but then known as the Ambracian gulf. Within this bay Antony had assembled his fleet, and, in a formidable position, had drawn them up in line of battle. Cleopatra, in alliance, had contributed sixty Egyptian galleys to the armament. Octavius entered the bay, with his fleet, prepared for the decisive encounter. The two armies were upon the opposite shores, where they could not reach each other or take any part in the battle, but in situations in which the whole scene was open before them, and where they could animate the combatants by gestures and shouts.

The hostile ships approached each other, to grapple side to side and to engage in a hand to hand struggle, with all the fury human passion could inspire. Octavius and Antony, in person, were in command of their several fleets. Cleopatra also, in person, assumed the command of her own sixty Egyptian galleys. The voluptuous queen sat canopied in her imperial barge, ridiculously surrounded by her maids of honor.

The morning of the second of September, 31 B. C., dawned clear and cloudless upon the bay, which was covered and surrounded with all the pomp and pageantry of war. The banners of the opposing legions, and the gleam of polished helmet and cuirass, sword and javelin, glittered in the sun's rays, while twenty-four thousand horsemen rode to and fro, impatient to participate in a fight, which, however, they could only witness as a spectacle. Such a gladiatorial scene on such an arena, stands unrivaled in this world's history. In beautiful order and in a long line the two fleets, driven by the arms of the rowers, approached each other. Each ship was in itself a fort, containing its garrison of fighting men; and the business of the rowers was simply to lay them alongside of each other, that the trained soldiers, hand to hand, with sword, javelin and battle-ax, might decide the fray. It was Rome against Rome; Antony against Octavius.

For a long time the horrid butchery continued. The clangor of the battle, as steel met steel, and rang upon coats of mail; the cries and shouts of onset and of death; the huzzas of the legions upon the shore; the cloud of missiles which almost darkened the air; the flash of fire-balls and the smoke and flame of the conflagration, all combined to present a scene which Trafalgar or Aboukir could hardly have surpassed. Cleopatra was struck with a sudden panic, as she saw several of the mammoth quinqueremes of Octavius pierce Antony's center, hurling destruction on all sides. Fearing that her detachment, thus cut off, was doomed to destruction, she gave the signal for retreat. This created a general panic, and, in a few moments, the whole fleet of Antony was in a state of utter rout, the oarsmen straining every nerve to escape as they could, pursued by the exultant galleys of Octavius, hurling destruction upon the fugitives.

Antony joined Cleopatra in her own ship, but at first was so angry with her for her cowardice, so fatal to his cause, that for three days he refused to speak to her, he remaining at the

prow of the ship, with his attendants, and she, with her maids of honor, being at the stern. But love triumphed; and soon, enclosed in each others arms, they approached the coast of Africa. The army of Antony, thus abandoned by its leader, and cut off from retreat, either by sea or by land, by vastly overpowering forces, surrendered to Octavius.

Antony was so transported with mortification and rage, that he resolved to resort to suicide, which seems to have been the Roman remedy for all great misfortunes. With much difficulty he was dissuaded from the cowardly act, and returned to Alexandria with Cleopatra.

The queen of Egypt was apprehensive that Octavius, having subjugated all Greece, Asia Minor, and Syria, would urge his conquering legions even to Egypt, and, conscious of her inability to repel him even from her own capital of Alexandria, she adopted the desperate resolve of transporting her fleet across the isthmus of Suez, to the Red sea, and embarking there with her army, to seek a new realm which she would conquer for herself from distant and unknown barbarians. She accordingly, without mercy, robbed her helpless subjects, confiscating estates and pillaging the shrines of the gods and the magazines of the opulent, until she obtained riches sufficient for the enterprise. But the difficulty of transporting a fleet over a sandy waste, eighty miles in width, was found to be insurmountable, and Cleopatra was compelled to remain in Egypt and abide her doom She had succeeded in transporting a few of her ships across the isthmus, but the Arabs seized and burnt them.

Antony and Cleopatra now combined to place Egypt in the best possible state of defense; for though they had no hope of being able to repel their proud conqueror, it was probable that such formidable preparations would influence Octavius to grant them more favorable terms. Indeed, Cleopatra, whose love for Antony was merely ambition, and the pride of exercising her own powers of fascination, resolved to sacrifice

Antony for a higher ambition, and to offer her person, with all her seductive charms, as a bribe to win the favor of Octavius. She already had thrown herself into the arms of Julius Cæsar and of Antony, and both with eagerness had accepted the gift. Would not Octavius be equally impassioned? But Cleopatra forgot that the charms of girlhood had vanished. Thirty-nine years of voluptuousness had left their traces upon brow, and cheek, and form.

Several embassies were sent by Antony and Cleopatra to Octavius; but with each, Cleopatra treacherously sent a secret messenger with propositions of her own. Octavius did not condescend to pay any attention to any of these combined messages, but strode onward with his legions. He, however, opened secret communications with Cleopatra, and with that perfidy which was so often displayed by the most illustrious men of that day, offered to treat Cleopatra with distinguished favor, if she would expel Antony from her kingdom, or put him to death. History declares, with all her manifold vices, that outside of Christianity, true virtue has rarely been found.

At length Antony discovered this secret correspondence which was passing between Octavius and Cleopatra. But Antony was powerless. He had neither fleet nor army, and his proud mistress had but to utter the word and he was banished, imprisoned, or executed. The unhappy man, inflamed with jealousy and rage, and conscious of utter impotence, was almost frantic. But the days were passing, the armies of Octavius drawing nearer, and the doom of Antony and Cleopatra was soon to be decided.

Octavius reached Pelusium, at the mouth of the most eastern branch of the Nile, about one hundred and fifty miles from Alexandria. The governor of the city, probably at the suggestion of Cleopatra, surrendered without the slightest attempt at defense. There was now no obstacle whatever in the way of the march of Octavius to Alexandria. But Antony resolved not to perish without a struggle. Cleo-

patra had again acquired her accustomed dominion over him, and had beguiled him into the belief that she was attached to his fortunes. As the advance guard of Octavius approached the city, Antony, at the head of a picked body of troops, sallied from the gates, and for a moment resuming his long lost energies, repulsed the division with considerable slaughter. Elated with this trivial victory, he returned to the city, and in a sort of miniature triumph—the last flicker of the dying flame of his fortune—presented to Cleopatra a soldier who had distinguished himself in the fight. The queen, in continuation of her duplicity, magnificently rewarded him with a helmet and breast-plate of gold. But that very night the soldier, with his glittering reward, deserted to the ranks of Octavius.

The next day the whole army of Octavius approached, both by sea and by land. His galleys, almost covering the sea, impelled by vigorous oarsmen and crowded with warriors, entered the harbor. His infantry and his cavalry, marching beneath those eagles which the genius of Julius Cæsar had immortalized, and which ever seemed to lead to victory, invested the city by land. But Antony had aroused the energies of despair. He had collected a large fleet and army, had made all his arrangements for a conflict which he knew full well must prove decisive, and, with a throbbing heart, he took his stand upon an eminence which commanded alike the bay and the shore, that he might watch and guide the fight.

His galleys, in beautiful order, advanced to meet the foe; and just as Antony expected to hear the trumpets peal the charge, and to witness the commencement of the murderous fray, to his amazement and consternation he saw the fleet of Octavius opening to admit his galleys; the two fleets exchanged friendly salutes, and with blending banners and triumphant music, returned to the harbor.

Bewildered and woe-stricken, the unfortunate chieftain

turned his eyes to the land. The same scene was opened to him there. His cavalry, with sheathed swords and waving banners, galloped into the lines of Octavius, where they were received with plaudits which almost shook the temples of Alexandria. The infantry thus abandoned and with no retreat before them, threw down their arms in despair. The duplicity of Cleopatra had been successful, and Antony, betrayed, was ruined beyond all hope of redemption. In a state of ungovernable fury he returned to the city, clamorously inveighing against the perfidy of Cleopatra, and apparently resolved, in his frenzy, to plunge a poniard into her heart and then into his own.

But Cleopatra, anticipating this violence, was prepared to evade it. She had erected a strong citadel, in which she had that morning taken refuge, under the protection of an efficient guard, and it was not in Antony's power to approach her. Still continuing her duplicity while concealed in this retreat, she caused word to be sent to Antony that, in despair, in view of the defection of her troops, and of the utter ruin which awaited both her and Antony, she had refused longer to live, and had committed suicide.

The tale, so plausible, again deceived the deluded old man, whose energies of mind as well as of body, voluptuous indulgence had enfeebled. All his former passion for Cleopatra returned with the violence of a flood. Bitterly he condemned himself for his unjust suspicions.

"Miserable man that I am," he cried, "what is there now worth my living for. All that could render life attractive to me is gone. O, Cleopatra! thou hast taught me the way, and the only way, to escape the misery which is now my lot."

Calling a faithful attendant to his side, a man named Eros, who had been his slave, but whom he had freed, Antony placed a poniard in his hand and ordered him to plunge it into his heart. The devoted man, who had promised to perform this deed for his former master, should fortune drive

him to this last resource, took the dagger, and plunging it into his own bosom fell dead at the feet of Antony. For a moment the Roman chieftain hung in admiration over the corpse of his faithful attendant; then seizing the blood-stained weapon, he thrust it into his own body, inflicting a fatal wound, but one which did not cause immediate death.

Writhing in anguish and deluged in blood, and yet without sufficient fortitude to repeat the blow, he entreated his friends to put an end to his life. With fright and horror they recoiled from the deed. In the meantime Cleopatra had heard that Antony had stabbed himself and was dying. The scene in Alexandria, at that hour, no imagination conceive. A hostile fleet was entering the harbor, Roman legions, with shouts of victory were crowding in at the gates. Antony was dying. Rumors of every kind filled the streets with regard to Cleopatra. The vast population of the city surged to and fro, in the wildest turmoil and dismay.

Cleopatra did not dare leave her retreat. But she sent one of secretaries with a body of men to bring Antony to her presence. He was taken upon a litter, and carried through the tumultuous streets to the citadel. But even then the queen was afraid to allow the gates to be opened, and cords were let down from a window by which the litter, containing the body of the dying man, was drawn up to her apartment. Antony, pallid, faint, and bathed in blood, gazed feebly upon Cleopatra, and endeavored to reach forth his arms as if to embrace her. The queen, either with love revived by the sight, or continuing the dissimulation which had ever been so prominent in her character, wept and bemoaned bitterly. She tore her hair, beat her breast, and frantically kissed the pale lips of the dying man, calling him her husband, her lord, her emperor.

'Moderate your grief," exclaimed Antony, "and still live, if you can do so with honor. As for me, weep not over my misfortunes, but congratulate me upon the happiness which I

have enjoyed. I have lived the greatest and the most powerful of men. Though I now fall, my death is not inglorious. I am a Roman, and by a Roman only have I been vanquished."

He had but just uttered these words when he fell back in his litter, and the spirit of the Roman warrior departed to God who gave it.

One of the generals of Octavius, named Proculeius, now approached the citadel with propositions for Cleopatra. She, however, justly fearful of treachery, refused to admit him; but, aided by his soldiers, he effected an entrance by means of a ladder, at the window through which Antony had been drawn. Cleopatra, alarmed at finding herself a prisoner, drew a poniard and attempted to stab herself, but Proculeius snatched the dagger from her hand. She was then conveyed, with the respect to which her rank entitled her, to the palace where Octavius had established his head-quarters, but was guarded with the utmost circumspection.

Octavius, now undisputed master of the world, was dreaming of the splendid triumph which awaited him in Rome; and the presence of Cleopatra, the renowned queen of Egypt, to lead in the train of the captives, would be one of the most conspicuous ornaments of the triumph. Conscious of the degradation which awaited her, she watched for an opportunity to commit suicide. Octavius with almost equal interest guarded his captive, that she might not thus escape him. Her fetters were truly those of silk and gold, for she was treated with the most profound deference, surrounded with all her accustomed luxuries, and all her wants were abundantly supplied.

Octavius indulged himself with a triumphal entrance into Alexandria, endeavoring by humanity and condescension to secure the favor of the people. Yet cruelly, it would seem, he caused the eldest son of Antony, and also Cæsario, Cleopatra's son by Julius Cæsar, to be put to death. Fearing nothing from any of the other children of Cleopatra, he treated them

all as princes, providing them with teachers that they might receive an education suitable to their rank.

At length Octavius visited Cleopatra in person. She received him artistically languishing upon a couch, draped in gauze-like robes which scarcely concealed her voluptuous beauty; for though the freshness of youth had departed, she was still a woman of rare loveliness. No one knew better than Cleopatra how to magnify her charms, by tones of softness, and that artlessness of manner which is the highest achievement of art. Her beautiful eyes were filled with tears, her cheek flushed with emotion, and rising from her couch she fell, half-fainting, prostrate at the feet of Octavius. The young conqueror lifted the exquisitely moulded, drooping form and placed her on the couch by his side, supporting her against his own bosom. A queen whose renown filled the world, beautiful, graceful, pliant, had thrown herself into his arms. How could he treat her cruelly! Had Cleopatra been nineteen instead of thirty-nine, the decision might have been different, and, by facile divorce, the way might have been made easy for Cleopatra to share the throne of universal empire with Octavius. But as the circumstances were, ambition proved more powerful than love.

Cleopatra exhausted all her magazines of art—tears, smiles, reproaches, blandishments, flattery, supplications to win Octavius, but in vain. He treated her with politeness, but his heart remained obdurate. The queen took from her bosom some letters, full of tenderness, from Julius Cæsar, and with a trembling voice and falling tears read them to Octavius.

"But of what avail to me now," she said, "is all this kindness. Why did I not die with him. And yet in Octavius I see another Julius. You are his perfect image. He seems to have returned from the spirit land in you."

All was in vain. After a long interview Octavius left, and Cleopatra reflected in despair that for the first time her charms had failed her. She had surrendered herself to Octavius and

he had coldly laid her aside. What more *could* she do? Nothing. There now remained for her but to die, or to be carried to Rome to grace the triumph of her conqueror. There was a young Roman in the camp by the name of Dolabella. He was much affected with the queen's grief, and she, with woman's tact, had soon thrown around him all the meshes of her wiles. Dolabella kept her informed of all that was transpiring. One day he brought to her couch the tidings, that in three days she and her children were to be sent to Rome.

The crisis had now come, and, with singular calmness and fortitude, Cleopatra prepared to die. After taking a bath, she attired herself in her most sumptuous robes, and sat down with her friends to a truly regal feast. Apparently banishing all care, the festive hours passed rapidly away. At the close of the feast she dismissed all her attendants but two. She then wrote a note to Octavius, informing him of her intention to die, and requesting that her body might be buried in the tomb with that of Antony. She had contrived to have brought to her, in a basket of flowers, an asp, a reptile the concentrated venom of whose bite causes inevitable death, and yet with but little pain. She dispatched the letter to Octavius, and immediately placed the reptile upon her arm. The poisonous fangs pierced her flesh, stupor and insensibility soon ensued, and she sank back upon her couch and died.

Octavius, immediately upon receiving the letter from Cleopatra, dispatched messengers hoping to prevent the fatal deed But they arrived too late. Upon entering the chamber they found Cleopatra already dead, still arrayed in her royal robes. Her two waiting women were at her side. One of the messengers uttered words of reproach; but the maid of honor replied:

"It is well done. Such a death becomes a glorious queen, descended from a race of illustrious ancestors."

Octavius now returned to Rome, the undisputed master of

the world. His ambition was gratified in a very magnificent triumph; the portrait of Cleopatra with the serpent upon her arm, being borne very conspicuously in the train of the captives. Rome was now at its culminating point of power and splendor. Such an empire had never before existed upon earth. It contained within itself nearly the whole of the then known world, being bounded by the Rhine, the Danube, and the Euphrates. It was, however, a heterogeneous realm; a conglomeration of discordant states, with every diversity of languages, manners, customs, and laws. The city of Rome numbered near four millions of inhabitants, a motley concourse from all the nations and tribes of the world; the circumference of the city was fifty miles.

Octavius now commenced a series of measures of reform, which have secured alike the approbation of friends and foes. Whatever his motives may have been, his actions were noble in the highest degree. Every act seemed aimed at the promotion of the public welfare. Barbarous customs were abolished; the rights of the citizens protected; humanity encouraged, and wholesome laws enacted upon every subject which legislation could reach. There was transient peace throughout the world, and most of the nations, over which the Roman eagles fluttered, were in the enjoyment of a measure of prosperity such as the world had never known before.

These enactments being in successful operation, and the favor of all classes of people being won, Octavius, whatever his motives may have been, assembled the senate, and in a carefully prepared speech, which he read to them, resigned all his power, expressing the wish to retire to private life, and to restore Rome to the old constitution of the commonwealth, republican in its forms. The intelligence of most people, even now, will decide that such a conglomeration of heterogeneous people, so ignorant, so barbaric, so lawless, so infinitely diversified in manners and laws, could not be well governed by Republican institutions. It is said that Octavius could not

have been blind to this; that he not only knew full well that the senate of Rome would not accede to a measure so suicidal, but that he had actually arranged with his partisans in the senate to reject his proposal, and that thus his resignation of power was a mere trick.

It may have been so. The motives which influence human minds are so conflictive and blending, that it is not easy to pronounce judgment. Indeed, the heart often deceives itself. Octavius was now thirty-six years of age. Ambition may have been sated, and, as he could then retire safely with opulence, renown, and an immortalized name, he may, with a mind now vacillating to this side and now to that of the question, have decided to retire to the tranquil dignity opening before him. At the same time he may have been gratified, and his ambition inspired anew, by the solicitations of the senate that he should continue in power. But whatever his motives may have been, the facts are, that he made a formal surrender of all his power into the hands of the senate.

The senate unanimously, and with urgency which could not well be resisted, besought him not to resign, declaring that such a surrender of power would plunge the nation into irremediable disorder. With reluctance, real or affected, Octavius consented to retain the cares of empire for ten years longer, expressing the hope that, at the end of that period imperial powers would no longer be needed for the interests of the state. With the most ardent expressions of joy the senate and the people accepted this consent. All parties now vied with each other in lavishing honors upon Octavius. The senate voted that the epithet *August* should be ever attached to his name of Cæsar; and from that time the prefix Octavius has been dropped, and he has thenceforth been known as Cæsar Augustus. In his honor the eighth month of the year was called August, as the seventh month had been named July, in commemoration of the renown of Julius Cæsar.

Thus, at the age of thirty-six, Cæsar Augustus commenced

his legitimate and undisputed reign, which, with the cordial support of both senate and people, continued undisturbed for forty years. His administration was so brilliant in all beneficial results, that, to the present day, no higher commendation can be conferred upon a sovereign, than to compare his administration with the Augustan era of th Roman empire.

The remote barbaric island of Britain was nominally in subjection to Rome. Julius Cæsar, during his campaign in Gaul, had crossed the channel with a fleet of one hundred galleys, and, after several fierce battles with the savage inhabitants, declared himself conqueror of the island, and, laden with what was then called glory, but with nothing more substantial, returned to Rome. The petty chiefs of the tribes of Britain occasionally sent gifts to Augustus Cæsar to propitiate his favor, for the foray of Julius Cæsar had made them alarmingly acquainted with the energy of Roman arms.

The despotic power held by Augustus, was conferred upon him by the appointment of the people, and it was universally understood that this power was wielded for the public benefit. All history shows that to such despotism communities will readily submit. Such was the despotism of the first Napoleon. The French people regarded him as their own creation. They regarded with admiration the sagacity and energy with which he swayed the scepter of power for their good; and they were ever eager to confer upon the idol they had enthroned, more power than he wished to assume.

By the famous Portian law, the origin of which is lost in obscurity, no Roman citizen could be either scourged or put to death. No matter what his crime, the severest penalty which could be inflicted upon a *citizen* was exile and confiscation of property. Even in the army, a *Roman* soldier could not be flogged; though the scourge was applied freely to soldiers from the allies. Such was the law. In times of mutiny, however, and in seasons of popular violence, the law was often disregarded.

The whole Italian peninsula, from the Alps to the Straits of Messina was now called Italy, and all the native born inhabitants of this region had attained the rights of Roman citizenship. We must exclude, however, from these rights, a large number of slaves, torn from their homes in various nations by the rapacity of war. Sicily was at this time quite desolate. It had recently been ravaged by the wars between Cæsar and Sextus Pompey, and impoverished cities and wasted fields everywhere met the eye. Immense flocks and herds tended by slaves. were pastured on its fertile plains and mountain sides. The islands of Corsica and Sardinia were in a similar state, only the inhabitants, on a much lower scale of civilization, were exceedingly barbarous, and robbers roamed the mountains and in piratic bands infested all the neighboring seas. They, not unfrequently, even crossed the sea to Italy, and, after plundering a few houses, retreated to their inaccessible fastnesses where they could bid defiance to the Roman power.

The condition of the Alpine provinces, bordering Italy on the north, had been essentially the same. But Augustus Cæsar himself had, at one time, in traversing those provinces, lost all his baggage and many of his soldiers from an attack by the robbers, which so exasperated him, that he entirely extirpated the nation of the Salassi, selling no less than forty-four thousand of them into slavery. He then colonized the country with Roman settlers. One of the colonies was established at Aosta, at the head of the valley from whence two roads, still famous, branch across the Alps, one for mules over the Great St. Bernard, and the other, then practicable for carriages, over the Little St. Bernard. Thus tranquil communication with Gaul was secured.

Gaul had hardly yet recovered from the rough usage it had encountered in its recent subjugation to Rome. But twenty years had elapsed since Julius Cæsar swept over it with his legions. The Roman conquest, introducing Roman

laws, arts and commerce, had proved so beneficial to the realm, that the Gallic people were well satisfied with the result. Roman colonies had been established in different parts of the kingdom. Still the extortions of the Roman governors were at times very oppressive, and yet perhaps not more so than were the exactions of the native rulers of Gaul. Human sacrifices were prohibited by the Romans, and also the barbaric custom of carrying about as ornaments, the skulls of enemies. Learned Greeks became in great demand in the cities of Gaul as teachers. As the Gauls had no literature of their own, the old Celtic language, which was not a written language, rapidly disappeared, and the Roman took its place. The Latin became of necessity the court language, and was almost exclusively adopted by the higher classes.

The peninsula of Spain was at that time divided into three provinces, Bætica, Lusitania, and Hispania Tarraconensis, each of which was placed under the dominion of a Roman governor. Spain had been in the possession of Rome for about two hundred years, and was the most flourishing part of the empire. The inhabitants had become almost entirely Roman in dress, manners, and speech. From the valley of the Gaudalquiver, then one of the most fertile and densely populated on the globe, a very lucrative traffic was carried on, along the shores of the Mediterranean, with the cities of Italy. The articles transported in this traffic were wool, corn, wine, oil, wax, honey, and an insect used in producing a celebrated scarlet dye. The Spanish merino was then, as now, highly celebrated, a single ram often selling for over nine hundred dollars of our money. Spain was also rich in mineral treasures, gold, silver, lead, tin, iron, and copper. The present towns of Cordova and Seville were then distinguished Roman colonies.

All the northern coast of Africa, from the present site of Algiers to the straits of Gibraltar, was called Mauritania. Augustus had conferred the sovereignty of this province upon Juba, an African prince, who had married one of the

daughters of Antony and Cleopatra. The portion of northern Africa, bordering on the Mediterranean, east of this region, extending several hundred miles, was called the province of Africa, and was assigned to a proconsul, with a military establishment of two legions. It was a powerful province, and was engaged in almost constant warfare with the barbaric tribes of the unexplored interior. A very thrifty trade was carried on between this region and the Italian cities. Next eastward, came the large province Cyrenaica or Libya, originally a Grecian colony, but now devoured by the omnivorous Roman empire. From this region the currents of trade flowed eastward, by the way of Egypt and the Red sea, to India. There was then a canal from the delta of the Nile to Suez on the Red sea. There was also a land route across the desert, tolerably supplied with water from wells and reservoirs. Alexandria was the great Egyptian port for all this commerce. When the Apostle Paul sailed from Syria to Rome, he informs us that the voyage was made in a ship from Alexandria. "When we had sailed over the sea of Cilicia and Pamphylia," he writes, "we came to Myra, a city of Lycia. And there the centurion found a ship of Alexandria, and he put us therein."

At this time Alexandria was the second city in the Roman empire.

Leaving Egypt and following along the coast of the Mediterranean to the Ægean sea, we pass through the extensive, populous, and opulent provinces of Syria and Asia Minor. These provinces were cut up into smaller subdivisions, all subjected to Roman control. Throughout this wide region Greek was the language commonly spoken, particularly by the higher classes. Still there were very many languages and dialects in vogue in the different provinces. The enormous expenses of the Roman armies demanded heavy taxation; and the tax-gatherers, unprincipled and extortionate, were detested by the people.

All Greece was divided into the two great provinces of

Macedonia and Achaia. Civil war had swept these provinces with a blast more destructive than tornado ever inflicted. The war between Julius Cæsar and Pompey was a storm which emptied all its vials upon that devoted land. The cloud was but just disappearing, and the thunders of the tempest had scarcely ceased their reverberations, when the blackness of another cloud appeared in the horizon, gleaming and rumbling with the most terrific menace. Again the tempest swept the land, as the legions of the triumvirs and of Brutus and Cassius surged to and fro in billows of flame and blood. The ashes of the cities were still smoking, and the clotted blood still crimsoned the fields, when the bugle blasts announced the rush of still other legions to the war scathed arena, and all the powers of the east, under Antony and Cleopatra, met all the powers of the west under Octavius Cæsar, to contend for the mastery of the world. Greece, scathed, depopulated, smoldering, presented but a melancholy aspect of ruin and despair. But notwithstanding this material desolation, Greece still maintained her preëminence in literature, philosophy, and the arts.

CHAPTER XVI.

TIBERIUS CÆSAR, CALIGULA, AND CLAUDIUS.

FROM 10 B. C. TO A. D. 51.

UNEQUAL DIVISION OF WEALTH.—SLAVERY.—THE JEWS.—TIBERIUS CÆSAR.—DEATH OF CÆSAR AUGUSTUS.—TYRANNY OF TIBERIUS.—HIS RETREAT OF CAPREÆ.—DEATH OF GERMANICUS.—EDICT AGAINST THE PLAY-ACTORS.—TESTIMONY OF TACITUS.—TERRIBLE ACCIDENT.—CALIGULA.—DEATH OF TIBERIUS.—CRUCIFIXION OF OUR SAVIOUR.—REIGN OF CALIGULA.—HIS CRUELTY AND MADNESS.—ASSASSINATION OF CALIGULA.—ACCESSION OF CLAUDIUS.—ANECDOTES.—DEATH OF CLAUDIUS.—ACCESSION OF NERO.—HIS CHARACTER.

THERE has never been any period of the world in which wealth has been so unequally divided, as during the Augustan age of the Roman empire. The great generals and the haughty nobles rioted in princely luxury, exhausting, in their voluptuous pleasures, the revenues of whole provinces. There was an order of Roman citizens, below the nobles, called equites, or knights. The fortune necessary to admit a man into this order, was about sixteen thousand dollars of our money; and yet in the city of Rome, with a population of over four millions, there were but four thousand persons, not nobles, possessed of this sum. An immense number of the population, at but a slight remove above begging, were mainly supported by the bounty, so called, of the emperor; that is, distant provinces were robbed to feed the idle population of Rome, which population was ever eager to rush into the armies of the Cæsars. Consequently, the circling and swooping of the Roman eagles was pretty certain to be seen, wherever plunder was to be found. And no plunder was more eagerly grasped, by the brutal soldiery of pagan Rome, than the matrons and maidens of the conquered nations. But

little more than half a century before the reign of Cæsar Augustus, one of the consuls at Rome, L. Philippus, declared that there was not at that time in the whole commonwealth more than two thousand citizens worth any thing. An amazing statement, which, however it may have been exaggerated, proves the deplorable state of the times.

All the industry and prosperity of the empire were cursed and crushed by slavery. By the opulent families slaves were so generally employed, that there was no encouragement for the free laborer. As the slaves were of the same race with their masters, many of them being men of high culture and genius, they were occupied in the most important vocations. Even architecture, medicine, and the liberal arts and professions were in their hands; and these employments were, consequently, rendered less respectable and less profitable, when pursued by others.

The condition of the slaves, generally, was dreadful. The barbarous wars, ravaging all lands, had glutted the market; and the slaves were so cheap, that there were but feeble motives of self-interest to restrain masters from the inhumanity of wearing out their slaves by neglect and hard usage. According to Plutarch, slaves could often be purchased in the Roman camp for three shillings of our money. In that day there were no newspapers, no established mails for letters, no public means of conveyance for travelers. Many of the Roman roads, however, were excellent, and there were relays of horses to expedite the journeys of government couriers. The eastern and western extremities of the Roman empire, were separated by the formidable barrier of totally different languages, the Latin being the predominant language in the west, the Greek in the east. In the elementary schools at Rome, nothing was taught but reading and arithmetic; and the teachers were men of the humblest station and acquirements. The religion of Rome had but the slightest influence in the control of morals. It was an axiom among the philosophers,

that God could never be the cause of pain or punishment, and, consequently, they had no fear of any divine retribution for whatever crimes. And the silly superstitions of the vulgar, had about as much influence over the habits of life, as the fear of ghosts has at the present day. The writings, the paintings, the statuary, still extant, all attest to the exceeding grossness of manners, and the unmitigated sensuality which then prevailed. The idea even of sympathy and brotherly kindness between man and man, seems hardly to have existed. We turn over page after page of the ancient writers, in the vain endeavor to find any allusion to those virtues. There were no alms-houses, no hospitals, no societies of benevolence. No one raised his voice against the degradation of the lower classes, against slavery, against the crimes of the kidnapper, and the atrocities of the slave market.

The Jews were widely scattered over the eastern provinces of the empire. Their kingdom, in Syria, had first been overrun by the Greeks, then by the Romans. Their native language, as a spoken tongue, was lost; so entirely was it lost, that it had been found necessary to translate their scriptures into Greek. This translation, called the Septuagint, from the number of learned Jews engaged in it, was made, or rather commenced, about 280 years B. C., and contained "The Scriptures" in general use by the Jews at the time of our Saviour, and from which our Saviour quoted in His public and private addresses. Here and there, scattered over the cities and villages of Palestine, were individuals, Romans and others, who, having read these scriptures, had imbibed their ennobling spirit. Enlightened by the revelation of one God, of immortality, of the nature of piety, these "proselytes of the gate" who had yet not become Jews, worshiped the true God, and were thus distinguished, in character and moral conduct, from the pagans around them, and from whom they emerged. They were spoken of by the Jews as "devout" persons, who feared God. Such was the Roman

centurion, Cornelius, and many others spoken of in the New Testament.

Fourteen years before the death of Cæsar Augustus, our Saviour, Jesus, the long-promised Messiah, was born, in Bethlehem of Judea, in the days of Herod the king. Herod was a native of Syria. He had fought under the banners of Brutus and Cassius. After their overthrow he joined Marc Antony, and by him was appointed king of Judea, one of the provinces of Palestine. After the disastrous battle of Actium, Herod paid such successful court to the conqueror, Octavius Cæsar, that he was confirmed in his kingdom. He was a man of distinguished abilities but of ungovernable passions, and execrable and infamous in character. This was the Herod who ordered the assassination of all the babes of Bethlehem, hoping thus to destroy the infant Messiah. He died miserably a few years after the advent of Christ.

It will be remembered that Augustus Cæsar had married, as his third wife, Livia Drusilla, then the wife of Tiberius Nero, a Roman noble and general. Cæsar had, at that time, by his wife Scribonia whom he repudiated for alleged profligacy, a daughter Julia. Livia had also a son Tiberius. Julia and Tiberius, by the marriage of Octavius and Livia, became brother and sister in law. They, however, were subsequently married, and, as Cæsar had no other children, Tiberius was adopted as his heir. Julia was so shamefully and unblushingly profligate, glorying, with more than masculine effrontery, in her amours, that Augustus himself ordered her divorce, and banished her to a small island just off the coast of Campania. Here she was imprisoned and treated with great rigor, her father refusing to forgive her, or even to see her again. None are so merciless towards libertines, as libertines themselves.

Cæsar Augustus was now advancing in life, and, during the last ten years of his reign, associated Tiberius with him in the administration of the empire. As the shades of the

evening of life darkened around Augustus, he displayed with increasing conspicuousness, that gentleness, courteousness, and affability, which had characterized his reign for forty years. He forbade any one to call him "lord" or master. When the people urged him to assume the title of dictator, he cast aside his robe, saying that he had rather they would plunge a dagger into his breast than give him that odious name. He adopted the utmost simplicity in his equipage and his style of living. When a delegation was presented to him, to announce in the name of the senate and the people, the title conferred upon him of "Father of his Country," he was affected even to tears, and replied:

"I have now gained all that I have desired. What is there left for me to pray for, but that I may preserve, to the last day of my life, this same unanimous love of my countrymen."

When seventy-six years of age he accompanied Tiberius on a journey to Beneventum, about one hundred and fifty miles south of Rome. Here he was slightly attacked with illness. Returning slowly, as his disease grew more serious, he stopped at Nola, at the paternal mansion where his father died. Here, at three o'clock in the afternoon of the nineteenth of August, A. D. 13, the emperor, Augustus Cæsar, expired, saying with his last breath:

"Farewell Livia! and ever remember our long union."

It is characteristic of the awful corruption of those times, that no one seems to have been shocked at the supposition that Livia poisoned her husband. Tacitus attempts to explain the motives which might have influenced Livia to this crime. Poisonings and assassinations were so common, that such atrocities seem hardly to have been regarded as a breach of respectable morality, if there were any motive, in the line of expediency, for the deed.

One of the first acts of Tiberius, who now reigned untrammeled, was to assassinate Agrippa, the son of his divorced

wife Julia. Agrippa, utterly debauched, was as bad as his mother. Tiberius said that Augustus had enjoined it upon him, with his dying breath, not to allow Agrippa to live one day after Augustus should breathe his last. Tacitus, however, says:

"It is more probable that Tiberius and Livia, the former from motives of fear, the latter impelled by a step-mother's aversion, expedited the destruction of this young man, the object of their jealousy and hatred."

It is recorded of Augustus Cæsar, that he was in stature a little below the ordinary size, admirably proportioned, with brown hair, slightly curled, and a countenance remarkably genial and mild. He was extremely temperate in eating and drinking, but a seducer and adulterer, a man of groveling sensuality. Gaming was a vice which followed him through all his years. His education was good, and all his intellectual efforts, whether in writing or speaking, highly creditable to him. His public speeches were carefully written, and committed to memory. He never was considered a man of courage even on the field of battle, where, inflamed by the excitement, cowards can easily be brave. He had a constitutional dread of lightning, and when there was a severe storm, would hide himself in the interior of his house. But his reign, as a whole, was so infinitely superior to that of any of his predecessors, that the "Augustan era" of any nation has become a proverbial expression to denote harmony, prosperity, and enlightenment.

The funeral of Augustus was solemnized at Rome with great magnificence. Tiberius pronounced the eulogy in the presence of the assembled senate. Temples were erected for his worship, divine honors decreed to him, and the superstitious people were fully confirmed in the belief of his divinity, as one of the senators, Numerius Atticus, attested on oath that he had seen Augustus ascending to heaven.

Tiberius Cæsar, on his accession to the government of the

Roman empire, was fifty-six years of age. With the exception of the assassination of Agrippa, which Rome seems to have regarded as a mere peccadillo, the commencement of his reign was distinguished by clemency, sagacity, and devotion to the public interests. But soon Tiberius entered a career of cruelty, which has transmitted his name with infamy to the present day.

Retiring from Rome he sought a retreat in Campania, a province composing part of the present kingdom of Naples, and which was then deemed the most mild, salubrious, and fertile spot upon the globe. At a short distance from the shore was the beautiful island of Capreæ. Here Tiberius surrendered himself to the most extravagant luxury, and to every sensual indulgence, heedless of the complaints and the misery of his subjects. Crime created suspicion, and suspicion engendered cruelty. Secret spies were listening at all key-holes, and the most harmless actions were construed into deadly offenses.

The legions on the banks of the Danube had a commander by the name of Germanicus, who was the idol of the soldiery. His troops urged upon him to assume the sovereign power, promising to support him with their swords. Indignantly he repelled the suggestion, punishing as traitors those who were the instigators of the revolt. Nevertheless Tiberius, notwithstanding the loyalty of Germanicus, thus effectually tried, dreading his popularity, ordered him on a distant mission, where he soon perished, if not by poison, administered by command of Tiberius as was supposed, certainly by hardships and exposure, which the emperor had arranged to secure his death. The children of Germanicus were denounced as enemies of the state, and several of them were thrown into prison, where they were starved to death. The wife of Germanicus, thus widowed and childless, was driven into exile. Execution now followed execution. Suspicion doomed multitudes to imprisonment, torture, and death without the formality of trial. When one, to escape this cruel torture of the

rack, committed suicide, Tiberius expressed deep regret that the victim had thus escaped him. When another, in agony insupportable, implored that death might put an end to his sufferings, Tiberius exclaimed, "I am not sufficiently your friend to shorten your torments."

The fear of assassination embittered every hour of this monster's life. The miseries he inflicted upon others rebounded upon himself. Piso, one of the most illustrious of the Roman generals, finding that his own doom was sealed, retired to his chamber and plunged a dagger into his heart. He had but executed the orders which Tiberius had issued, and he was then pursued unrelentingly, that it might be made to appear that Tiberius had not directed but condemned his acts. He left the following touching letter addressed to Tiberius:

"Oppressed by the combination of my enemies, and the odium of falsely imputed crimes; since no place is left here for truth and innocence, I appeal to the immortal gods, that toward you, Cæsar, I have lived with sincere faith, nor toward your mother with less reverence. For my sons I implore her protection and yours. My son Cnæus had no share in the events laid to my charge, of whatever character they were, since during the whole time he abode at Rome. My son Marcus dissuaded me from returning to Syria. Oh that, old as I am, I had yielded to him, rather than he, young as he is, to me! Hence the more earnestly I pray that, innocent as he is, he be not involved in the punishment of my guilt. By my devoted services for five-and-forty years, I entreat you; I who formerly, during my fellowship in the consulship with the deified Augustus, your father, enjoyed his approbation and your friendship; I, who shall never ask your favor hereafter, implore your mercy for my unhappy son."

It is a fact, worthy of record, but not easily explained, that during so corrupt a reign as that of Tiberius, when all manner of licentiousness was practiced with unblushing

effrontery, even Tiberius should have entered a complaint to the senate, against the demoralizing influence of play-actors.

"In many instances," said the emperor, "they seditiously violate the public peace. Many promote debauchery in private families. The Oscan Farce, formerly only the contemptible delight of the vulgar, has risen to such a pitch of depravity, and has exercised such an influence on society that it must be checked by the authority of the senate."

The play-actors, thus denounced as a public nuisance, were expelled from Italy. The senate and the Roman people had become so obsequious, that a proposition was made that a temple should be reared to Tiberius, and that he should be worshiped with divine honors. In the utterance of the following fine sentiments Tiberius rejected the proposal; showing, in accordance with the declaration of Paul, that there is a law of right and wrong, written upon the human heart, which renders every man, pagan as well as Christian, accountable at God's bar:

"For myself," Tiberius replied, "I solemnly assure you, and I would have posterity remember it, that I am a mortal man; and that I am confined to the functions of human nature, and that if I well fulfill my duties as a sovereign it suffices me. Justice will be rendered to my memory, if I am regarded as worthy of my ancestors, watchful of your interests, unmoved in perils, and fearless of private enmities in defense of the public weal. These are the temples I would raise in your breasts. These are the fairest effigies, and such as will endure.

"As for temples of stone, if the judgment of posterity changes from favor to dislike, they are despised, as no better than sepulchers. Hence it is that I here invoke the gods, that, to the end of my life, they would grant me a spirit undisturbed, and discerning in duties human and divine. And hence, too, I implore our citizens and allies, that, whenever my dissolution comes, they would celebrate my actions

and the odor of my name with praises, and benevolent testimonies of benevolence."

It was nine years after Tiberius commenced his reign that he retired from Rome to the island of Capreæ. Tacitus, in allusion to this retirement, says that the probable motive for seeking this retreat was "that he might indulge his cruel and libidinous disposition with greater effect in the secrecy of a retired situation. Some thought that in his old age he was ashamed of his personal appearance, for he was exceedingly emaciated, lank, and stooping, his head bald, his face ulcerous, and thickly patched with plasters." Tacitus states that there was also a report that Tiberius was driven from Rome by the restless spirit of his mother, whom he scorned to admit as a partner in the sovereignty, which she demanded, since through her he had received the sovereignty itself.

For six years Tiberius remained at Capreæ. During this time there were many revolts in distant provinces and many conspiracies at home, all of which were put down with a bloody hand. A terrible accident occurred at this time, surpassing anything which has been experienced in modern days. A man by the name of Atillius erected at Fidenæ, a few miles from Rome, as a pecuniary speculation, an immense amphitheater, for gladiatorial exhibitions. As his sole object was to make money, he sordidly built it upon a weak foundation, without sufficient braces, for an edifice so vast and to contain such multitudes. Crowds of all ages and both sexes flocked from Rome to witness these games. The theater was filled to overflowing, and a countless throng surrounded the walls, when they gave way, with an awful crash, some portions bulging out and overwhelming the multitudes swarming around the walls, while other portions tumbled inwards. Thousands were instantly killed, but other thousands crushed and mangled were buried beneath the ruins. Their cries and groans, for many days and nights, filled the air as they were laboriously dug out from the mass of timber and stone Ac-

cording to Tacitus the carnage resulting from this one accident, was greater than the slaughter at Waterloo. Fifty thousand persons were crushed or maimed by this terrible disaster, which led to an efficient senatorial enactment to prevent a recurrence of such a calamity.

There was at Rome a young man, called Caligula, son of that renowned general, Germanicus, whom Tiberius had so much feared, and whom it is supposed he had caused to be put to death. This young man, utterly dissolute, had played the sycophant with so much address, flattering Tiberius, applauding his voluptuousness and cruelty, and paying him the most servile homage, that he so ingratiated himself in the favor of the tyrant, who had no children, that he adopted him as a son, and took him to share his counsels and his debauchery at Capreæ. Of this Caligula a distinguished Roman orator remarked, "Never was there a better slave or a worse master." Tiberius himself said of Caligula, "He has all the vices of Sylla, with none of his virtues."

At length the sands of the tyrant Tiberius were run out, and his death hour tolled. He did everything in his power to drive off reflection, and to deceive himself with hopes of continued life. But the king of terrors was inexorable. Tiberius had left his retreat at Capreæ, and was at this time at Misenum, near Naples. As he was reclining upon his couch, death rapidly approaching, his physician felt his pulse, and whispered to others, "His life is ebbing fast; he can not long continue." A fainting fit ensued, which led all to think that he was dead.

The courtiers immediately, mindless of the corpse, surrounded Caligula with congratulations, declaring him the successor. Triumph and joy reigned through the apartments, and Caligula was exultingly receiving the homage ever attendant upon a new reign, when, to the consternation of all, it was announced that Tiberius had revived and was calling for attendants and food. But the wretched old man was

helpless. A few persons entered his chamber, took a pillow, pressed it upon his face; and, after a short and feeble struggle, the smothered monarch lay still in death. Thus expired Tiberius in the seventy-eighth year of his age, and the twenty-second of his reign.

Our Saviour was crucified in the eighteenth year of the reign of Tiberius Cæsar. Pontius Pilate was at this time the Roman governor of Judea. Though the Jews were permitted to retain many of their local laws, they were not permitted to inflict the death penalty, without the approval of the Roman governor. Hence the Jews having condemned our Saviour, took Him to Pilate for the confirmation of the sentence. Pilate, deeming the sentence unjust, as he could find no ground even for accusation, and yet not willing to displease his Jewish subjects, referred the case to Herod, son of Herod the Great, who was then tetrarch, or sub-governor of Galilee, the province in Judea in which our Saviour had been arrested, and who with most propriety should take cognizance of the charges against Him. This was the Herod who beheaded John the Baptist at the instigation of his wife Herodias, because John had denounced their incestuous union.

But Herod was unwilling to assume the responsibility of condemning a man to death who was manifestly guiltless, and referred the matter back again to his superior Pilate. The governor, thus forced to action, wickedly surrendered the victim to His persecutors, at the same time declaring that Jesus was innocent of crime, and that all the responsibility of His death must remain upon the heads of His executioners. "His blood be upon us," they exclaimed, "and on our children."

It is related by Justin, and by Tertullian, Eusebius, and others who have perhaps followed his narrative, that Pilate wrote to the emperor Tiberius an account of the crucifixion of our Saviour by the Jews, His subsequent resurrection, and the miracles which He performed, and that Tiberius was so

impressed by this narration that he reported it to the senate, with a recommendation characteristic of the superstition of the times, that Christ should be recognized as divine, and take His place as one of the crowd of Roman gods. The senate did not accede to his request, but Tiberius issued an edict commanding that Christians should not be molested in their worship.

Caligula commenced his reign with a brief attempt to secure popularity by justice. But not one year had passed away ere he surrendered himself to the uncontrolled dominion of lusts and passions, rendered furious and untameable by years of indulgence. Elated by the accession to sovereign power, Caligula assumed the most arrogant airs, demanded divine honors, and appropriated to himself the names of such divinities as he thought he most resembled. His conduct was often that of an idiotic madman. He erected a temple of gold, and placed in it a statue, dressed daily in similar clothes to those which he that day wore. Crowds were influenced to gather around the statue in worship. The most exquisite delicacies which money could purchase, were offered in sacrifice at his shrine. He even, with sacred rites, ordained his wife and his horse to officiate as priests in the service of the temple, reared for his deification. His extravagance in luxury and personal gratification exceeded all bounds. His baths were composed of the most costly liquids, his service was of gold; and jewels were dissolved in his sauces His horse, Incitalus, occupied a stable of marble, with a manger of ivory. Gilt oats were presented him to eat, and wine from a golden goblet to drink.

The cruelty of Caligula was equal to his insane folly. Senators were slain at his command, uncondemned and untried. Death, in the most cruel form, was the doom of any one who incurred his suspicion. He fed his wild beasts with the bodies of his victims, tossing them into their dens to be devoured alive. No spectacle was so pleasing to him as the

tortures of the dying. His spirit, demonized by cruelty, was wrought up to such a frenzy, that he was heard to express the wish that all the Roman people had but one neck, that he might dispatch them at a blow. His warlike expeditions to Gaul and Germany were marked by folly which the world had never before seen paralleled. Indeed, if one half is true which history has transmitted to us respecting Caligula, there never was an inmate of a mad house more thoroughly and detestably crazy.

Such a monster, wielding the scepter of omnipotent power, could not live long. As one after another of the members of his court was stricken down, it was plain to the survivors that there was no alternative before them but to kill or be killed. Caligula, having every nerve of suspicion quivering with sensitiveness, suspected a conspiracy for his assassination. A beautiful woman, Quintilia, was arrested, as acquainted with the plot, and put to the rack to extort a confession. Heroically she endured the awful agony, and every joint in her body was dislocated. This act roused the conspirators to the immediate execution of their deed, and Cherea, a Roman senator, as Caligula was going to the bath, plunged a dagger into his heart, exclaiming, "Tyrant, think of this." Thus perished one of the most execrable monsters who ever burdened a throne. At the time of his death Caligula was but twenty-nine years of age, having reigned less than four years. It has been well said of this despot, "Nature seemed to have brought him forth to show what mischief could be effected by the greatest vices, supported by the greatest authority."

The conspiracy, which plunged the dagger into the bosom of Caligula, was but the spasmodic movement of despair. No arrangements whatsoever were made, or even contemplated, for securing a successor, or for continuing the government, and consequently there ensued a singular scene of confusion and anarchy. The conspirators, terrified, and not knowing what destruction, like an avalanche, might fall upon them, fled

into all possible concealments. The worthless sycophants and partisians of Caligula, anticipating the same doom which had befallen their infamous confederate, also fled in the utmost consternation. Some soldiers, strolling through the deserted palace, found hid, and trembling, behind some rubbish, an uncle of Caligula, named Claudius. He was an unfortunate man, fifty years of age, totally devoid of common sense, having experienced some serious mental injury from the diseases of infancy; and yet he had manifested some ability as a writer. General viciousness was a prominent trait in his character.

The soldiers took the affrighted, half crazed man, and declared him to be emperor. Then, in a body, marching to the senate, by the moral suasion of gleaming swords and sharp pointed spears, they influenced the senate to confirm the appointment. This poor wretch had a wife, Messalina, the renown of whose profligacy has survived the lapse of eighteen centuries. She has attained the preëminence of being regarded the most abandoned woman earth has known. It is recorded that every man, in the household of the emperor, was her paramour. Officers, play-actors, buffoons, slaves, all were alike welcomed by Messalina. Her atrocities were far too shameful to be recorded. The ladies of her court were compelled to practice in her presence the same shameful enormities in which she indulged, and whoever refused, was punished with torture and death. At length one of her paramours, with the connivance of Claudius, openly murdered her. The brutal husband was alike regardless of the infamy of her life, and of the lawless violence which effected her death.

Claudius, afterward, in the midst of his boundless debaucheries, recognized one of his paramours, Agrippina, as his legal wife. She had already given birth to the child subsequently known as the monster Nero. She was the fourth wife of Claudius, two having been divorced and one killed. The question is sometimes asked whether the world, on the whole, is advancing or retrograding in moral character. No man,

who is familiar with the history of the past, will ask that question. England and America, manifold as are the evils in both countries, are as far in advance of ancient Rome, in all that constitutes integrity and virtue, as is the most refined Christian family in advance of the most degraded, godless, and debauched.

Some of the first acts of the reign of Claudius were humane, and seemed intended to promote the public good. But the possession of unlimited power, soon developed the malignity and energy of a demon. Britain was at this time rent with intestine divisions, the barbaric tribes struggling against each other in deadly warfare. There seemed to be no prospect of any end to the strife. Bericus, the leader of one of these tribes, or petty nations, went to Rome and urged the emperor to make a descent upon the island, assuring him that in its present distracted state it could be easily subdued. An army was accordingly dispatched for its conquest. Marching across Gaul, and embarking on board their ships on the shores of the channel, they crossed to the savage island, and after many sanguinary battles with the natives, planted the banners of the empire securely there.

Claudius was greatly elated with this conquest, and repaired in person to Britain that he might receive the homage of his new subjects. This was A. D. 46. After remaining upon the island sixteen days he returned to Rome, where a magnificent triumph awaited him. His achievements were deemed so important, that annual games were instituted in commemoration of them. The conquest, however, was very imperfect, since but a few tribes had been vanquished, and a large portion of the island still remained under the sway of its warring, but independent chieftains. A Roman general, Plautius, and his lieutenant Vespasian, who subsequently rose to great renown, were left to continue the subjugation of the island. Thirty battles were fought before Britain was fairly reduced, A. D. 51, to the form of a Roman province. But still for many

years remote tribes, in their fastnesses, bade defiance to all the armies of Rome.

Carradog, or Caractacus, as he is sometimes called, the king of South Wales, was one of the most valiant and successful of the opponents of the Roman general. But the valor of barbarians was of but little avail against the disciplined legions of the empire. In a decisive battle he was taken prisoner, with his wife and daughter, and, as trophies of the conquest, they were sent to Claudius. When Carradog beheld the splendor of the imperial capital, dazzled by the wealth, power, and gorgeousness which surrounded him, he exclaimed:

"How is it possible that people, in the enjoyment of such magnificence, should envy Carradog a humble cottage in Britain." Agrippina, though from constitutional temperament less sensual, was no less unprincipled than Messalina. She ruled her weak husband with a rod of iron. One day, when intoxicated, he imprudently declared that it was his fate to be tormented with bad wives, and to be their executioner. The hint was sufficient for Agrippina. The emperor was particularly fond of mushrooms. She prepared with her own loving hands a dish for her dear spouse; sprinkled some poison upon the delicious viand; with smiles presented the repast to Claudius, and had the pleasure of seeing him fall in convulsions and die at her feet.

We have mentioned that Agrippina had a son, whose name was Nero. Who his father was, perhaps Agrippina herself could not tell. This lad, Claudius had adopted as his son and heir. Nero was but seventeen years old when his mother poisoned Claudius. He was highly educated, having been trained by the finest teachers the times could furnish. It has been said that the commencement of his reign was marked with clemency and justice; but this period was so exceedingly short as scarcely to deserve notice. Influenced by his mother, all rivals who could endanger his sway, were

speedily put to death, by poison, the dagger, and the mystery of the dungeon. It is reported that the young Nero at first reluctantly consented to these assassinations. But all such scruples soon disappeared.

Nero pronounced the funeral oration of Claudius. It was written, however, by Nero's accomplished teacher, Seneca, and would have been an eloquent performance, had it not been so ridiculously untrue. When Nero touched upon the wisdom, foresight, and magnanimity of the imbecile brute, even the obsequious senate of Rome could not restrain itself, and the young, imperial orator, was astonished by a general burst of derisive laughter.

Nero had early married a lady of illustrious birth, named Octavia, whom he now treated with the grossest neglect, she being supplanted by a beautiful emancipated slave, named Acte, who was purchased in Asia. A very bitter quarrel soon sprang up between Nero and his mother. Agrippina was a woman of much ability. She had accumulated wealth which even rivaled the imperial treasury, and there was a large party ready to espouse her interests in any conflict with her son. Claudius had left a son, Britannicus, fourteen years of age, and a daughter Octavia. Agrippina in her rage threatened to drive Nero from the throne and place Britannicus upon it.

CHAPTER XVII

NERO.

FROM A. D. 51 TO A. D. 67

STRIFE BETWEEN NERO AND HIS MOTHER.—MURDER OF BRITANNICUS.—ATTEMPT TO MURDER AGRIPPINA.—HER ESCAPE.—EFFECTUAL PLAN FOR HER MURDER.—REMARK OF TACITUS.—WAR IN BRITAIN.—HORRIBLE LAW OF SLAVERY.—ITS EXECUTION.—REPUDIATION AND DEATH OF OCTAVIA.—THE FESTIVAL.—NERO SETS FIRE TO ROME.—THE CHRISTIANS FALSELY ACCUSED.—THEIR PERSECUTION.—THE INSURRECTION OF GALBA.—TERROR OF NERO.—HE COMMITS SUICIDE.—GALBA CHOSEN EMPEROR.—HIS ASSASSINATION.

NERO, alarmed lest his mother, with her boundless wealth, her influence, and her peculiar sagacity, might be able to wrest the scepter from him and place it in the hands of Britannicus, who, as the son of Claudius, had a more legitimate right to the throne than he had himself, plotted the death of Britannicus. In those days it was necessary for every conspicuous man to guard incessantly, and with the utmost vigilance, against poison and the dagger. Neither princes nor their children, allowed themselves to partake of any food until it was first tasted by a special officer. A cup of drink, yet harmless, was presented to Britannicus by his taster, but so hot that he handed it back to be cooled. Cold water containing poison was then poured in. He drank, fell back in convulsions, and died in the arms of Agrippina, who, with Nero, was present. Nero reclined upon a sofa in apparent unconcern as the prince was struggling in the agonies of death, and remarked that he did not think that much was the matter with Britannicus, but that from childhood he had been accustomed to such fainting fits. The body of the poisoned prince was removed, and the festive banquet went

on undisturbed. Agrippina understood the matter full well, but, with policy, affected to be deceived, and to regard the death of Britannicus as natural. The very night of his murder, in a storm of wind and rain, the body of the murdered prince was burnt on a funeral pile in the Campus Martius. Such were the achievements of a Roman emperor at the commencement of his reign, when but little more than seventeen years of age. There were then one hundred and fifty millions of people subjected to the despotism of this one monster. How strange the power of circumstances, which can confer upon one depraved, contemptible boy such unlimited dominion, and which can reduce so many millions to such utter helplessness!

The vast property of Britannicus was distributed by Nero among his own partisans, and thus their support was purchased. But Agrippina, in whose bosom maternal milk had been converted into venom, slowly, cautiously, determinedly prepared to wreak vengeance upon her detested son. She laid aside vast treasures, as the resources for bribery or war. She courted the friendship of able men, whose coöperation she hoped to enlist; and held frequent conferences with them in secret. But the eye of Nero was sleeplessly upon her; and though they both, in their social intercourse, affected the most cordial relations, and addressed each other with the most endearing epithets, neither of them was blind to the fact that they were engaged in a conflict of life or death. The mother and the son occupied palaces but a short distance from each other, and were each surrounded by numerous retainers, who officiated as guards of honor. Nero, by his imperial power, withdrew from Agrippina her retainers, and she was left almost in the condition of a private lady. Fears of his frown prevented also any of the courtiers from approaching her but in secret.

Nero was soon informed that his mother was plotting to effect his assassination, and to place one Rubellius Plautus

upon the throne, a relative of the deified Augustus. Nero, who, like most guilty men, lived in a state of constant terror, was now anxious to secure as speedily as possible, the death of both his mother and Plautus. But Agrippina was too powerful to be stricken down by an open blow. Caution and cunning were requisite. The almost incredible story is related by the ancient historians, Tacitus repeating it after Cluvius and Rusticus, that Agrippina, in order to blind her son, would present herself before him, in the most wanton attire, when he was intoxicated, and would so inflame his passions by kisses and caresses, as to lure him to incest; and this so openly, that the matter was talked of freely throughout the palace and among the soldiers.

All this time, and through all this unparalleled infamy, both mother and child were watching for an opportunity to murder each other. The following ingenius plan, for the accomplishment of his end, was at length adopted by Nero. He had a vessel so constructed that by withdrawing a few bolts, at sea, it would easily fall to pieces. Agrippina was to be enticed on board this ship for a pleasure voyage, and then was to be left to perish as if by the ordinary casualties of wind and wave. Assuming a very affectionate air he invited his mother to accompany him to a festival at Baiæ, near Naples, on the sea shore. Taking her arm he conducted her to the beach, and showed her the beautiful galley, richly decorated, which he had prepared expressly for her pleasure. There were many other regal barges floating upon the wave, but none which could compare with that devoted to Agrippina. It appears that the mother was quite deceived by her guileful son. A rich banquet was prepared, and after much feasting and merriment, during which Nero leaned upon the bosom of his mother very lovingly, he accompanied her to the shore, that she might embark in the treacherous barge for her country-seat at Antium, near Rome. Conducting her

to her luxurious seat he kissed her affectionately and bade her adieu.

It was then past midnight as the festival had been protracted to this late hour. The night was wonderfully fine, the stars shinning brilliantly, and not a breeze rippling the surface of the Mediterranean. Seamen manning the three banks of oars with lusty sinews, drove the barge over the glassy sea, when suddenly the canopy which overarched Agrippina fell with a fearful crash. It had been so loaded with lead that no doubt had been entertained that it would effect certain destruction. The attendant who reclined at Agrippina's feet was instantly crushed, but one of the partitions fell in such a way as to protect Agrippina, though she was slightly wounded. The boat, however, filled and sank, many perished, others escaped by swimming to the shore. The agents of Nero, on board, who had made provision for their own safety, supposed that they had effected their purpose, and that their victim, mangled, and enclosed in a winding sheet of lead was sunk to the bottom of the sea.

But Agrippina, floating upon a part of the wreck had sufficient fortitude and sagacity to keep silent. In the early dawn she was picked up by a small boat and conveyed to her villa. Though she perfectly comprehended the treachery from which she had escaped, she shrewdly pretended to regard it all as an accident. She immediately dispatched a courier to inform her affectionate son that, through the mercy of the gods, she had escaped fearful peril, but entreating him not to be needlessly alarmed, as she had received but a slight wound, and would probably soon be quite restored. Nero was impatiently waiting to receive the news that his mother had gone down to her watery tomb, when he was thunderstruck with the intelligence of this utter failure of the plot. He knew his mother too well to imagine that her eyes could be blinded to the stratagem from which she had so wonderfully escaped, and he doubted not that she would immediately resort to some desperate mea-

sure, in self-defense, to secure his assassination. His only hope, then, was to strike a blow before his mother could strike the one she was doubtless premeditating.

Immediately he summoned one of his most efficient partisans, in whose depravity and efficiency he could place reliance, ordered him to take a strong body of picked men, hasten to the villa of Agrippina, break into the room, cutting down all opposition, and kill her *thoroughly*. Anicetus, the executor of this order, with his band of assassins, was soon on the march. Unannounced and unexpected they burst into the villa. The slaves, and feeble guard fled in all directions. It was midnight. Agrippina was in her chamber with but one maid, and a single lamp was dimly burning. Hearing the noise the maid fled. Agrippina, alarmed, raised her head from the pillow, when the assassins rushed in, and one blow from a club, upon her head, followed by thrusts of swords and javelins which pierced her body, dispatched her so effectually, that Nero declared that the mission was accomplished to his perfect satisfaction.

There was a law enacted by the Roman slaveholders, that if any master should be murdered by a slave, every slave belonging to that household, male and female, young and old, should be put to death. The object of the law was to protect the life of the master, by rendering every member of his household responsible, with his life, for his master's safety. A slave in revenge for some injury which he had received from his master, Pedanius Secundus, struck him dead. The law doomed the whole family of slaves, four hundred in number to capital punishment. There were in this doomed household old men, babes, boys, and maidens. The deed was perpetrated by one man, maddened by outrage, and it was clear that all the rest were innocent. These slaves were not negroes, but men and women of the same blood with their master.

The sympathies of the populace were excited in their behalf, and with a spirit which was then deemed radical and

fanatic, they appealed to a *higher law* than that of the tyrants of Rome, to the law of immutable justice, and declared that these innocent people ought not to be, and should not be beheaded. The question created great agitation, and there were indications of seditious resistance to the execution of the law. Even some of the senators espoused the popular cause, and declared the law to be inhuman, contrary to justice, and that it ought not to be executed.

The conservatist party, however, cried out vehemently against the fanaticism of this spirit of innovation. Tacitus has given us the speech of Caius Cassius, one of the slave-holding senators, demanding the execution of the law:

"When a man of consular rank," said Cassius, "has been murdered by his slaves, a crime which none prevented, none disclosed, what security can any man feel! Are we to hunt up arguments against a decision of law, long since weighed and determined by our wiser ancestors? Do you believe that a slave could murder his master without one menace, one incautious word betraying his design? Grant that he concealed his purpose, that secretly he obtained his weapon, could he pass the guard at the chamber door, and perpetrate the murder unknown to all? Our ancestors regarded with suspicion even those slaves who were born in their own houses, and who, from infancy, had partaken of their kindness. But we have slaves from various nations, with rites and customs differing from our own; and it is impossible to curb such a rabble without the terms of law. Under this act, some who are innocent must doubtless perish with the guilty. But of a routed army, when every tenth man is struck down with a club, the brave must fall as well as the cowards. Every great judicial warning involves somewhat of injustice to individuals, which is compensated by the general benefit."

This reasoning carried the majority of the Roman senate, and it was decreed that the law must be executed; and though there were a few remonstrating voices, all these guiltless people

were adjudged to death. But the popular heart was aroused. Tumultuous throngs were assembled to rescue the condemned. Nero, espousing with all his energy the cause of what was then called the "law and order" party, lined the streets of Rome with his armed legions, and with a guard of troops conducted the whole band to their execution. There is comfort in the thought that there is another tribunal where the oppressed will have a more impartial hearing.

One wearies of the task of describing the individual assassinations which Nero perpetrated. Favorite after favorite, passing into disgrace, drank the poisoned cup, or was pierced by the dagger. His wife, Octavia, whose life was but a lingering martyrdom, he repudiated, and then he married his concubine, Poppæa. The maids of Octavia were put to the rack to compel them to accuse their mistress of crime as an excuse for the repudiation. But even all the intolerable agony of quivering nerves and crushed bones, could extort no evidence against Octavia. But Nero was resolved to put her to death. He called Anicetus, the assassin who had murdered Agrippina, and making him a magnificent present, requested him to swear that he had held adulterous intercourse with Octavia. The tool was pliant.

The tyrant then in an edict announcing her guilt banished her to the island Pandataria. Here this unhappy princess, the daughter of the emperor Claudius, and both half sister and wife of Nero, and sister of the assassinated Britannicus, but twenty years of age, was bound hand and foot, and her veins opened under every important joint in her body. As, through excess of terror it is stated, the blood coagulated and would not flow freely, she was placed in a vapor bath, very highly heated. She soon fainted and died, and her head was cut off and carried to Poppæa to satisfy her that she had nothing more to fear from her rival. Amazing as it may seem, the degraded Roman senate decreed thanksgiving to the gods on account of the execution of Octavia.

Tacitus describes one of the festivals of Nero, in Rome, which he says he gives merely as a specimen of all. Revolting as the description is, we give it to show what were the morals of ancient Rome. This banquet in honor of the emperor was given by Tigellinus:

"He built," said Tacitus, "in the lake of Agrippa, a raft, which supported the banquet, it being moved to and fro, by other vessels drawing it after them. The vessels were striped with gold and ivory and were rowed by bands of *pathics*—beautiful boys devoted to the most infamous purposes—who were ranged according to their age and accomplishments in the science of debauchery. Upon the margin of the lake were brothels, filled with ladies of distinction. Over against them nude harlots were exposed to view. Now were beheld obscene gestures, and, as soon as darkness came on, all the neighboring groves and circumjacent dwellings resounded with music and glared with lights. Nero, wallowed in all sorts of defilements, lawful and unlawful; and seemed to leave no atrocity which could add to his pollution, till a few days afterward he married, as a woman, one of his contaminated herd of boys, named Pythagoras, with all the solemnities of wedlock. The Roman emperor put on the nuptial vail. The augurs, the portion, the bridal bed, the nuptial torches were all seen."

One day some one repeated in conversation, in the presence of Nero, the line, "When I am dead let fire devour the world." Nero replied, "It shall be said, 'When I am living, let fire devour the world.'" Rome then contained four million of inhabitants, dwelling in very close, narrow, winding streets. Nero ordered his secret emissaries to fire the city while he, from a neighboring tower, watched the progress of the flames. The buildings were mostly of wood, and the conflagration was such as this world had never witnessed before and has not seen since. It is said that Nero, during the conflagration, in his private theater, played and sang the

'Destruction of Troy." The motives which led to this diabolical deed were probably complex, including love of novelty and excitement; a desire to behold the sublimity of the scene in which the dwellings of four millions of people were wrapt in flames—the dismay of the sufferers—their frantic endeavors to save life and property—and the picturesque exhibition of the millions of the homeless and the perishing, the aged, the sick, parents, children, matrons, maidens, wandering, wailing, dying in the fields. The picture possessed rare attractions in Nero's eyes. The wail of concentrated millions was music which but few mortals had been privileged to hear. It is also said that Nero wished to glorify himself by rebuilding the city on a scale of far greater magnificence than before. It is estimated that the population of the whole Roman empire, at this time, was one hundred and fifty millions. By robbing these mercilessly, funds could easily be obtained, to rear a new Rome, which should be the pride of the world.

For nine days and nights the fire raged with quenchless fury. Multitudes, which have never been counted, caught in the narrow streets, perished miserably in the flames. Temples, libraries, palaces, priceless works of art, all were consumed. Of the fourteen sections of which Rome was composed, ten were left but a pile of smoldering ruins. The most extortionate taxes were levied immediately upon the provinces, and with the immense sum thus obtained Nero, commenced rebuilding the city. But the cry of millions plunged into poverty and misery could not be stifled. The tyrant, alarmed in view of the execrations which rose loud and deep around his palace, and which the bristling spears of his petted guards could not exclude, endeavored to shield himself from obloquy by accusing the innocent Christians of the crime, and punishing them with the most terrible severity.

"Not all the relief," writes Tacitus, "that could come from man; not all the bounties that the prince could bestow,

nor all the atonements which could be presented to the gods, availed to relieve Nero from the infamy of being believed to have ordered the conflagration. Hence, to suppress the rumor, he falsely charged with the guilt, and punished with the most exquisite tortures, the persons called Christians."

Soon after the death of Christ, persecution in Judea scattered the Jews all over the Roman empire. Christianity was probably thus carried to Rome. Paul was soon taken to the imperial city, a prisoner, in chains, and there, for two years, he preached the pure gospel of Jesus Christ, even in the palace of the Cæsars. A large and flourishing church was ere long established there, and on no page of holy writ does the light of inspiration beam more brightly, than in Paul's epistle to the Romish church. The purity of the religion of Jesus Christ, denouncing in language the most impressive which inspiration could frame, adultery, slavery, extortion—declaring God to be the common Father of the whole human family, and that every man should see in his fellow-man a brother, whom he should regard with brotherly love; proclaiming that God looked with indignation upon idolatry, that He would avenge all wrong, and that a day was coming when all the world should stand at God's tribunal—emperor and slave on the same footing—and that every man should receive according to his deeds—such a religion, such doctrines, roused Nero, and his courtiers, and all the nameless pollution of pagan Rome to a frenzy of rage.

To crush this rising faith the most atrocious libels were fabricated. Infants were taken to the church to be baptized. Pagan slanderers affirmed that they were offered in bloody sacrifice. Wine was drank at the sacrament of the Lord's supper, and bread eaten in commemoration of our Saviour's broken body and shed blood. The pagans declared that the Christians, in midnight feasts, having murdered a man, ate his flesh, like cannibals, and drank his blood. Thus, a terrible prejudice was created against the Christians. Many believed these stories, who would, perhaps, have joined the Christians

had they known the truth. Tacitus, the renowned pagan historian, who seems to have been a man of much candor, and of much appreciation of right and wrong, was manifestly under the influence of these gross libels, for in the following terms he describes this first persecution of the Christians at Rome by Nero:

"Christ, the founder of that name, was put to death as a criminal by Pontius Pilate, procurator of Judea, in the reign of Tiberius. But the pernicious superstition, repressed for a time, broke out again, not only through Judea, where the mischief originated, but through the city of Rome also, whither all things horrible and disgraceful flow from all quarters, as to a common receptacle, and where they are encouraged. Accordingly, first those were seized who confessed that they were Christians. Next, on their information, a vast multitude were convicted, not so much on the charge of burning the city, as of hating the human race. And in their deaths they were also made the subjects of sport, for they were covered with the hides of wild beasts, and worried to death by dogs, or nailed to crosses, or set fire to, and when day declined, burned to serve for nocturnal lights. Nero offered his own gardens for that spectacle, and exhibited a circensian game, indiscriminately mingling with the common people in the habit of a charioteer, or else standing in his chariot. Whence a feeling of compassion rose toward the sufferers, though guilty and deserving to be made examples of by capital punishment, because they seemed not to be cut off for the public good, but victims to the ferocity of one man."

It would seem that the whole Roman empire was plundered by Nero to obtain money to rebuild Rome. The temples were pillaged; and the tax-gatherer, with his armed bands, penetrated the remotest provinces, not a nook even of Greece and remote Asia escaping his extortionate visits. But at length human nature could endure the monster no longer

Servius Galba, governor of Spain, a man of meditative, pensive mind, and of courage which no peril could daunt, resolved at whatever hazard to rid the world of Nero. Disdaining the insidious movements of the assassin, and believing that public indignation was ripe for revolt, he summoned his willing legions, declared war against Nero, and commenced a march upon Rome.

The spark had fired the train. With electric speed the insurrection spread, outstripping the forced marches of the battalions of Galba; and the tidings reached Rome, rousing the whole city to enthusiasm, even before the tramp of the avenging army was heard upon the southern slopes of the Alps. Nero was seated at the supper table, with one of his boy concubines, dressed in women's robes, at his side, when at the same moment the intelligence of the march of Galba, and the insurrection in the streets, reached his ear. The brutal, cowardly monster was so struck with dismay, that he sprang from his seat so suddenly as to overturn the table, breaking two vases of immense value. He rent his clothes and beat his forehead, crying like a madman, "I am ruined. I am ruined."

He called for poison, but he had not even courage to do that weakest of all deeds—drink of the cup. He valiantly called for a dagger, looked at its sharp, glittering point, and, afraid of the prick, laid it aside. He rushed from the palace, heroically resolved to throw himself into the Tiber, but as soon as he saw the dark rolling tide, his resolution vanished, and he stopped. One of his companions urged that they should flee to his country-seat, about four miles from Rome, and conceal themselves. Nero, insane with terror, bareheaded, with his long locks floating in the wind, his clothes disordered, and covering his face with his handkerchief, leaped upon a horse, and with four attendants, through innumerable perils, hearing every where around him the execrations of the multitude, by whom he was not recog-

nized, gained his retreat. Just before reaching it, however some alarm induced him to abandon his horse, and plunged into a thicket by the road side, and through reeds and brambles, with torn clothes and lacerated flesh, he reached his transient, insecure asylum.

The senate, in the meantime, had assembled, and emboldened by the universal insurrection and by the approaching legions of Galba, pronounced Nero a tyrant, and doomed him to death, *more majorum*, that is, according to ancient custom. The decree soon reached the ears of the trembling Nero.

"What is it," he inquired, "to die *more majorum?*"

"It is," was the very unconsoling reply, "to be stripped naked, to have the head fastened in the pillory, and in that posture to be scourged to death."

Nero had been highly amused in witnessing sufferings far more dreadful inflicted upon his innocent victims; but the idea of such a death for himself was any thing but amusing. Indeed, he was so horror-stricken, that he seized a dagger and *pricked* himself. But it hurt. So he laid the dagger aside and groaned. He then tried to talk himself into courage. "Ought Nero to be afraid?" he said. "Shall the emperor be a coward? No! let me die courageously." Again he grasped the dagger, looked at its point earnestly, but it was so sharp! Again he laid it aside, and groaned in despair.

Just then he heard the sound of horses' feet, and looking up saw, in the distance, soldiers approaching. In a few moments his retreat would be discovered, and he would be in their hands. There would then be no escape from the stripping, the pillory, and the scourge. In frenzy he entreated one of his servants, a freed man, to hold the dagger so that he might run his throat fiercely against it. This time he succeeded in severing an artery, and the blood gushed forth. He sank upon the floor just as the soldiers entered, and looking up to them with a malignant scowl, said, "You are too late," and died. There is a theory of false religion which

says that there is no punishment in the future world; and that the spirit of Nero ascended to heaven to be greeted with the words, from the lips of our heavenly Father, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." But the Bible assures us that "after death cometh the judgment." This is the only solution of such a career as that of Nero. This monster reigned thirteen years, and died in the thirty-second year of his age.

Servius Galba, who had not yet reached Rome, was immediately proclaimed by the senate emperor. He was an old man, seventy-two years of age, and he was also childless. Galba, conscious that it would require much time to effect a reform of the corruptions which pervaded the whole empire, and that he, already oppressed with the infirmities of age, had not long to live, adopted as his successor a young man of very noble character and rare virtue, Piso Lucianus. But a depraved people do not wish for a virtuous sovereign. The Roman army, accustomed to plunder and to licentiousness, and to enormous bribery, though weary of the wanton cruelty of Nero, still wished for a leader who would gratify their luxurious and lustful desires.

A young man by the name of Otho, appealing to these corrupt passions, formed a conspiracy in the encamped army of Galba. He ridiculed his severe discipline, the restraints he imposed, and his neglect to enrich the soldiers with plunder and bribes. He assured them that Piso would tread in the steps of Galba, and that the affectation of such "virtues," as they were called, was absurd in such a world as this. Probably earth has never witnessed a more diabolical band than was presented in a Roman army. The conspiracy ripened. The soldiers, at the appointed time, in a mass, raised the shout of revolt, lifted Otho upon their shoulders, and with the clashing of weapons and huzzas, declared Otho their emperor. The venom with which the virtuous Galba was

pursued, seems to have been as malignant as that which was emptied upon Nero.

A tumultuous band, with oaths and imprecations, rushed to the tent of Galba. The heroic old man, conscious that no resistance would be of any avail, as the assassins burst into his tent, looked up calmly and said, "If you wish for my head, here it is. I am willing at any time to surrender it for the good of the people." The words were hardly uttered ere the heavy broadsword of a Roman soldier fell with its keen edge upon his neck, and his head rolled upon the floor of the tent. Another seized it by the hair, thrust a pike into the palpitating flesh, and, with shoutings of tumultuous thousands, the gory trophy was paraded through the camp. His body was kicked about, until one of his slaves dug a hole and buried it. Thus died Galba, after a reign of but three months. The senate, overawed by the army, and impotent, ratified the foul deed, and Otho was declared emperor. Such was the condition of Rome A. D. 67.

It is supposed that the apostle Paul suffered martyrdom at Rome during the persecution under Nero. Chrysostom says that a cup-bearer and a concubine of Nero, through the preaching of the apostle, became converts to the religion of Jesus, and that this so enraged the tyrant, that Paul was immediately beheaded.

CHAPTER XVIII.

EMPERORS, GOOD AND BAD.

FROM A. D. 67 TO A. D. 180.

OTHO AND VITELLIUS.—THE CONFLICT.—THE TRIUMPH OF VESPASIAN.—TITUS DESTROYS JERUSALEM.—HIS ACCESSION TO THE THRONE.—SUCCESSION OF DOMITIAN.—ADORNMENT OF THE CAPITOL.—HIS DEPRAVITY AND DEATH.—THE CROWN CONFERRED ON NERVA.—TRAJAN, ASSOCIATE EMPEROR.—REIGN OF TRAJAN.—HIS COLUMN.—CORRESPONDENCE WITH PLINY.—CONQUESTS OF TRAJAN.—REIGN OF ADRIAN.—ANTONINUS PIUS.—HIS NOBLE CHARACTER.—MARCUS AURELIUS.—VERUS, HIS COLLEAGUE.—DEATH OF AURELIUS.

OTHO was one of the parasites of Nero, having passed his youth in the midst of the corruption and debauchery of the imperial palace. He had surrendered to Nero his very beautiful and very infamous wife Poppæa, which wife, soon after died from a kick which she received from her regal spouse, just before she was about to give birth to a child. Otho had received, in exchange for his wife, the proconsulship of Lusitania, one of the provinces of Spain. He had squandered all his vast resources, and was hopelessly embarrassed by debt.

There was, at that time, at the head of the Roman legions on the banks of the Danube, a general by the name of Aulus Vitellius. He was descended from one of the most illustrious families in Rome, and had received his education, in all the luxuries and vices of the times, in company with Tiberius Cæsar, in his retreat at Capreæ. Hearing of the death of Nero, immediately followed by the death of Galba, Vitellius secured, with large bribes and promises, the coöperation of his army, and had himself proclaimed emperor, with all the military parade of his camp. Otho and Vitellius were both instantly on the march to settle their claims on the field of battle.

The armies, nearly seventy thousand strong on either side, met on the plains of Lombardy, near Mantua. For a week they fought with prodigious slaughter, and with wavering success. At length Otho was hopelessly defeated, and accordingly he ran a sword through his heart, after a nominal reign of three months; and the exultant Vitellius advanced to Rome to assume the imperial purple. The obsequious senate promptly declared him emperor, and he took up his residence in the palaces of the Cæsars. Vitellius was neither cruel nor tyrannical, in the ordinary meaning of those words; he merely surrendered himself to every possible degree of voluptuousness, and self-indulgence, thus securing for himself universal contempt. He even equaled Nero in debauchery. To have exceeded him, surpassed mortal powers. The expenses of his table for four months amounted to a sum equal to thirty millions of dollars.

There was but little to excite fear in the character of such an effeminate voluptuary; and a conspiracy was soon in progress for his overthrow. Vespasian, a Roman general who had acquired some renown in the wars in Germany and in Britain, and who had been consul at Rome, was at this time in command of an army in Judea. He resolved with his soldiers to drive the usurper, of whom Rome was weary, from his throne. It was not difficult for Vespasian to induce his soldiers to proclaim him emperor. The conflict was short, but sanguinary. Though Vitellius displayed no energy, his generals and his soldiers, in danger of losing the spoils of office, fought fiercely. But Vespasian, having sent able generals to Italy, was victorious, and Rome itself capitulated, after a bloody battle beneath its walls and through its streets, during which the beautiful capitol, the pride of the city, was reduced to ashes. Vespasian still remained in the east, and Antony had command of the army sent against Rome. Vitellius was dragged from an obscure corner in the house of a slave, where he had hid himself, and was paraded through the streets, with

his hands bound behind him and a rope about his neck, until, after hours of ignominy and torture, he was beaten to death with the clubs of the soldiers. His body was then dragged over the pavements, and the mangled mass, having lost nearly all semblance of humanity, was thrown into the Tiber.

The senate now united with the army in declaring Vespasian emperor. Vespasian was at this time at Alexandria, in Egypt. The Jews had rebelled against their Roman masters, and Vespasian was then organizing an army to besiege Jerusalem. His eldest son, Titus, was an exceedingly dissipated young man, who had been educated at the court of Nero, having been an intimate friend of the unfortunate prince Britannicus. The emperor entrusted the command of the army which was to march upon Jerusalem to this young man, while he proceeded to Rome to administer the government of the empire. Having a high reputation as a man of ability and integrity, he was received with great rejoicing by the Roman people.

The siege of Jerusalem, and its destruction A. D. 70, is one of the most memorable events in the history of the world. Human nature, perhaps, has never before or since endured such woes. It is impossible for the imagination to conceive more appalling horrors, or sufferings more terrible than were then experienced. The reader will find these scenes of rage, despair, and woe minutely detailed by the pen of Josephus. The siege lasted six months. The city was entirely demolished. In accordance with the prediction of our Saviour, not one stone was left upon another. The very foundations of Jerusalem were plowed up, so that even the ruins of the city could hardly be found. A million of Jews perished in the siege, and one hundred thousand taken captive were sold into slavery. All Judea was thus brought into perfect and unresisting submission to the conqueror.

Titus, with the spoil of Jerusalem, and his long train of captives, returned in triumph to Rome. In commemoration

of this great victory, a triumphal arch was erected, which remains, almost perfect, to the present day. Vespasian proved one of the best of the Roman emperors. He devoted himself with great energy and sagacity to the public weal, and after a reign of ten years, died respected and beloved. Feeling that his end was approaching, he said, "An emperor should die standing;" and aided by his friends he rose from his couch and expired, sustained by their arms. Vespasian reared the gigantic amphitheater, called the Coliseum, the ruins of which still attract the wonder and admiration of the world. It furnished seats for eighty thousand spectators, and standing room for twenty thousand more.

Titus succeeded his father. His character had undergone a wonderful and most salutary change. Abandoning all the vicious practices of his youth, he became distinguished as the exemplar of virtue and the guardian of liberty. With almost unexampled self-devotion, he engaged in the work of doing good. His memorable saying, *Perdidi diem*, "I have lost a day," when one day had passed in which no opportunity had occurred of doing good, is characteristic of his disposition and his habits. Beautifully has the sentiment been versified in the words:

> "Count that day lost, whose low descending sun
> Views at thy hand no worthy action done."

It was during the reign of Titus, A. D. 79, that the cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii were buried beneath the lava and ashes of Vesuvius. After being lost sixteen hundred years, they were discovered in the beginning of the last century. These cities, thus wonderfully brought to light, reveal much of the social habits and customs of that day. The renowned general Agricola, during the reign of Titus, was very efficient in promoting the civilization of the barbarous natives of Britain. He introduced the Roman modes of dress and living, encouraged education, and promoted a taste for the fine arts.

The reign of Titus was short. He had a brother Domitian, a man of utterly depraved nature, who was eager to grasp the scepter. It is supposed that he poisoned Titus, for the emperor was suddenly seized with a violent and strange sickness, which speedily caused his death, in the forty-first year of his age, after a reign of but about two years.

Domitian ascended the throne which he had purchased by the murder of his brother. His character was a compound of imbecility, folly, jealousy, and ambition. Jealous of the renown Agricola was acquiring, in conflict with the barbarians of Britain, he caused him to be poisoned, as is generally supposed. His conduct exposed him to universal ridicule and contempt. Wishing to enjoy a triumphal entrance into Rome, he dressed a large number of slaves to grace his triumph, as if they had been captives taken in war. He had gold and silver statues of himself placed in every conspicuous position; and assuming divine honors, required that all men should address him with the titles they gave to the Deity. Those whom he deemed his enemies were mercilessly punished with death, accompanied with all conceivable tortures. The slightest suspicion led to condemnation. Upon the Christians he wreaked vengeance, undiscriminating and pitiless. Ambitious of fame he rebuilt, with wonderful splendor, the capitol, which was burnt during the war between Vitellius and Vespasian. The gilding, alone, of the capitol, cost over twelve millions of our money. The profusion of his expenditure was such, that Martial says, in one of his epigrams, "If the emperor had called in all his debts, Jupiter himself, even though he had made a general auction of Olympus, would have been unable to pay two shillings in the pound."

The tyrant was accustomed to write down, in a pocket-tablet, the names of those he intended to destroy. His infamous wife, Domitia, accidentally got a peep at the tablet, while her husband was sleeping, and, to her consternation, found her own name, with that of others, in the fatal list. She

immediately informed those who were doomed to die with her. A successful conspiracy was instantly entered into, and the thrust of a dagger from one of the doomed men, rid the world of the monster Domitian. In his character not a redeeming trait could be found to mitigate the enormity of his depravity.

The tidings of the death of Domitian was hailed, throughout Rome, with universal acclaim. His statues were demolished, the inscriptions he had cut erased; and his memory was consigned to infamy. The senate, apprehensive that the army might anticipate them in the choice of a successor, on the very day of the tyrant's death, conferred the imperial purple upon Nerva, a venerable and virtuous old man of sixty-five, but of no force of character. Upon coming to the throne he took an oath that no senator during his reign should be punished with death, whatever his crime. He recalled all the Christians who had been driven from Rome by the persecution of Nero. The army did not like this humane sovereign, and conspired for his overthrow.

The emperor, not knowing how to deal with difficulties so stubborn, and finding the cares of government too heavy for him to bear, summoned to his aid, as a copartner upon the throne, Trajan, a general of much renown, then in command of an army upon the Danube. Nerva had hardly taken this important step, ere he suddenly died, after an eventful reign of but little more than a year. Trajan assumed the scepter.

The Dacians had been for some time in the habit of crossing the Danube and making destructive inroads upon the Roman empire. Domitian, lost in luxury, devoted but little thought to the protection of his frontiers. Trajan raised a powerful army, marched into Dacia, conquered the barbarians in a decisive battle, and compelled the humiliated king to acknowledge himself a vassal of the Roman empire. But Trajan had hardly returned to Rome, ere the Dacians were again in revolt. Again the emperor turned upon his foes.

That Dacia might be more accessible to his armies and thus more easily kept in subjection, he constructed a bridge across the Danube. This stupendous structure consisted of twenty-two arches. The ruins, which still remain, testify to the amazing skill of the Roman architects. The Dacians fought with great courage and military prowess, but after a conflict of five years they were effectually subdued, and a new province, thirteen hundred miles in circumference, became an integral part of the Roman empire. The vestiges of the military road trod by these legions, from the banks of the Danube through the heart of Dacia even to Bender, on the river Dneister, may still be traced.

The conquest was deemed so important, that a magnificent column was raised, to commemorate it. This column, one hundred and eighteen feet in height, and surmounted by the statue of the emperor, was entwined by a spiral belt, upon which were sculptured all the principal events of the expedition. The shaft still stands, one of the most admired works of art in the world. Napoleon adopted it as the model of the world-renowned column, reared to his honor, or rather, to the honor of his army, in the Place Vendome.

Trajan did not look with a friendly eye upon the rapid advances which Christianity was making throughout the empire. The spirit of Christianity prohibited war, and Trajan was emulous of military glory. Christianity forbade unlawful sensual indulgence, and Trajan was a voluptuary. Still he was a kind hearted man, naturally humane, and he had but little heart zealously to persecute those whose innocence and purity of life could not but command his respect.

Trajan had appointed Pliny, a nephew of the illustrious philosopher of the same name, as governor of the province of Pontus, in Asia Minor. There were very many Christians in that region, and as many severe edicts had been issued in Rome against them, which it was the duty of Pliny to see

executed, and as his humane spirit revolted against such cruelty, as needless and impolitic, he was perplexed, and wrote to the emperor for instructions. Pliny's letter was written about A. D. 106.

Trajan in his reply says:

"You have done perfectly right, my dear Pliny, in the inquiry you have made concerning Christians. For, truly, no one general rule can be laid down which will apply itself to all cases. They must not be sought after. If they are brought before you and convicted, let them be capitally punished, yet with this restriction, that if any renounce christianity, and evidence his sincerity by supplicating our gods, however suspected he may be for the past, he shall obtain pardon for the future, on his repentance. But anonymous libels in no case ought to be attended to; for the precedent would be of the worst sort, and perfectly incongruous to the maxims of my government."

Animated by the love of conquest, and that renown which conquest brings, Trajan, in imitation of Alexander, commenced a march of invasion through the barbarous and little known nations of the East. He placed himself at the head of his troops, lamenting that he was so far advanced in life that he could hardly hope to eclipse the renown of the great Grecian conqueror. Traversing the whole extent of Asia Minor, he crossed the Euphrates, and, in an uninterrupted career of conquest, advanced to the Tigris. Leaving subjugated nations behind him, the announcement of whose names excited the wonder and admiration of ambitious Rome, he descended even to the Persian gulf. Here, building a fleet, he embarked his army, and ravaged the coasts of Arabia, compelling all the kings of those regions to confess themselves as vassals of the empire. He was preparing to follow the route of Alexander, and to extend his conquests to the remote Indies, when death, that sovereign whom even a Roman emperor must obey, summoned him to the spirit land. The approach of the king of

GENERAL GIUSEPPE GARIBALDI

Italy

terrors led Trajan to endeavor to reach his home in Rome, before he should die. With failing heart he left the army, and turned to retrace his steps. But death was inexorable, and the emperor had but reached Cilicia when he died, in the sixty-fourth year of his age, after a reign of nineteen years.

When Trajan left his triumphant army, on the shores of the Persian gulf, he intrusted its command to his nephew Adrian, who had been his companion in many wars, and was a man of much military renown. The army proclaimed him emperor, and Rome accepted the appointment. He had the virtues and the vices of a kind-hearted pagan, being affable to his friends, constitutionally humane, but a perfect demon when his passions were aroused. Conscious of the feeble grasp with which the empire held its barbarian conquests beyond the Danube, and beyond the Euphrates, he wished to contract the limits of the empire, and to consolidate his power. The stupendous bridge which Trajan had constructed across the Danube, Adrian destroyed, lest it should facilitate the incursions of the barbarians.

With a splendid retinue, Adrian undertook to visit all the provinces of his empire. He entered Gaul; thence proceeded to Germany, Holland, and Britain. During this visit, he ordered the construction of that famous wall, the ruins of which are still visible, from the Solway Firth to the mouth of the Tyne, to protect the Roman territory from the incursions of the barbaric Picts and Caledonians. He returned to Rome through Spain, and after tarrying a short time in the capital, visited Greece, Asia Minor, and Palestine. Wherever he went, he reformed abuses, and encouraged improvements. At Athens he was so favorably impressed with what he learned respecting Christians, that he endeavored to discourage persecution, and wished to recognize christianity, and to give Christ a niche in the temple with all the other gods.

From Greece and Syria, Adrian passed over to Africa. Among other great and salutary enterprises he ordered Car-

thage to be rebuilt, giving the new city the name of Adrianople. But a few fishermen's huts, at that time occupied the site of a city which had contained seven hundred thousand inhabitants. Returning to Rome, he again resumed his journey, and passing through Greece, Asia Minor, and Syria, visited Arabia and Egypt. No monarch, before or since, has had such an empire under his sway. At Alexandria he repaired Pompey's tomb, that had fallen into ruins. In Palestine he ordered the rebuilding of Jerusalem. The Jews engaged in the work with their customary ardor, and, elated with hopes that God had interposed in their behalf, and that the day of their deliverance had come, they rose in insurrection. The terrible energies of the Roman empire were turned against them. After one thousand of their chief towns had been destroyed, and six hundred thousand of their inhabitants had perished on the field of battle, the Jews were again chastised into sullen submission.

Adrian was one of the most highly accomplished men in the Roman empire, alike remarkable for personal beauty, intellectual culture, and polished manners. Many anecdotes are related illustrative of his humanity and moderation. But his ungovernable passions at times deprived him of all self-control, and in the delirium of his anger he at times perpetrated deeds of great cruelty. Social purity was a virtue almost unknown in pagan Rome. The court and the camp of Adrian exhibited a harem of unblushing vice. He was, from youth, celebrated for his fine scholarship, and his memory was so extraordinary, that having once read a book he could immediately repeat the whole. It is also reported that he could call every soldier in his army by name. The temple of Olympian Jupiter, in Athens, commenced five hundred years before, was finished by Adrian.

After thirteen years spent in these useful travels, Adrian returned to Rome an infirm old man. The cruelty of the slave code he mitigated very essentially. With insatiable

thirst for information, and a very high appreciation of all intellectual eminence, he courted the society of all the celebrated men in literature, science, and art. But disease was making rapid inroads upon his frame, and his sufferings, at times, were so great that he frequently was heard to exclaim, "How miserable a thing it is to seek death and not to find it." Upon his couch of pain and death he wrote the following touching lines:

"Animula, vagula, blandula,
Hospes comesque corporis
Quæ nunc abibis in loca,
Pallidula, rigida, nudula?
Nec, ut soles, dabis jocos."

Prior has endeavored to translate or imitate this stanza in the following lines, which but feebly express the spirit of the original:

"Poor little, pretty, fluttering thing,
Must we no longer live together;
And dost thou plume thy trembling wing,
To take thy flight, thou knowest not whither?
Thy humorous vein, thy pleasing folly,
Lie all neglected, all forgot;
And pensive, wavering, melancholy,
Thou dread'st, and hop'st thou know'st not what?"

It is said that he died, in the sixty-second year of his age, repeating the above words, so illustrative of the gloom which must have ever darkened the last hours of a reflective pagan. His prosperous reign had continued nearly twenty-two years. Adrian, who had no son, was anxious to transmit the empire to one worthy of the imperial bequest. There was a senator by the name of Titus Antoninus, a man of about fifty years of age, of such unblemished integrity and purity of morals, as to secure the full confidence of the sagacious emperor. The people, in honor of his virtues, surnamed him Pious. For this man Adrian cherished the highest esteem. But there was a beautiful boy in the court, but seventeen years of age, one Marcus Aurelius, whose singular fascination of character and

manners had won the affection of the emperor. Adrian loved the boy as if he had been his own child, and yet his sense of propriety would not allow him to place the destinies of perhaps one hundred and fifty millions of people in the hands of one so youthful, and whose character was, as yet, so immature and untried. He, therefore, compromised the matter and appointed Antoninus his successor, with the condition that he should adopt Marcus as his son, and transmit to him the crown.

Antoninus was true to his trust, and immediately adopting Marcus, bound him to his family, by marriage with his daughter Faustina. The father associated the adopted son so intimately with him in the government of the empire, that history usually speaks of their united reigns. The Roman empire had never before been so well governed, and never before had been so prosperous and happy as under the reign of these excellent men; proving that the happiness of a people depends far more upon the character of the rulers than upon the form of government; and proving, also, that the only effectual way of ameliorating the condition of the human family is by the regeneration of human hearts.

Antoninus nobly protected the Christians, issuing a decree that "if any one shall for the future molest the Christians, and accuse them merely on account of their religion, let the person who is arraigned be discharged, though he is found to be a Christian, and the accuser be punished according to the rigor of the law."

He often quoted the beautiful words of Scipio: "I had rather preserve the life of a citizen than destroy a thousand enemies."

The remains of a wall are still traced, which he reared to protect the Britons from the incursions of the Picts and Scots. After a reign of about twenty-one years, he died at the age of seventy-four, A. D. 161. The senate reared a column to his memory, which still stands, and it has been well said of him

"He is almost the only monarch that has lived without spilling the blood of his countrymen or his enemies."

The death of Antoninus left Marcus Aurelius, who, from his adoption, had also taken the name of Antoninus, in sole occupancy of the throne. Imitating Pious, whose memory he revered, he adopted a young noble by the name of Verus, as his partner on the throne. But the adoption proved exceedingly unfortunate; for Verus developed almost every vice, unredeemed by any virtue. It so happened that just at this time the Parthians made a very fierce, desolating, and sanguinary irruption into Syria. Verus marched with an army to punish them, while Marcus Aurelius remained in Rome, to attend to the general administration of the empire. Verus, however, having advanced as far as Antioch, committed the army to his generals, while he remained there in his metropolitan palace, indulging in every possible excess of voluptuousness and debauchery, where he soon died.

Aurelius, relieved from the embarrassment which the conduct of his vicious and imbecile colleague had ever caused, now, with renewed vigor, assailed the multitudinous foes which had risen up against the empire, and crushed them all. One of the legions of his army, consisting of between four and six thousand men, was composed entirely of Christians. The fact is attested by both Christian and heathen writers, that on the eve of an engagement on an arid plain, when the army of Aurelius was perishing with thirst, a terrible tempest arose, and amid flashes of lightning and peals of thunder, the refreshing rain in floods fell upon the Roman camp, which the soldiers caught in their helmets, thus obtaining an abundant supply, while at the same time a terrible storm of hail fell upon the barbarian camp, throwing them into such confusion that they were easily routed and cut to pieces.

Marcus Aurelius was so impressed with this apparent miracle, which he regarded as an interposition in his behalf by the Christian's God, that he issued a decree prohibiting

further persecution, and wrote to the senate in their favor. Independently of his rank, Aurelius was in character and acquirements a distinguished man. Many of his philosophical and humane sayings are still quoted, and remains of his writings, which are still read with interest, give him a high position among the classic writers of antiquity. While devoting himself with untiring diligence to the welfare of his subjects, even giving popular lectures to the masses of the people in Rome, upon all matters pertaining to their domestic welfare, tidings came that the Russian Tartars were invading the empire. The emperor grasped his sword, and having reached Vienna, in this his last campaign, was seized by the plague, and suddenly died about the year 180, in the fifty-ninth year of his age, and the nineteenth of his reign.

CHAPTER XIX.

COMMENCEMENT OF THE DECLINE AND FALL.

FROM A. D. 180 TO A. D. 235.

MARCUS AURELIUS.—PRACTICAL PHILOSOPHY.—COMMODUS.—HIS DEATH.—COMMENCEMENT OF THE DECLINE AND FALL.—THE PRETORIAN GUARD.—ITS CHARACTER AND INFLUENCE.—THE THRONE SOLD AT AUCTION.—JULIAN.—THE RIVAL EMPERORS.—TRIUMPH OF SEVERUS.—HIS PERFIDY.—REIGN OF CARACALLA AND GETA.—MURDER OF GETA.—ASSASSINATION OF CARACALLA.—MACRINUS.—HIS SHORT REIGN AND DEATH.—ELAGABALUS.—BOTH PONTIFF AND EMPEROR.—HIS EXTRAORDINARY DEPRAVITY.—ANECDOTES OF MAXIMIN.

ALL writers unite in the praises of Marcus Aurelius, the second of the Antonines, as he is sometimes called. Still he displayed one trait of character which has ever given occasion for perplexing comment. His wife, Faustina, beautiful, fascinating, and sensual to the highest degree, was notorious and unblushing in her amours. She affected no concealment. Reveling with the gay voluptuaries of the court in the most luxurious and wanton dissoluteness, she left her philosophic and phlegmatic husband to the meditations of his study and the schemes of his cabinet.

Marcus Aurelius seemed to be the only man in the empire who was utterly indifferent to this libidinousness of his spouse. Avowing himself a disciple of Zeno the stoic, and in his renowned "Meditations" advocating that philosophy, which renders it essential to virtue that one should be indifferent, so far as his inward happiness is concerned, to all external things, Aurelius did not allow the shameless conduct of his wife to disturb his serenity in the slightest degree. On the contrary, the more gross her crimes the more he lavished upon her caresses, endearing epithets, and titles of honor. Even her

overs he sought out and loaded with favors, giving them conspicuous posts of trust and emolument.

During a connection of thirty years, Aurelius was unintermitting in the tenderness of his attentions to his dissolute wife. He lost no opportunity of manifesting respect for her in public. He caused a decree to be issued, proclaiming her "Mother of the Camps and Armies." All Rome smiled to read in the "Meditations" of their revered emperor the expression of his thanks to the gods for having conferred upon him a wife so faithful, so gentle, and of such wonderful simplicity of manners. The senate at the earnest request of the emperor, declared her to be a goddess, temples were erected for her worship, and she was invested with the attributes of Juno, Venus, and Ceres.

This same weakness of character was indicated by the manner in which his son Commodus was educated. Unrestrained by his father, and incited by the example of his mother, he grew up a monster of depravity. Commodus was nineteen years of age at the time of his father's death. The virtues of Aurelius secured for him easy accession to the throne, and he was promptly recognized by the army, the senate, and all the provinces. He was a burly, beastly man, of huge frame and of such herculean strength, that he often appeared, in theatrical exhibitions, in the character of Hercules, dressed in a lion's skin and armed with a club.

The atrocities of Commodus can never be described. Civilization would tear out and trample under foot the page containing the abominable recital. Nothing can be conceived of in the way of loathsome, brutal, fiend-like vice, and cruelty of which he was not guilty. He filled his palace with debauchery, ransacked the brothels of Rome, compelled his sisters to yield to his incestuous love, and killed one of them, Lucilla, for venturing to repel him. He amused himself with cutting off people's lips and noses. The rich were slain for their money; the influential and powerful from jealousy, and

the friends of the slain were also dispatched lest they should murmur and excite discontent. At length one of his concubines, named Marcia, apprehensive that she was doomed to death by the tyrant, presented him with a goblet of poisoned wine.

Commodus drank freely, and almost immediately fell into heavy slumbers. But soon deadly sickness and vomiting ensued. Marcia, who had enlisted others in her enterprise, fearful that he might escape the effects of the poison, sent a young gladiator into the room to finish the deed with the dagger. Commodus, stupefied and weakened by the drug, was probably easily despatched. The conspirators, exulting in their achievement, and conscious that the tyrant could find no competitor, resolved to fill the vacant throne with one whose avenger would secure the support of the army, the senate, and the people.

Helvius Pertinax, the prefect or governor of Rome, had risen from lowly birth to senatorial dignity and consular rank. He had filled many of the first offices of the state, and all with much honor to himself. At a late hour of the night, the conspirators rushed into his apartment to offer him the crown. With great reluctance Pertinax accepted, at their hands, the imperial purple. He was immediately conducted to the camp, while a report was circulated through the city that Commodus had died of apoplexy. The people and the army, with joyful acclaim, accepted the new emperor, and conducted him to the senate-house. The senators had been suddenly convened. It was in the early dawn of the morning of the first of January, A. D. 193. In great consternation they had assembled, fearing that the summons would prove but some new trick of the tyrant. When assured that Commodus was no more, their joy surpassed all bounds. Decrees were passed consigning the memory of Commodus to infamy, and Pertinax was invested with imperial title and power.

From the reign of Commodus is generally dated the beginning of the decline and fall of the Roman empire. Here, Gib-

bon commences his renowned history. Pertinax immediately entered upon vigorous measures of reform. His domestic establishment was arranged on a very economical scale; exiles were recalled, prison-doors thrown open, and confiscated estates restored. The bodies of victims, illustrious in rank, which had been thrown into ignominious graves, were consigned to honorable sepulture, and all possible consolations were bestowed upon ruined families.

The extortions of Commodus had been boundless, the whole empire having been taxed to its utmost point of endurance to minister to his limitless luxury. Though the treasury was utterly exhausted, so that Pertinax commenced his reign with an empty purse, and at a time when the support of the army, which was absolutely essential, could only be secured by lavishing gold upon the legions with a profuse hand, he nobly remitted all the oppressive taxes imposed by Commodus, declaring in a decree of the senate, "that he was better satisfied to administer a poor republic with innocence, than to acquire riches by the way of tyranny and dishonor."

The instruments of luxurious indulgence which the tyrant had accumulated, gold and silver plate, chariots of curious construction and enormous cost, robes of imperial dye and heavily embroidered with gems and gold, and last, and yet most worthy of note, as indicative of the barbarism of the times, a large number of beautiful slaves, both boys and girls, whom Commodus, in his depravity, had assembled in his harem, alike to minister to his lust, were sold, and the proceeds placed in the exhausted treasury. It is said that there were three hundred of each sex whom the monster had thus collected, and many of these were children of tender years, who had been born in a state of freedom, and had been torn from the arms of their weeping parents. The free-born were set at liberty; the others though of the same race, were left in bondage.

These reforms, so salutary to the state, were all hateful to the corrupt soldiery. They loved war, and rapine, and license

—the plunder of provinces, the golden bribes of their officers, the possession of captive matrons and maidens. The brutal men had found in Commodus the leader they desired. The just administration of Pertinax excited their indignation and contempt. Murmurs deep and loud rose from the Pretorian guard. Three hundred of them in a body, and in open day, marched to the palace, entered unresisted, dispatched Pertinax with swords and javelins, and parading his gory head upon a lance, marched triumphantly through the streets back to their barracks. The citizens of Rome looked on in dismay and submission. It was not safe for any one to utter a word against the army. One hundred thousand soldiers, well armed and drilled, are deemed amply sufficient to hold in subjection ten millions of unarmed people. The establishment of a standing army, and the disarming of the militia, places any nation at the mercy of a successful general.

The Pretorian guard amounted to but sixteen thousand men, organized in sixteen cohorts. These renowned Pretorian bands, in the highest state of discipline, were assembled in a permanent camp, just outside the walls of Rome, on the broad summit of the Quirinal and Viminal hills. The remains of their line of ramparts, it is supposed, may still be traced. These helmed troops overawed the four millions of Rome; and, through the subject senate, and the still more servile populace of the metropolis, held the mastery of an empire of one hundred and fifty millions.

The soldiers, in their intrenched camp, rallying around the head of Pertinax, the hideous trophy of their power, perpetrated the memorable scandal of selling the throne, at auction, to the highest bidder. They felt safe in taking the bids, for if any one failed to pay the proffered price, the soldiers had, as it was well known, a very short and decisive way of settling the account. Rome had indeed now fallen; for the emperor had become but the prow of the national ship, while the soldiers manned the oars, and held the rudder.

There were two bidders for the imperial purple. It is a singular comment upon the morals of that age, that the first bidder was Sulpicianus, governor of Rome, and son-in-law of Pertinax. Alarmed by the mutiny he had hastened in his official capacity to the camp; but he immediately forgot the murder of his father, in eager graspings for the crown which had fallen from that mangled brow. Sulpicianus offered a sum, amounting to about eight hundred dollars of our money, to each man of the guard. A senator, Didius Julianus, the richest man in Rome, incited by the ambition of his wife and daughter, offered a thousand dollars to each man. "Moreover," said he, "you will not have to wait for me to collect it from taxes, for I can pay you immediately, as I have the money at home."

"Going, going, gone!" The Roman empire was struck off to Julian. The soldiers reared an altar in the camp, placed Julian upon it, and took the oath of obedience. Then the whole band, in close order of battle, with their new emperor enclosed in the center of their ranks, descended from their encampment and entered the streets of Rome. The motley crowd from all nations, which then thronged the capital, were doubtless but little conscious of the degradation. To them it was but another gala day. It is to be presumed that ladies smiled from the balconies, waved their scarfs, and sprinkled the pavements with flowers, as the gorgeous procession passed along, with glittering helmets, shields, and spears, with silken banners floating in the breeze, and with music from a hundred bands.

The soldiers had summoned an assembly of the senate. The newly appointed emperor presented himself to receive the confirmation of that docile body, and had the good sense simply to say:

"Fathers, you want an emperor. I am the proper person for you to choose."

There were sixteen thousand arguments, in the shape of

sixteen thousand swords, to sustain this simple proposition. Julian was confirmed with universal acclaim. The soldiers then, in triumphal march, conducted him to the palace. The decapitated body of Pertinax had not yet been removed, and the supper was still upon the table, at which the emperor was just about to sit down, when his assassins burst in upon him. These sights must have been suggestive of interesting thoughts to the new monarch. Till midnight the halls of the palace resounded with revelry. There was illumination, feasting, music, and dancing. But when the guests had retired, and darkness and solitude came, Julian found the imperial pillow filled with thorns, and he could not sleep.

But there were other armies in distant parts of the empire, proud, flushed with victory, and far more numerous than the Pretorian bands. Just across the Adriatic sea, in Illyricum, was Septimius Severus, a renowned general, at the head of three Roman legions, amounting to nearly twenty thousand men, and also with a large force of auxiliaries. In Britain, Clodius Albinus commanded a similar force. He was a man of the highest patrician rank, and regarded with contempt the plebeian origin of Julian. In Syria, Pescennius Niger held an army still more powerful than that of Severus or Albinus.

Each of these armies immediately imitated the Pretorian band, and each, in its own encampment, enthroned its leader, declaring him to be invested with the imperial purple. There were now four emperors, and from Illyricum, Britain, and Syria, sixty thousand Roman troops, with large accompanying bands of auxiliaries, were marching upon Rome. To meet them Julian had but the Pretorian bands. Severus, in Illyricum, was the nearest to Rome, and was approaching with rapid strides. Julian, terrified, sent ambassadors to treat with him, offering to share the empire. Severus, conscious of the superiority of his army, rejected the proposal. Eager to reach Rome and to consolidate his power before either of

his rivals should appear beneath the walls, he placed himself at the head of his columns, marching on foot, scarcely allowing time for sleep or food, sharing the hardships of the humblest soldier, and animating all by the glittering prize within their grasp. He crossed the Alps. City after city, neither able nor disposed to oppose, joyfully received him. Ravenna, the great seaport of the northern Adriatic, surrendered, and with it Severus obtained the whole Adriatic fleet. With unintermitted strides he pressed on, and was now within two hundred and fifty miles of Rome.

Julian, almost delirious with terror, acted like a mad man. He was continually sending ambassadors to the camp of Severus to negotiate, and assassins to stab. He invoked the gods, the senate, the people, the guards. He sent the vestal virgins, and the priests in their sacerdotal garb, to plead his cause with Severus. He had recourse to enchantments to paralyze his foe. But all was in vain. Severus was now within seventy miles of Rome, and as yet had met with no opposition calling for the unsheathing of the sword. His agents were already in the capital, and mingling with the Pretorian bands, were attempting to purchase their espousal of his cause. The soldiers cared but little who was emperor, if it were but one from whom they could receive liberal rewards. It was evident now that Severus would be victorious.

The soldiers of the Pretorian guard accordingly reassembled the senate, and ordered them to depose Julian. Then they conducted Julian very politely into one of the private apartments of his palace, carefully, and without any needless rudeness or violence, cut off his head, and sent the bloody trophy on a pike a peace-offering to Severus. Such was the end of Julian's reign of sixty-six days. Severus entered Rome in triumph, despoiled the Pretorian guard, which had become enervated through luxury, of their arms and wealth, disbanded the body and banished the members, on pain of

death, to the distance of one hundred miles from the metropolis. But Severus, though thus triumphant, was in danger of encountering the same fate which had overwhelmed Julian.

There were two hostile armies now approaching Rome, the one under Albinus, from Britain, equal to that of Severus, and the other still more formidable, under Niger, from Syria. The union of these armies would render the ruin of Severus certain. With characteristic cunning, and perfidy, Severus disarmed Albinus, by entering into an alliance with him, giving him the title of Cæsar, and virtually sharing with him the empire. Having accomplished this feat, he turned, with all his energy, upon Niger, and in three great battles destroyed his army. Niger fled helpless to Antioch. For a defeated general there was no possible escape. The executioners of Severus pursued the fugitive, and cutting off his head sent it to the conqueror.

Severus now extended his scepter undisputed over the nations of the East. But Albinus still lived, in command of armies, and claiming a sort of colleagueship with the imperial victor. It was needful, for the concentration of dignity and power in the hands of Severus, that Albinus should be disposed of. Severus wrote to him affectionately, as follows:

"Brother of my soul and empire; the gods have given us the victory over our enemies. Niger is no more, and his army is destroyed. I entreat you to preserve the troops and the public faithful to our common interests. Present my affectionate salutation to your wife Julia, and to your little family."*

The messenger who conveyed this epistle was directed to watch his chance and plunge a dagger into the heart of Albinus. By some chance the conspiracy was discovered, and Albinus, enraged, and conscious that death was his inevitable doom, resolved to sell his life dearly. Severus was now altogether too powerful to be vanquished by the leader of a few legions

* The whole of this curious letter is still extant.

in Britain. Albinus, however, put himself at the head of his troops, crossed the channel, and met the victorious army of Severus in Gaul, near the site of the present city of Lyons. The battle was fiercely fought, through a long day. The army of Albinus was cut to pieces, and he himself completed the victory of Severus, by thrusting a sword through his own heart. The head of the unfortunate general was sent a trophy to Rome. The brutal victor trampled the body beneath his horse's hoofs, and after leaving the mangled corpse, for a time, to be devoured by dogs, ordered the remains to be thrown into the Rhine. The wife and children of Albinus were also inhumanly massacred. Enriching his army abundantly with the spoils of the vanquished, Severus returned to Rome, where a splendid triumphal arch was erected to commemorate his success, which arch still remains in a good state of preservation.

An insurrection in Britain called the emperor to that island. Appointing his two sons, Caracalla and Geta as joint successors in the empire, with a powerful army he landed in Britain. Sending a division of his army, under Geta to overawe the lower provinces, he advanced, accompanied by Caracalla, to attack the Caledonians. His army encountered incredible fatigue in forcing their way through forests and marshes, and over unbridged rivers. In a few months fifty thousand men perished from sickness and the sword. But the Caledonians were at length compelled to beg for peace. They were forced to surrender a portion of their country, and, as a protection from their future incursions, Severus built the famous wall, which still goes by his name, from Solway Frith to the German ocean. Soon after this Severus died in the city of York, in Britain, at the age of sixty-six, after a reign of eighteen years.

During his reign a new Pretorian guard was organized, four times as numerous as the one disbanded. He lavished great wealth upon his troops, so that they became enervated

by the most sensual indulgence. All power was wrested from the senate, and a long step was thus taken in the road to national ruin. Gloom overshadowed his last days, "Omnia fui," he exclaimed, "et nihil expedit." *I have been all things and all is of little value.* Satiated with riches and fame, weary of the cares of empire, and disturbed by the bickerings of his sons, into whose depraved and hostile hands he was to surrender unlimited power, and with nothing to contemplate beyond the grave but darkness impenetrable, he sank in sadness to the tomb. And yet the hoary-headed tyrant bequeathed to his boys the political aphorism, by obedience to which he had gained all his power. It was this, "Enrich your soldiers at any price, and regard all the rest of your subjects as mere ciphers."

The two sons of Severus had from childhood been implacably hostile to each other. Gradually they had divided the court into two antagonistic factions. The incessant quarrels of these two heirs of the throne had greatly embittered the last days of their father. Caracalla was the elder of the princes, and his soul seemed ever agitated with the wildest ambition, and the most depraved passions. Geta was more voluptuous and effeminate, and he was more popular with the people. Caracalla had made several unsuccessful attempts to poison his father, and at one time had nearly succeeded in exciting a mutiny among the troops. Immediately after the death of Severus, the two young men, who thus succeeded to the crown, commenced a rapid journey, through Gaul and Italy, to Rome.

They traveled the same road, with separate retinues, jealously watching each other, to guard against assassination, and never venturing to eat at the same table, or sleep in the same house. Thus, the fame of their discord was widely spread On their arrival at Rome they occupied different palaces, with guards stationed around the doors, and with no communication existing between them, except that which was marked

with the utmost jealousy and rancor. It seemed impossible that the empire could be governed in common by men whose hostility to each other was so deadly, and it was proposed that they should divide the empire between them. Some progress had been made in the negotiation, upon the basis that Caracalla, as the elder, should reside in Rome, and retain dominion over Europe and western Africa, while Geta, selecting Antioch or Alexandria as his capital, should exercise sovereignty over Asia and Egypt. Numerous armies were to be encamped on each shore of the Thracian Bosphorus to protect the frontiers of the rival monarchies.

This plan for a dismemberment of the empire, merely to gratify the passions of two worthless young men, excited indignation in almost every Roman breast. Caracalla reflected that one dagger thrust, one cup of poison would relieve him from all these embarrassments, and with new energy he prepared to put his brother out of the way. Feigning desire for reconciliation, he proposed a friendly meeting in the apartment of their mother. In the midst of the conversation, two assassins, who had been concealed, rushed in, and, with the assistance of Caracalla cut down Geta, and he died in his mother's arms, drenching her garments with his blood. She herself was severely wounded in the endeavor to shield her son from the daggers which were aimed at him.

Caracalla easily secured the support of the army with vast bribes. The senate was now ever ready to do homage to successful power. The only redeeming trait in the character of Caracalla is to found in the fact that he could not escape the stings of remorse. The image of his brother, bleeding, struggling, dying, in the arms of his terrified, shrieking mother, pursued the murderer to his grave. But this remorse only goaded him to new crimes. Julia, his mother, was threatened with instant death if she did not cease her lamentations, and receive Caracalla with smiles of approbation and joy. Every one who was supposed to be in the interest of Geta, without regard

to age or sex, was put to death. More than twenty thousand perished in this wholesale proscription. The friends of the executed were compelled to hide their tears, for the slightest indication of sympathy was sure to call down the vengeance of the tyrant.

About a year after the death of Geta, Caracalla left Rome, to visit the distant provinces of his empire. His path was everywhere marked with the traces of extortion, rapine, and violence. A large number of the senate were compelled to accompany him, and to provide in every city the most costly entertainments. New and ingenious forms of taxation were invented, and the wealthy families were ruined by fines and confiscations. In consequence of a lampoon, which some wag in Alexandria had composed, Caracalla issued an order for the general massacre of the inhabitants. A demon could hardly have been more wanton and perfidious in cruelty. But enormous gifts to the army, with the permission of any amount of license, secured the support of their swords. With such support he had few enemies to fear. The resources of the state were exhausted to enrich the soldiers, "whose modesty in peace, and service in war," Gibbon has well observed, "is best secured by an honorable poverty."

One of the emperor's generals, Macrinus, who commanded the imperial forces in Mesopotamia, accidentally discovered that he had excited the suspicions of Caracalla, and was consequently doomed to death. In his despair he engaged one of his centurions, a man of herculean strength, to assassinate the emperor. Watching his opportunity, as the emperor was riding out one day, in the vicinity of Edessa, the centurion stabbed him in the back, killing him instantly. The assassin, however, paid the forfeit of his own life, for he was immediately cut down by the guard. Thus terminated the diabolical sway of Caracalla, with which God had allowed the world to be cursed for six years.

The army now looked around for a successor, and after an

interval of three days fixed upon Macrinus, who made them great promises. The appointment was sent to the senate, and was submissively confirmed. But Macrinus was neither illustrious through lineage, wealth, nor exploits; and gradually murmurs began to arise against the bestowal of the imperial purple upon one so obscure. These murmurs were loudly increased by his cautious attempts to introduce a few reforms into the army. He did not venture to meddle with the privileges and extravagant pay which the soldiers who were already engaged received, but endeavored to organize new recruits upon a more economical basis. The army was encamped in winter quarters in Syria. Macrinus, with a division of the army, as his ostentatious retinue, was luxuriating in the imperial palace at Antioch.

Under these circumstances, a Syrian, named Elagabalus, under the pretense that he was the son of one of the concubines of Caracalla, whose memory the corrupt army adored, formed a conspiracy, and, supported by the encamped troops, declared himself emperor and marched upon Antioch. The soldiers, eager for the renewal of their former license, with enthusiasm, cohort after cohort, abandoned Macrinus, and joined Elagabalus. One battle finished the strife, Macrinus was slain, and all the troops flocked to the banners of the conqueror. But twenty days elapsed from the commencement of the strife to the victory of Elagabalus. The powerless senate dared not remonstrate against the sword of the army, and confirmed with exemplary docility, their choice of a new emperor. The reign of Macrinus lasted but one year and two months.

Elagabalus passed the winter in riotous living with his generals in Nicomedia, and early in the spring commenced a triumphal march toward Rome. As he had formerly been, in the idolatrous worship of the East, high priest of the sun, he entered Rome in the double character of pontiff and emperor. The streets through which he passed were sprinkled with gold

dust. Elagabalus, arrayed in sacerdotal robes of silk and gold, with a gorgeous tiara upon his brow, and with bracelets and collars studded with inestimable gems, led six milk white horses, most sumptuously caparisoned, drawing a chariot containing the black, conical stone which was the symbol of the god at whose shrine he ministered. In his character of priest, he held the reins and walked slowly backwards, that his eye might not for one moment wander from the divinity he adored.

A magnificent temple was reared for this new deity on the Palatine mount, and he was daily worshiped with oblations and sacrifices, which surpassed all that Rome had yet beheld of idolatrous splendor. Syrian girls of voluptuous beauty danced lasciviously around the altar, while the highest dignitaries of the state and army performed the humblest functions before the shrine. Elagabalus rioting in imperial wealth and power, surrendered himself to the grossest and most disgusting dissoluteness. Bringing the vices and the luxury of the orient to his court, and adding to those all the refinements of enervating and demoralizing pleasure which the occident could suggest, he presented to the world a spectacle of shameless debauchery, which had never before been paralleled.

The palaces of the Cæsars had been already as corrupt as the ingenuity of their possessors could make them. But Elagabalus, transporting to Rome the vices of Asia, had more capacity for the perpetration of deeds of enormous foulness than any of his predecessors possessed. The story of his atrocities can not be told. Modern civilization can not listen to the recital. He dressed boys in the robes of girls and married them. The ingenuity of his court was taxed to subvert every law of nature and of decency. Bad as the world now is, it has made vast strides in the path of improvement since that day. Christianity has indeed, notwithstanding all its corruptions, already wrought a wonderful change.

No court in Europe now would tolerate for a day a Nero or an Elagabalus.

At length even pagan Rome could endure such infamy no longer. The fiendful priest and emperor was smitten down in a sudden fray in the camp, and, with many of his minions, was hewn to pieces. His mutilated corpse was dragged with every expression of contempt through the streets of Rome, and cast into the Tiber. The senate passed a decree consigning his name to eternal infamy. With an universal outburst of approval, posterity has ratified the edict.

The Pretorian guard, in its luxurious suburban encampment, passed the scepter into the hands of Alexander, a cousin of Elagabalus, a modest youth of but seventeen years of age. The sovereign army supposed that it could mold him at its will. The senate, as ever, was pliant as wax. The mother of the unassuming boy was a woman of uncommon character, and with singular sagacity, she for a time guided all his measures. It is said that she was a disciple of the Saviour, and that, instructed by that pure faith, it was her great ambition to cleanse Rome from the pollutions of the preceding reign. She appointed for her son teachers of the most estimable character, and he was instructed in the faith and morals of Christianity. She established an advisory council, consisting of sixteen of the ablest senators. All the minions of Elagabalus were driven from office.

Under the guidance of wise teachers, Alexander Severus, as he is usually called, began to develop a singularly mild and pure character. He seems to have been endowed with an original constitution of soul, which was dove-like and passionless. He was amiable, unsensual, and moderate in all his desires. There was nothing in his nature which responded to ordinary temptations. He was not virtuous through stern resistance to the allurements of vice; he was virtuous because he had apparently no temptation to be otherwise. God had made him so. In the human family there are lambs and there

are tiger's whelps. The fact is undeniable. But whose philosophy or theology can explain the fact? Elagabalus and Alexander were cousins. But temptation glided from the soul of Alexander, as Jeremy Taylor would say, like dew-drops from a duck's neck. And yet, can any philosophy or theology triumph over the common sense declaration that Elagabalus was an infamous wretch, meriting the execration of mankind?

The historians of those days give the following account of the education of this prince, then an emperor. Strange scenes to have been witnessed in a palace of the Cæsars! Alexander rose at an early hour, and in prayer implored divine guidance for the day. He then met his cabinet council, and with great patience devoted several hours to the discussion of affairs of state, and to the redress of private wrongs. A portion of time was then set apart for study, much attention being devoted to the works of Virgil, Plato, Horace, and Cicero. He then entered his gymnasium for bodily exercise, and thus there was developed a muscular system of unusual vigor. After a bath and a slight dinner, he received petitions, and directed replies to letters and memorials, till supper, which, with the Romans, was the principal meal of the day. His table was always spread with great frugality, and usually invited guests, distinguished for learning and virtue, sat down with him. His dress was plain, and all were impressed by his polished manners. For forty years the palaces of the Cæsars had been but a simmering pool of corruption. The first approaches of Christianity thus changed the scene.

But the moment the emperor touched, even with the gentlest hand, the privileges of the soldiers, a cry was heard which resounded through the empire. In a paroxysm of rage the Pretorian guards marched into the city, breathing threatenings and slaughter. For three days, a fierce civil war raged in the streets of Rome. Many houses were burned, multitudes were slain, and the city was menaced with a general

conflagration. Several of the leading friends of the emperor were massacred, and Alexander was compelled to succumb to the military mob; and the soldiers returned, unpunished and triumphant, to their quarters.

The legions in the provinces followed the successful example of the Pretorian guard, and refused to submit to the slightest curtailment of their privileges. This contest with the licentious soldiery embittered the whole of the reign of Alexander.

Thirty-two years before the period of which we now are writing, the emperor Severus, returning from one of his eastern expeditions, halted in Thrace, to celebrate with military games the birth of his son Geta. A gigantic young barbarian came rollicking into the camp, challenging any one to wrestle with him. Sixteen of the stoutest followers of the army he, in succession, laid upon their backs. The next day, as Severus with his suite, on horseback, was galloping over the plain, this agile young barbarian, whose name was Maximin, with the speed of an antelope, placed himself at the side of the emperor, keeping pace with his horse in a long and rapid career; and then, apparently not fatigued in the slightest degree with his race, in a wrestling match threw, one after another, seven of the most powerful soldiers of the army.

The emperor, astonished at these feats, rewarded Maximin with a golden collar, and assigned him an important post in his own retinue. This Maximin was a genuine barbarian, having a Goth for his father, and a woman from the still more savage tribe of the Alani, for his mother. Renowned for strength and bravery, he rose rapidly in the army, until he attained the first military command. He now headed a conspiracy against Alexander. "Why," said he, "should Roman armies be subject to an effeminate Syrian, the slave of his mother, and of the senate. Soldiers should be governed by a soldier, one reared in camps, and one who knows how to distribute among his comrades the treasures of the empire."

An immense army was at this time gathered upon the Rhine, to repel an irruption of the barbarians from Germany. As by a simultaneous movement, the soldiers rose, cut down Alexander, his mother, and all his supporters, and with shouts and clashing weapons, and trumpet peals, in wildest uproar, proclaimed Maximin *Imperator*. Alexander reigned thirteen years, and was murdered on the nineteenth of March, A.D. 235.

CHAPTER XX.

RAPID STRIDES OF DECLINE.

FROM A. D. 235 TO A. D. 283.

MAXIMIN.—HIS REIGN AND DEATH.—REVOLT IN AFRICA.—THE GORDIANS.—THE TWO EMPERORS.—BALBINUS AND MAXIMUS.—ANARCHY IN ROME.—MURDER OF THE EMPERORS.—PHILIP MARINUS AND DECIUS.—DESIGNATION OF CÆSAR.—HEREDITARY DESCENT.—THE GOTHIC INVASION.—VALERIAN AND GALLIENUS.—TERRIBLE FATE OF VALERIAN.—ACCESSION OF CLAUDIUS.—IMMENSE ARMY OF THE GOTHS.—VICTORIES OF CLAUDIUS.—CHARACTER AND FATE OF ZENOBIA.—AURELIAN.—INTEREGNUM.—TACITUS.—HIS DEATH.—PROBUS.—CARUS.—HIS MARCH TO PERSIA, AND DEATH.

IN the exaggerated annals of those days we are told that Maximin was eight and a half feet high, and well proportioned; that his wife's bracelet served him for a thumb ring; that his strength was equal to that of two oxen; that with a blow of his fist he could strike out the teeth of a horse, and break his thigh with a kick. His daily rations consisted of six gallons of wine, and forty pounds weight of flesh. The consciousness of his low origin exasperated him, and he endeavored to destroy all who had any personal knowledge of the obscurity from which he had sprung. In the intensity of his jealousy he had put four thousand persons to death whom he suspected of conspiring against him. Some were sewed up in hides of slaughtered animals and left to perish either of suffocation or hunger. Some were thrown into the ampitheater to be torn to pieces by wild beasts; and some were beaten to death by clubs. For some reason, perhaps ashamed of his low breeding and his ungainly address, he could not be persuaded to visit Rome; but spent his time in traveling from camp to camp, on the Rhine and on the Danube. No man of graceful manners or accomplished mind was permitted to appear before him. His graspings for wealth were insatiable.

All temples were robbed; and the most exquisite statues of gold and silver were remorselessly melted down. A short reign of three years finished the career of this monster. The story of his death is thus recorded:

Some gross outrages, perpetrated at the commencement of he reign of the tyrant, goaded both the army and the people of Africa to insurrection. The emissaries of Maximin in the African army were fiercely dispatched, and the standard of rebellion was unfurled. The soldiers compelled Gordian, proconsul of Africa, to accept the imperial purple. He was a Roman gentleman, of highest rank, and of vast wealth. His mansion, in Rome, was the palace which Pompey the Great, in his regal state, inhabited, and his villa, but a short distance from Rome, rivaled the imperial chateaux in the grandeur of architecture, and in costly furniture and embellishments. The Gordian family stood at the head of the Roman aristocracy. The old man was now eighty years of age, and the affairs of his province were mainly administered by his son, who had accompanied him to Africa, a lieutenant then in the prime of life.

The senate in Rome, disgusted with Maximin, who was at this time with the army in Pannonia, on the upper Danube, joyfully received the tidings of the revolt in Africa, and instantly sanctioned, by their suffrage, the choice of the Gordians. The father and son established their court at Carthage. Rome was in a tumult of joy. The populace ran through the streets brandishing their daggers, and shouting the praises of the Gordians. But the savage Maximin was a man not to be despised. An army was sent against Carthage. Young Gordian fell upon the plain where his routed troops were cut to pieces, and the aged father, in despair, put an end to his life. Bitter was the vengeance which Maximin wreaked upon Africa. And now the tyrant turned his steps toward Rome. The senate met in a state of inexpressible dismay. Not only confiscation and ruin awaited them and their families, but death

in the most revolting and cruel forms. One of the senators, more heroic than the rest, in a bold and rousing speech, said:

"We have lost two excellent princes, but unless we desert ourselves, the hopes of the republic have not perished with the Gordians. Many are the senators whose virtues have deserved, and whose abilities would sustain the imperial dignity. Let us elect two emperors, one of whom may conduct the war against the public enemy, whilst his colleague remains at Rome to direct the civil administration. I cheerfully expose myself to the danger of the nomination, and propose Maximus and Balbinus. Ratify my choice, or appoint others more worthy."

The nomination was promptly ratified. Balbinus was a distinguished orator and magistrate, of noble birth, and affluent fortune. Maximus was a rough soldier, of lowly birth, who by courage and genius had fought his way to no inconsiderable renown. Maximin was now foaming and raging like a wild beast. With an immense army, which had been struggling against the barbarians on the banks of the Danube, he crossed the Julian Alps. But he found in his path only smoldering ruins, desolation, and solitude. The inhabitants, terrified by his known savage nature, had fled in all directions, driving away their cattle, breaking down bridges, and removing or destroying their provisions. The first Italian city he approached was Aequileia, at the head of the Adriatic gulf.

This city was then called the second Rome, and was fortified with the highest resources of art, as a barrier against barbarian invasion. Maximin was a fearless, skillful, and determined soldier. Leaving a portion of his army to conduct the siege with all possible destructiveness and cruelty, he pressed on with another division of his troops to Ravenna. In this dreadful hour, when Rome was threatened with vengeance, the recital of which would cause every ear which should hear it to tingle, some exasperated soldiers of his own camp, taking advantage of the execration which the monster's inhumanity had created, in open day broke into his tent, thrust him

through and through with their javelins, cut off his head, and with every species of derision and insult, paraded it on a pike through the camp! A shout of exultation rose from the whole army, and with general acclaim they accepted Maximus and Balbinus as their lawful emperors. Maximin had been invested with the purple but three years.

The whole Roman empire seemed agitated with joy, as the news spread of the downfall of the tyrant. But in Rome, anarchy succeeded. A conflict arose between the senate and the populace of Rome on the one side, supporting the new emperors, and the Pretorian guard on the other. The soldiers were victorious, and breaking into the palace, they seized Maximus and Balbinus, stripped them of their robes, dragged them ignominiously through the streets, and then, piercing them with a thousand spears, threw their mangled remains into a gutter, to be devoured by dogs. The soldiers then seized a grandson of the elder Gordian, who had perished in Africa, and bore the lad, who was but thirteen years of age, in triumph to the camp, and proclaimed him emperor. In six months, five emperors had perished. The senate, with the sword at their throats, prudently acceded to the demand of the soldiers, and, by accepting Gordian as their sovereign, saved the empire from the miseries of civil war.

The reign of young Gordian was short, and uneventful. He had but just entered his nineteenth year when, while at the head of his army in Mesopotamia, waging war against the Persians, he was poisoned by one of his leading generals, an Arabian soldier, by the name of Philip, who having previously formed a conspiracy of the troops, was immediately proclaimed emperor. But the army on the Danube, which was gathered there in great strength, to repel the constantly menacing invasion of the barbarians, was not disposed to accept an emperor from the Persian army. Repudiating the election of Philip, they elected one of their own generals.

named Marinus, a man of but little note. Still Philip was alarmed, for the Danubian army was very formidable.

He immediately sent Decius, one of the most illustrious of the Roman senate, to the Danubian army, to endeavor, by his personal influence, to quell the insurrection. But the insurgent soldiers, rejoicing to obtain so illustrious a captive, seized him, and with threats of instant death, compelled him to accept the post of Imperator. In the meantime they repudiated Marinus who was powerless. Thus constrained, Decius yielded to their wishes, and led his army into Italy. Philip hastened to meet him. The two hostile armies, under their several leaders, met at Verona. The troops of Philip were routed, and one of Philip's own soldiers, with a blow of his heavy sword, cleft the monarch's head asunder. The senate, the people, and the Pretorian guard at Rome, all welcomed the new sovereign, who could enforce his claim with so many veteran legions.

To the eye of reason, nothing can seem more absurd than the doctrine of the hereditary descent of power. That a babe, a feeble girl, a semi-idiot or a monster of depravity, should be invested with the sovereignty over millions, merely from the accident of birth, is apparently as preposterous as any folly which intelligence can scrutinize; a folly which the history of hereditary sovereignties most fearfully illustrates. And yet a nation may be so unintelligent, or so depraved, that they can do nothing better than submit to this chance. The accident of birth may be more likely to be favorable than their own stupid or vicious choice. But where there is anything like intelligence and integrity pervading a nation, the only course of dignity and of safety, is for the people to choose their rulers. But Rome had become so dissolute and barbaric, that had every name in the empire been cast into the wheel of the lottery, and had the first one thrown out been accepted as emperor, the result could not have been more disastrous, than that which ensued from the nominal

suffrage of the senate and the army. It is not too much to say that the weakest and least successful of the Presidents of the United States has been superior, as a ruler, to the best of the Cæsars; not *greater* in administrative energy, but *better as a sovereign.*

History also teaches the folly of electing a ruler for life. Millions may thus be doomed to suffer for half a century under a Nero, a Caracalla, or a Maximin, and there is no refuge but in the immorality of the dagger. Thus assassination becomes, as in ancient Rome, an institution, and almost ceases to be a crime. The election of a ruler, for a short term of service, who is then to return again to the bosom of the people, to share in the taxes which have been imposed, and to be subject to the laws which have been enacted, is surely the highest deduction of political intelligence. Admitting that there are people, so debased, unintelligent or unfortunate that they are incapable of being benefited by this privilege, happy is that people who can enjoy and appreciate the dignity and utility of popular suffrage.

Decius, at the head of his legions, marched from the bloody field of Verona to Rome, received the homage of the senate, the huzzas of the people, and took up his abode in the palaces of the Cæsars. The withdrawal of the troops from the Danube encouraged the Goths to cross that stream in desolating bands. Marching downward from the shores of the Baltic sea, they had ravaged the province of Dacia, a country which extended for many leagues along the northern shores of the Danube, comprising nearly all the present region of Transylvania, Moldavia, and Wallacia.

Just across the Danube, lining the southern banks, was the Roman province of Mœsia, now Bulgaria. In wolfish bands these fierce warriors swam the stream, and trampling down the feeble opposition they encountered, cut down the inhabitants and swept the land, plundering and burning. Decius, spurring on his troops, was soon upon them.

The barbarians, disdaining to retreat, pressed onward south westerly into Thrace, and, as Decius incautiously pursued, they turned upon him at Philipopoli, routed the legions, plundered their camp, scaled the walls of the city, and put to the sword its whole population, indiscriminately, amounting to one hundred thousand souls. This was the first successful irruption of the barbarians into the Roman empire, and no tongue can tell the dismay with which the tidings were received in Rome. It was in A. D. 250.

Decius rallied his dispersed forces, gathered recruits, and again met his foes on the plains of Mœsia. Again the Romans, enervated by vice and luxury, were beaten down by the burly arms of the barbarians. The conflict was terrible. Decius himself was slain, and his body, trampled in the mire of a morass, could never be found. A son of Decius also perished with his father on that disastrous day. The broken battalions of the Romans fled, bleeding and panic-stricken, in all directions. The senate, confounded by the calamity, immediately chose again two emperors, probably intending in that form to restore gradually the old Roman republic with two annual consuls.

Hostilianus, a son of Decius, was elected as civil emperor, to remain in Rome, while Gallus, a veteran soldier and a renowned general, was elected military emperor, to take command of the armies. But Rome had already fallen so low that Gallus was compelled to the ignominy of purchasing peace of the barbarians, by allowing them to retire, with all their plunder. They took with them thousands of Roman captives, illustrious men and beautiful women, to serve as slaves in the fields and the harems of the Goths. By the law of human retribution this was right. Rome had made slaves of all nations, and it was just that Rome should drink of the cup of slavery herself.

Hostilianus suddenly sickened and died. Gallus, who thus became sole sovereign, was charged with his murder. At the

same time Æmilianus, governor of the province of Mœsia, gained some little advantages over a wandering band of the barbarians; thereupon the Danubian legions declared him emperor, and placing him at their head, commenced a march into Italy. The senate, deeming Æmilianus the stronger of the rivals, murdered Gallus and his son, and conferred the imperial purple upon Æmilianus. The Roman empire at this time consisted of a belt of territory about one thousand miles in width, encircling the Mediterranean sea as its central lake. Poetry can hardly conceive of a location more beautiful or better adapted for the accumulation of wealth and power.

And now, along the whole line of the Danube, barbarian tribes, of unknown names and customs, began to menace the empire; crossing the river with the sweep of the tornado, but to destroy with resistless energy, and as suddenly to disappear. Gallus, just before his death, had summoned Valerian, a Roman senator and general of renown, to his aid with the army from Gaul. As Valerian was crossing the Alps he received the tidings of the death of Gallus, and determined to avenge him. As the two hostile armies, the one led by Valerian, the other by Æmilianus, approached Spoleto, the soldiers of Æmilianus, unwilling to contend with troops confessedly more powerful, murdered their *imperator*, and with enthusiasm declared for Valerian. Æmilianus had reigned less than four months.

Valerian was already an old man, and he associated with him, in the cares of government his son Gallienus. To multiply the troubles of Rome, the Persians were now, in vast armies, assailing the empire in the East. To meet these menaces Gallienus took charge of the troops of the German frontier, and Valerian marched to repel the Persian cohorts in the East. But the power of ancient Rome was no more. The barbarian Franks, in tribes of various names, trampling down the enervated legions of the Cæsars, in successive waves of

invasion, swept over Gaul and Spain, and even crossed the straits of Hercules and penetrated Africa.

Another barbarian nation, called the Alemani, came howling through the defiles of the Rhætian Alps, and, almost unresisted, swept over the plains of Lombardy. Leaving behind them traces of the most awful destruction, they retired, with shouts of exultation and burdened with booty to their northern wilds. The Goths of the Ukraine, about the same time, in three expeditions of hitherto unparalleled destructiveness, took possession of the coasts of the Euxine, overran Asia Minor. In the flat-bottomed boats which had transported their bands across the Euxine to Asia, they descended the Bosphorus and the Hellespont, and loaded their fleet to the water's edge with the spoils of the Archipelago. Thence they marched upon Epirus, and even began to threaten Italy.

As Valerian marched through Greece and Asia Minor, with his veteran legions, the Goths sullenly retreated, laden with the plunder of the provinces. Pressing forward on his route he crossed the Euphrates, and met his Persian foes, in strong military array, on the plains of Mesopotamia. Here Sapor, the Persian monarch, triumphed in a decisive battle, and Valerian, hemmed in on all sides by overpowering numbers, was compelled to make an unconditional surrender. The Roman emperor now drained to the dregs the cup of humiliation and misery. Derisively robed in the imperial purple, Valerian was compelled to stoop, as a footstool before his conqueror, who put his foot upon his neck to mount his horse. Every conceivable indignity was heaped upon him for seven years. It is said that at length his eyes were put out, he was flayed alive. His skin tanned, died red, and stuffed, was preserved for ages in commemoration of Persia's triumph over imperial Rome.

Gallienus was left, by the captivity and death of Valerian, sole emperor. Fond of rank and power, he could not refrain

from the indecent expression of gratification in view of those misfortunes which had relieved him from the colleagueship of his father. Regardless of the dishonor which had befallen the empire, he attempted to *purchase* peace with the barbarians, and devoted himself to the cultivation of poetry, rhetoric, and the elegant arts. Many provinces were invaded and ravaged with impunity, while Gallienus only smiled at the intelligence, remarking that Rome was too great to be disturbed by a loss so contemptible. The discontent became so general, that it is said that thirty insurgents rose, during his reign, endeavoring to crowd him from the throne, and grasp the scepter. Civil war, incessantly roused by these local feuds, everywhere desolated the empire.

Odenathus at Palmyra, near the Euphrates, carved him out a kingdom from the crumbling state, and maintained himself in his rebellious sovereignty for twelve years. At his death he transmitted his scepter to his widow Zenobia. Inefficiency and cruelty were combined in the character of Gallienus.

It appears, by exact registers, that in the course of a few years, the population of the Roman empire had decreased, probably one half, from wars, pestilence, and famine. The barbarians were incessantly ravaging the frontiers, and making incursions almost within sight of the domes of Rome. At the same time, in almost every province, bands of the army were pronouncing some successful general *imperator*, and were raising the standard of rebellion. One of the insurgents, named Aureolus, from the Upper Danube, crossed the Rhætian Alps, and marched boldly upon Rome. Gallienus thus roused, attacked him, defeated him, and drove him back upon Milan. Here Gallienus, in a nocturnal attack, received a mortal dart from an unknown hand, probably from an assassin in his own ranks.

With his dying breath he named as his successor a distinguished general, Claudius, of plebeian birth, then in command

of a division of the Roman army near Pavia. He was a veteran soldier, and the senate and the army cordially accepted him. Claudius was then fifty-four years of age. With energy he assailed Aureolus, captured him and put him to death. Heroically he engaged in the attempt to infuse new life into the decaying empire. The barbarians of the north, under the general name of Goths, were now, in armaments more formidable than ever before, crossing the frontiers, from the German ocean to the Euxine sea, a distance of more than fifteen hundred miles.

One army, which it was affirmed consisted of three hundred and twenty thousand, descended the Dneister in six thousand barges. Encountering but feeble opposition they spread in all directions, plundering and destroying the coasts of Europe and of Asia. Claudius marched against them. The letter he addressed to the senate, on this occasion, is still extant.

By a series of signal victories Claudius drove the barbarians back again into their forests. As he was pursuing them with sleepless energy, he fell a victim to exhaustion and exposure, and died of a fever, after a reign of two years. He gathered his officers around his dying bed, and recommended to them one Aurelian, one of his ablest generals, as his successor on the throne. Aurelian was the son of a peasant. His reign lasted four years and nine months; and was wonderfully successful. He chastised the Goths with a rod of iron, and drove them in dismay from the empire. He recovered Spain, Gaul, and Britain from Tetricus, who had usurped the sovereignty there. He then prepared an expedition to crush rebellion in the east.

History describes Zenobia, the queen of Palmyra, as marvelously beautiful, being endowed with almost every moral, intellectual, and physical grace. She was not only a proficient in Latin and Greek, but also understood the Egyptian and Syriac languages. With her own pen she had written an epi-

tome of oriental history. For five years, bidding defiance to Rome, she had reigned over Palmyra and Syria. Her dominions extended from the Euphrates to the borders of Bithynia. Without directly avowing hostility to Rome, she seemed, at times, to assume the character of a Roman empress, in command of the eastern division of the empire. Longinus, the renowned critic, whose works are studied with admiration to the present day, was her secretary.

Aurelian having vanquished the Goths, with a victorious army marched along the shores of the Euxine, into the territory claimed by Zenobia. Two great battles were fought, in both of which Zenobia was defeated, and her troops cut to pieces. As usual, her subjects accepted the conqueror. Zenobia, however, with intrepidity seldom surpassed, retired to her citadel, in Palmyra, resolved to surrender her crown only with her life.

"The Roman people," Aurelian wrote, "speak with contempt of the war which I am waging against a woman. They are ignorant both of the character and the power of Zenobia. It is impossible to enumerate her warlike preparations of stones, arrows, and every species of missile weapon. Every part of the walls is provided with two or three *balistæ*; and artificial fire is thrown from her military engines. The fear of punishment has armed her with a desperate courage. Yet, still I trust in the protecting deities of Rome, who have hitherto been favorable to all my undertakings."

At length Zenobia, after a long and heroic conflict, despairing of her ability longer to maintain the siege, and conscious of the doom which awaited her should she fall into the hands of the Romans, endeavored to escape and seek the protection of the Persian court. She mounted one of her fleetest dromedaries and had reached the distance of sixty miles from Palmyra, when she was overtaken and brought back a captive to Aurelian. When the heroic queen was conducted into the presence of her victor he sternly inquired:

"How dared you to rise in arms against the emperors of Rome?"

With an adroit admixture of flattery and firmness she replied, "Because I disdained to consider a Gallienus as a Roman emperor. Aurelian alone I recognize as my conqueror and sovereign."

The victor was not merciful. Longinus was sent to the block. Terrible vengeance was wreaked upon the reconquered territory, in which women, children, and old men fell in indiscriminate slaughter beneath the swords of the Roman soldiers. Zenobia was carried a prisoner to Rome, to grace the triumph. Such a triumph Rome had not witnessed for ages. It was the dying flicker of the lamp. Twenty elephants, four tigers, and two hundred of the most imposing animals of the east led the pompous procession. Sixteen hundred gladiators engaged in mortal combat in the amphitheater. The vast plunder of the armies, from the sack of oriental cities was ostentatiously paraded. An immense train of prisoners followed—slaves captured from Gaul, Spain, Germany, and all the nations of the east. Conspicuous among these, arresting every eye, was Tetricus, the insurgent chief of the west, and Zenobia, the defiant queen of the east.

Zenobia, radiant in pensive beauty, and robed in the most gorgeous attire of the orient, walked fettered with chains of gold, and almost sinking beneath the weight of jewelry and precious stones. The gold chain which encircled her neck was so heavy that a slave supported a portion of it. The gorgeous chariot of the queen, empty, and drawn by Arabian chargers magnificently caparisoned, followed the captive. The triumphal car of Aurelian then appeared, harnessed to four stags. The senators, in their robes of office, the bannered army, and a vast concourse of the populace closed the procession.

The emperor, however, treated the most distinguished of his captives very generously. Many of the maidens, after receiving a finished education, were joined in honorable wedlock

to the generals of the armies. Zenobia was placed in the enjoyment of an elegant villa at Tivoli, about twenty miles from Rome, with ample supplies for her wants. Even Tetricus was restored to his forfeited rank and fortune. He reared a magnificent palace on the Caelian hill, and invited the emperor to sup with him. They remained on the most friendly terms for the rest of life.

But there was no peace for tumultuous Rome. One sedition within the walls was only quelled by the sacrifice of seven thousand of the imperial troops. Aurelian was terribly severe in discipline. The cruelest tortures, and death in its most awful forms, did not touch his sympathies. Ever accustomed to war, he regarded life as of but little moment, and transferred the stern rule of the camp into all civil affairs. His severities excited constant conspiracies, and the conspiracies led to new severities. The most illustrious men in Rome were sent to the block. The executioner was constantly busy, and the prisons were ever crowded.

A few months after his great triumph, he again placed himself at the head of his armies, in a march upon Persia. He had arrived as far as the Thracian Bosphorus, when some of his principal officers, learning that they were doomed to death, fell upon him in his tent, and cut him down. He fought fiercely for his life, but was overpowered.

It is strange that any one should have been willing to accept the Roman scepter, since it so invariably led to assassination. For two centuries, out of the great number of emperors, but three or four had died a natural death. The virtuous and the vicious, the mild and the severe, were alike doomed to a bloody end. The army adored Aurelian, and were determined that none of the conspirators should gain the throne. They therefore sent a deputation to the senate requesting that Aurelian should be placed in the number of the gods, and that a successor should be chosen at Rome, worthy of the imperial purple. The senate detested Aurelian, who had ruled them

with military rigor. They rejoiced to hear of his death, and were astonished and delighted at the deference, so unusual, with which they were treated by the army. But there was now no member of the senate who was willing to accept the crown. Three times the senate returned this answer, and three times the army reiterated its request. For nearly eight months, Rome was without a sovereign, and perhaps never before were the affairs of the empire better administered, since the efficient generals and magistrates Aurelian had appointed, still continued in power. The Roman legions yet remained encamped upon the banks of the Bosphorus.

But this state of things could not long continue. Intelligence reached Rome that a new flood of barbarians had swept across the Rhine, and were ravaging Gaul. The Persian monarch was also threatening all the east. There was a venerable senator, Tacitus, a descendant of the renowned historian, seventy-five years of age. He possessed vast wealth, had twice been consul, and his character was singularly pure, for those days of pollution. The voice of the people called loudly for Tacitus. Alarmed, he had sought the retirement of his villa. Being summoned to the senate, he was, with universal acclaim, greeted as Tacitus Augustus. He struggled to escape the dangerous honor.

"Are these limbs," said he, "fitted to sustain the weight of armor, or to practice the exercises of the camp? My exhausted strength scarcely enables me to discharge the duties of a senator. Can you hope that the legions will respect a weak old man, whose days have been spent in the shade of peace and retirement? Can you desire that I should ever find reason to regret the favorable opinion of the senate?"

Tacitus was compelled to be emperor. The army demanded his immediate presence. He hastened to the Bosphorus, put his troops in motion, and had arrived within about one hundred and fifty miles of the Euphrates, when he was murdered by his soldiers, after a reign of seven months.

The legions, now in Cappadocia, a province washed by the Euphrates, were not disposed to wait the tardy movements of of the senate, and immediately elected Probus, one of their generals, emperor. Probus was a soldier, and his reign was an incessant battle. The foes of Rome were numberless. He led every assault; was ever the first to scale a rampart, or to break into the camp of the foe. After thus fighting for six years to drive back the enemy crowding upon the empire from the east, the west, and the north, Probus died the natural death of the Roman sovereigns. A party of mutineers rushed upon him as he was superintending the draining of a marsh, work which displeased them, and pierced him with a hundred daggers.

The army looked quietly on as the assassins wiped their bloody weapons, and then elected Carus, a captain of the guard, emperor, and simply sent word to the senate, in utter disregard of the prerogatives of that body, that the army had provided Rome with a sovereign. Carus was an old, bald-headed man, and marshaling his troops for a campaign in the East, he declared that he would make Persia bare as his own skull. The hardy soldier, in mid-winter, marched his troops through Thrace and Asia Minor, and reached the confines of Persia. The Persian monarch, alarmed, sent an ambassador to negotiate, if possible, a peace. The envoys, accustomed to the magnificence of oriental courts, were astonished to find the Roman emperor seated upon the grass, eating his supper of cold bacon and peas. A coarse woolen garment, of purple dye, was the only external indication of his dignity. The demands of Carus were such that the Persians retired without coming to terms, and the Roman legions ravaged Mesopotamia mercilessly, extending their arms beyond the Tigris.

As usual, a conspiracy was formed for the death of Carus. On the night of Christmas, A. D. 283, a fearful tempest arose. The mutineers, as the lightning was flashing along the sky, and peals of thunder shook the camp, rushed upon Carus,

reposing in his tent, murdered him, set fire to the curtains, and burned his body in the flames of his own pavilion. The story was sent to Rome that the tent was struck by lightning, an indication that the gods wished the army to abandon the Persian enterprise and return to Rome.

CHAPTER XXI.

DIVISIONS OF THE EMPIRE.

FROM A. D. 283 TO A. D. 330.

CARINUS AND NUMERIAN.—ANECDOTE OF DIOCLETIAN.—HIS ACCESSION.—SAGACIOUS ARRANGEMENTS.—THE FOUR EMPERORS.—WARS OF THE BARBARIANS.—THE TWO NEW CAPITALS, MILAN AND NICOMEDIA.—DECADENCE OF ROME.—ABDICATION OF DIOCLETIAN.—HIS RETIREMENT AND DEATH.—CONSTANTIUS AND CONSTANTINE.—THE OVERTHROW OF MAXENTIUS, MAXIMIN, AND LICINIUS.—CONSTANTINE SOLE EMPEROR.—TRIUMPH OF CHRISTIANITY OVER PERSECUTION.—CONSTANTINE ADOPTS CHRISTIANITY.—BYZANTIUM CHANGED TO CONSTANTINOPLE.—THE GROWTH AND SPLENDOR OF THE CITY.

THE army appointed the two sons of Carus to the imperial dignity. One of these, Carinus, was in Gaul. The other, Numerian, had accompanied his father to Persia. The soldiers, weary of the distant war, insisted on being led back to Italy. Numerian, sick and suffering severely from inflammation of the eyes, was compelled to yield to the demands of the troops. The army, by slow marches, retraced its steps, eight months being occupied in reaching the Bosphorus. Numerian was conveyed in a litter, shut up from the light, and he issued his daily orders through his minister, Aper. He at length died, and Aper, concealing his death, continued, from the imperial pavilion, to proclaim mandates to the army in the name of the invisible sovereign. They had already reached the Bosphorus, when the suspicions of the army were excited, and the soldiers, breaking into the regal tent, discovered the embalmed body of the emperor. Aper, accused of his murder, was seized and brought before a military tribunal. At the same time, with unanimous voice, the army chose Diocletian emperor, who was in command of the guard. Diocletian

was born a slave—the child of slaves owned by a Roman senator. Having attained his freedom, he had worked his way to the highest posts in the army. Aper was brought before him for trial. This first act of his reign developed the promptness, the energy, and the despotism of Diocletian. As the accused was led in chains to the tribunal, Diocletian, looking upon him sternly and asking for no proof, said:

"This man is the murderer of Numerian."

Drawing his sword he plunged it into the prisoner's heart, and all the army applauded the deed. Carinus, the brother and colleague of Numerian was at Rome, rioting in the utmost voluptuousness of dissolute pleasures. Alarmed by the announcement of the election of Diocletian, he summoned an army and marched to meet him. The two rival emperors, at the head of their legions, confronted each other near Margus, a city of Mœsia, on the lower Danube. In the heat of the battle a general of his own army, whose wife Carinus had seduced, watching his opportunity, with one blow of his massive sword, struck the despicable emperor down in bloody death.

Diocletian was now sole sovereign. Assassination was the doom which seemed to await every emperor. The first measure of Diocletian was sagaciously adopted as a protection against this peril. He appointed as his colleague on the throne, Maximian, a general of most heroic bravery, but a man of lowly birth and exceedingly uncultivated in mind, and unpolished in manners. Both of these emperors assumed the title of Augustus, the highest title recognized in Rome. They had been intimate friends in private life, companions in many bloody battles, and they now devoted their energies to the support of each other on the throne, each conscious that the fall of one would only accelerate the ruin of the other. In this partnership Diocletian was the head, Maximian the sword; they even assumed corresponding titles, the one that of Jupiter, the other Hercules.

As an additional precaution, each of these emperors chose a successor, to be associated with him in the government, with the more humble title of Cæsar. Galerius was the associate and appointed successor of Diocletian, and Constantius of Maximian. To strengthen the bonds of this union, each of these heirs to the throne were required to repudiate his former wife, and marry a daughter of the Augustus whose successor he was to be. There were thus four princes on the throne, bound together by the closest ties, and they divided the administration of the Roman empire between them. Gaul, Spain, and Britain were assigned to Constantius; the Danubian provinces and Illyria were entrusted to Galerius. Maximian took charge of Italy and Africa, while Diocletian assumed the sovereignty of Greece, Egypt, and Asia. Each one was undisputed sovereign in his own realms; while unitedly they administered the general interests of the whole empire. Several years were occupied in maturing this plan.

But the world seemed to have conspired against the Roman empire. The Britons rose in successful rebellion, and through many a fierce battle maintained, for a time, their independence. Barbaric tribes seemed to blacken the shores of the Rhine and the Danube in their incessant incursions of devastation and plunder. Africa was in arms from the Nile to Mount Atlas,—the Moorish nations issuing, with irrepressible ferocity, from their pathless deserts. And Persia was roused to new and herculean efforts to humble the hereditary enemy by whom she had so often been chastised.

Maximian, who was regarded as the emperor of the west, selected Milan for his capital, it being more conveniently situated at the foot of the Alps, for him to watch the motion of the barbarians on the Danube and the Rhine. Milan thus rose rapidly to the splendor of an imperial city.

Diocletian chose for his residence Nicomedia, in Bithynia, on the Asiatic coast of the sea of Marmora, and he endeavored even to eclipse the grandeur of Rome, in the oriental mag-

nificence with which he embellished his Asiatic capital. The two subordidate emperors, who were *Cæsar* only, not *Augustus*, were practically governers of provinces and generals of the armies.

A large portion of the imperial life, both of Diocletian and Maximian, was spent in camps. Rome was hardly known to them. In the brief respites from war they retired to their palaces in Nicomedia and Milan. Indeed, it is said that Diocletian never visited Rome, until in the twentieth year of his reign, he repaired to the ancient capital to celebrate, with gorgeous triumph, a great victory over the Persians. Diocletian ambitiously surrounded himself with all the stately magnificence of the Persian court. He robed himself in the most sumptuous garments of silk and gold, and wore a diadem set with pearls, an ornament which Rome had hitherto detested as luxurious and effeminate. Even his shoes were studded with precious gems. Eunuchs guarded the interior of the palace. All who were admitted to the presence of the emperor were obliged to prostrate themselves before him, and to address him with the titles of the Divinity. These innovations were introduced, not for the gratification of vanity, but as a protection from the rude license of the people, which exposed the sovereign to assassination.

Guided by the same principle, Diocletian multiplied the agents of the government, by greatly dividing every branch of the civil and military administration. Diocletian was, so to speak, the supreme emperor. He had selected Maximian to be associated with him as Augustus, and had also chosen Constantius and Galerius as subordinate emperors, with the title of Cæsar, to succeed to the imperial purple. The *mind* of Diocletian was the primal element in the administration. He intended this arrangement to be perpetual,—two elder princes wearing the diadem as Augustus, two younger, as Cæsar, aiding in the administration and prepared to succeed. Such an array of power would discourage any aspiring gen-

eral, who otherwise, by assassination, might hope to attain the crown. To support this splendor and to meet the expenses of the incessant wars with the barbarians, from whom no plunder could be obtained, by way of reprisal, he burdened the state with taxation which doomed the laboring classes to the most abject poverty.

In the twenty-first year of his reign, Diocletian, then fifty-nine years of age, abdicated the empire. He was led to this by long and severe illness, which so enfeebled him that he was quite unable to sustain the toils and cares of government. Weary of conducting the administration from a bed of sickness and pain, he resolved to seek retirement and repose. About three miles from the city of Nicomedia there is a spacious plain, which the emperor selected for the ceremony of his abdication. A lofty throne was erected, upon which Diocletian, pale and emaciate, in a dignified speech, announced to the immense multitude he had assembled there, his resignation of the diadem. Then laying aside the imperial vestments, he entered a closed chariot, and repaired to a rural retreat he had selected at Salona, in his native province of Dalmatia, on the Grecian shore of the Adriatic sea. On the same day, which was May 1, A. D. 305, Maximian, by previous concert, also abdicated at Milan. He was constrained to this act by the ascendency which the imperial mind of Diocletian had obtained over him. Maximian, in vigorous health and martial in his tastes, found retirement very irksome, and urged his weary and more philosophic colleague to resume the reins of government. Diocletian replied:

"Could you but see the fine cabbages in my garden, which I have planted and raised with my own hands, you would not ask me to relinquish such happiness for the pursuit of power."

But, notwithstanding Dioceletian's memorable speech about the cabbages, all the appliances of opulence and splendor surrounded him in his retreat. He had selected the spot with an eye of an artist; and when in possession of the revenues

of the Roman empire, he devoted many years in rearing an imperial castle, suitable for one who had been accustomed, for nearly a quarter of a century, to more than oriental magnificence. From the portico of the palace, a view was spread out of wonderful beauty, combining the most extensive panorama of mountains and valleys, while a bay creeping in from the Adriatic sea, studded with picturesque islands, presented the aspect of a secluded and tranquil lake. But even here, in this most lovely of earthly retreats, man's doom of sorrow pursued the emperor; and domestic griefs of the most afflictive character, blighted the bloom of his arbors and parterres, and darkened his saloons.

Ten acres were covered by this palace, which was constructed of free-stone, and flanked with sixteen towers. The principal entrance was denominated the golden gate, and gorgeous temples were reared in honor of the pagan gods, Æsculapius and Jupiter, whom Diocletian ostentatiously adored. The most exquisite ornaments of painting and sculpture embellished the architectural structure, the saloons, and the grounds. The death of Diocletian is shrouded in mystery. It is simply known that the most oppressive gloom and remorse shadowed his declining years; but whether his death was caused by poison, which he prepared for himself, or which was administered by another, or whether he fell a victim to disease, can now never be known.

The two Cæsars, Constantius and Galerius, now became Augusti, and were invested with the imperial insignia. The division of the empire into the east and the west became still more marked; the morning sun rising upon the oriental provinces of Galerius, and its evening rays falling upon the occidental realms of Constantius. Two new Cæsars were now needed to occupy the place of those who had ascended to the imperial government. Galerius chose his nephew, a rustic youth, to whom he entrusted the government of Egypt and

Syria. Constantine, the son of Constantius, was appointed as the associate and successor of his father.

A revolt in Britain called for the presence of Constantius. His son accompanied him. Here Constantius was taken sick, and died fifteen months after he had received the title of Augustus. Constantine immediately succeeded him. Galerius did not cheerfully acquiesce in this arrangement, but Constantine, at the head of the army of Britain was too powerful to be opposed. Constantine was then thirty-two years of age. Italy had thus far been elevated in rank and privileges above the remote provinces of the empire; and the Roman *citizens*, for five hundred years, had been exempted from taxation, the burdens of state being borne by the subjugated nations. But the exigences of the impoverished empire were now such that Galerius, from his palace in Nicomedia, issued orders for numbering, even the proud citizens of Rome itself, and taxing them with all the rest.

Maximian, who had been exceedingly restless in the retreat to which his reluctant abdication had consigned him, hoped to take advantage of the disaffection in Rome to grasp the scepter again, notwithstanding the efforts of Galerius to place Severus, one of his partisans, in power there. Maximian and Severus soon met on the field of battle, and the latter being vanquished, was doomed to die, being allowed merely to choose the manner of his death. He opened his veins, and quietly passed away. Maximian had previously given his daughter in marriage to Constantine, hoping thus to secure his coöperation. Leaving his son Maxentius as acting emperor in Rome, he set out for Britain, to meet Constantine.

Galerius, enraged, gathered an army, and marched upon Italy to avenge the death of Severus, and to chastise the rebellious Romans.

"I will extirpate," he exclaimed in his wrath, "both the senate and the people, by the sword."

Constantine was in Britain, but Maximian was a foe not

easily to be vanquished. Galerius fought his way slowly to within sixty miles of Rome; but, hedged in on all sides, he could advance no farther. His perils hourly increasing, with extreme mortification he was compelled to order a retreat. Burning with rage, Galerius commenced his backward march, inflicting every conceivable outrage upon the Italian people. His soldiers plundered, ravished, murdered. Flocks and herds were driven away, cities and villages burned, and the country reduced to a smoldering desert. Galerius invested Licinius and Maximin with imperial powers, the one in Illyricum, and the other in Egypt, and thus there were now six emperors, each claiming the equal title of Augustus.

Maximian was now on his way to Britain, to the court of Constantine, to arrange a coalition. Constantine was suddenly summoned to the Rhine, by an incursion of the Franks. Maximian, at Arles, near the mouth of the Rhone in Gaul, where much treasure had been accumulated, took advantage of the absence of Constantine to endeavor to excite a mutiny in his own favor. With wonderful celerity Constantine turned upon him, pursued him to Marseilles, took him captive, and allowed him the same privilege which he had allowed to Severus—to choose his mode of death. The old emperor, who was father of the wife of Constantine, opened his veins, and sank into the tomb.

Galerius, retired from his unsuccessful campaign in Italy to his palaces in Nicomedia, where he indulged unrestrained, for four years, in that licentiousness and debauchery common to nearly all the Roman emperors. He became bloated and corpulent. Ulcers broke out over his whole body, and at length he died, a loathsome mass of corruption. He had ferociously persecuted the Christians during his whole reign, and by them his awful death was regarded as a Divine visitation. As soon as his death was announced, Maximin and Licinius divided his empire between them, the former taking the Asiatic, and the latter the European portion.

There were now four emperors regarding each other with a strong spirit of rivalry. Constantine in Britain and Gaul; Maxentius in Italy; Licinius in Macedonia and Greece; and Maximin in Asia. Constantine was renowned for his gentlemanly character, and his humane spirit; and yet, after a great victory over the Franks and the Alemani, he entertained the people of Treves by throwing the captive princes into the amphitheater, to be torn to pieces by wild beasts; and so barbarous were the times, that this act was not then deemed inconsistent with generosity and mercy.

Maxentius, in Rome, was one of the most odious of tyrants. The Christians suffered fearfully under his reign, and history has preserved the name of one noble Christian matron, Sophronia, wife of the prefect of the city, who, to escape the violence of Maxentius, plunged a dagger into her own heart. The tyrant filled Rome with troops, and purchased their favor by indulging them in the most unbounded license. With Rome for his capital, he assumed to be sole emperor, regarding the other emperors as his subordinates. Open collision soon arose between Maxentius and Constantine. Maxentius had under his command a very formidable force, amounting to one hundred and seventy thousand foot, and eighteen thousand horse. Constantine, at the head of but forty thousand troops, marched to attack him. Constantine, however, was well assured of the secret sympathy in his behalf, both of the senate, and the people of Rome.

Marching from Gaul, Constantine crossed the great Alpine barrier by what is now called the pass of Mount Cenis, and had descended into the plains of Piedmont, before Maxentius had received tidings of his departure from Gaul. He took Suza by storm. Sweeping resistlessly along, Turin and Milan, after fierce battles, fell into his hands. He was now within four hundred miles of Rome, and a magnificent road, through a rich country, invited his march.

His number of prisoners became so great, that chains were

needed to shackle them; and a vast number of smiths were employed in hammering the swords of the vanquished into fetters. With wonderful celerity he pressed forward, surmounting all opposition, until he arrived at a place called Saxa Rubra, within nine miles of Rome, where he found Maxentius intrenched in great force. His army, in long array, reached even to the banks of the Tiber. The defeat of Maxentius was entire, and the carnage of his troops awful. Maxentius himself, in attempting to escape across the Milvian bridge, was crowded into the river, and, from the weight of his armor, instantly sank to the bottom. His body, the next day, was dragged from the mud, and, being decapitated, the ghastly head was exposed to the rejoicing people.

Constantine, thus decisively victorious, entered the city in triumph. The pliant senate gathered around him in homage, and assigned him the first rank among the three remaining *Augusti*, then sharing the dominion of the world. Games were instituted, and a triumphal arch was reared to his honor, which still remains. Rome was fallen so low that the arch of Trajan was shamefully despoiled of its ornaments, that they might be transferred to the arch of Constantine. Constantine suppressed the Pretorian guard forever, and utterly destroyed their camp. He remained two months in Rome, consolidating his power. He also negotiated an alliance with Licinius, the Illyrian emperor, conferring upon him his sister Constantia in marriage.

Maximin, in Asia, alarmed by this coalition of the two European emperors, in dead of winter marched from the heart of Syria, crossed the Thracian Bosphorus, captured Byzantium, now Constantinople, after a siege of eleven days, and met Licinius, at the head of seventy thousand troops, near Heraclea, about fifty miles west of Byzantium. In a terrible battle the army of Maximin was almost annihilated, and the Syrian monarch, pale with rage and despair, fled with such celerity, that in twenty-four hours he entered Nicomedia, one

hundred and sixty miles from the field of battle. There he soon died, whether from despair, or poison which his own hand had mingled, is not known. There were now two emperors left, Constantine and Licinius. The provinces of the East accepted Licinius, and thus the Roman empire became again divided into the eastern and the western. Maximin left two children; a son eight years of age, and a daughter seven. Licinius, with Roman mercilessness, put them both to death. All the other relatives, who could in any possible way endanger the sway of Licinius, were also, with the most relentless cruelty, consigned to the executioner.

Hardly a year now elapsed ere Constantine and Licinius turned their arms against each other. Licinius was tyrannical and perfidious; Constantine insatiately aspiring. Sirmium, on the river Save, not far from its confluence with the Danube, was the capital of the vast province of Illyricum. On the banks of the Save, fifty miles above Sirmium, at Cibalis, the two emperors met in hostile array. It was the eighth of October, A. D. 315. The battle raged from dawn till dark; and then Licinius, leaving twenty thousand of his men dead upon the field, in the night retreated, abandoning his camp and all his magazines. Constantine pursued. Licinius, accumulating recruits as he fled, again made a stand on the plain of Mardia, in Thrace. Again they fought from the earliest ray of the morning until night darkened the field. Again Licinius was worsted, and he continued his flight toward the mountains of Macedonia. He now sued for peace. Constantine consented to leave him in command of Thrace, Asia Minor, Syria, and Egypt, but wrested from him Illyricum, Dalmatia, Dacia, Macedonia, and Greece, which were all attached to the western empire. Thrace was the only foothold which Licinius held in Europe.

Affairs thus remained in comparative tranquillity for about eight years, during which time Constantine devoted himself very assiduously to the government of his vast empire.

Constantine, with his empire firmly established, and his armies thoroughly disciplined, was no longer disposed to endure a partner in the empire, and he found no difficulty in "picking a quarrel" with Licinius, now infirm with age, dissolute, tyrannical, and execrated. But the old man developed unexpected and amazing energy. He speedily assembled, on the fields of Thrace, an army of one hundred and fifty thousand foot, and fifteen thousand horse. The straits of the Bosporus and the Hellespont were filled with his fleet, consisting of three hundred and fifty galleys of three banks of oars.

Constantine rendezvoused his army of one hundred and twenty thousand horse and foot, in the highest discipline, at Thessalonica, in Macedonia. In the celebrated harbor of Piræus he had a fleet of two hundred transports. Licinius intrenched himself at Adrianople, in the heart of Thrace, about two hundred miles northeast from Thessalonica, and awaited the attack of his foe. They soon met. The disciplined legions of Constantine trampled the eastern legions of Licinius in the dust, and in a few hours thirty-four thousand of the soldiers of Licinius were silent in death. The remainder fled wildly. The fortified camp fell into the hands of the victor, and Licinius, putting spurs to his horse, hardly looked behind him till he found himself within the walls of Byzantium.

The siege of the city was immediately commenced. It had been fortified with the utmost skill which the military art of that day could suggest, and the wealth of an empire could execute. After a long and cruel siege the city capitulated. One final battle was fought on the Asiatic shore, near the heights of Scutari, and Licinius fled to Nicomedia without an army and powerless. His wife, Constantia, sister of Constantine, pleaded so earnestly with her brother for her husband, that the conqueror, after subjecting Licinius to the most humiliating acts of homage, allowed him to retire to a retreat of powerlessness, but of luxury, in Thessalonica Here he was soon

accused of meditating treason, and was put to death. Thus was the Roman empire again united under one emperor, and Constantine remained sole monarch of what was then called the world.

Constantine now adopted the memorable resolve to establish Christianity on a stable foundation as the honored religion of the empire. The doctrines and precepts of our Saviour had thoroughly undermined the old pagan superstitions, and, notwithstanding the most bloody persecutions, Christianity had at length attained such supremacy that, by an imperial decree, the banners of the cross were unfurled over the ruined temples of Greece and Rome.

During the first two centuries Christianity spread over the whole region between the Euphrates and the Ionian sea, and flourishing churches were established in all the principal cities. Under nearly all the emperors the Christians were persecuted, sometimes legally, sometimes illegally, now with blind, frantic, indiscriminate fury, and now under the semblance of moderation and calm judicial process. All conceivable forms of terror were brought to operate against them. They were driven into exile, torn to pieces by wild beasts, beheaded on the block, and burnt at the stake. Several of the emperors exerted all the power with which the scepter invested them, for the utter extermination of the Christians. Historians have generally enumerated ten persecutions of peculiar malignity.

The city of Rome had been gradually losing its ascendency, and Diocletian had reared Nicomedia into a capital almost rivaling Rome in opulence and splendor. Constantine, the child of camps, and whose life had been spent almost wholly in the remote provinces of the empire, had no especial attachment for the imperial city, and he was ambitious of rearing a new capital, occupying a more central spot in his vast empire, and which should also bear and immortalize his name. With sagacity which has never been questioned, he selected for this

purpose Byzantium, and gave it the name of Constantinople or the city of Constantine.

The imperial city, enjoying the most salubrious clime, surrounded by realms of inexhaustible fertility, occupying an eminence which commanded an extensive view of the shores of Europe and of Asia; with the Bosphorus on the north, and the Dardanelles on the south, fortified gates which no foe could penetrate, with a harbor spacious, and perfectly secure, and with the approaches on the side of the continent easy of defense, presented to the sagacious Constantine a site for the metropolis of universal dominion, all unrivaled. The wealth, energy, and artistic genius of the whole Roman empire were immediately called into requisition, to enlarge and beautify the new metropolis. The boundaries of the city were marked out, fourteen miles in circumference. It is said that a sum amounting to twelve millions of dollars, was expended in walls and public improvements. The forests which then frowned almost unbroken along the shores of the Euxine, and a fine quarry of white marble in a neighboring island, afforded an inexhaustible supply of materials.

The imperial palace, rivaling that of Rome, in its courts, gardens, porticos, and baths, covered many acres. The ancient cities of the empire, including even Rome itself, were despoiled of their most noble families, to add luster to the new metropolis. Magnificent mansions were reared for them, and wide domains assigned for the support of their dignity; and though Constantinople never fully equaled Rome in population, dignity, and splendor, it soon became without dispute the second city in the world.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE EMPIRE DISMEMBERED.

FROM A. D. 330 TO A. D. 375.

CONSTANTINE THE GREAT.—DIVERSITY OF VIEWS RESPECTING HIM.—THE TRAGEDY OF CRISPUS AND FAUSTA.—DEATH OF CONSTANTINE.—TRIPLE DIVISION OF THE EMPIRE.—TRIUMPH OF CONSTANTINE OVER HIS BROTHERS.—STRUGGLE WITH MAGNENTIUS.—FATAL BATTLE OF MURSA.—FATE OF GALLUS.—ACCESSION AND APOSTACY OF JULIAN.—HIS SCHOLARLY CHARACTER.—DEVELOPMENTS OF ENERGY.—HIS WAR IN GAUL.—SELECTION OF PARIS FOR HIS CAPITAL.—HIS MELANCHOLY DEATH.—RETREAT OF THE ARMY.—CHOICE OF VALENTINIAN.—VALENS HIS ASSOCIATE.—ACCUMULATING WARS.—DEATH OF VALENTINIAN.

NO man has ever been more warmly applauded, or more venomously condemned than Constantine, surnamed the Great. And though fifteen centuries have passed away since he disappeared from life's busy arena, his character is still the subject of the most bitter denunciation, and of the most lofty panegyric.

By nature Constantine was enriched with the choicest endowments. In person he was majestic and graceful, with features of the finest mold. Either from natural felicity of temperament, or from his own powers of self-restraint, during all his reign he preserved, to a wonderful degree, the virtues of chastity and temperance. In mental capacity he was both acute and comprehensive, having gathered from books and travel a vast fund of information. He possessed great capabilities of endurance, physical and intellectual. In the field he displayed alike the bravery of the soldier, and the talents of the general. Fully conscious of his superior abilities, with boundless resources at his command, and warmly sustained by the popular voice, he commenced and pursued a career to which we with difficulty find a parallel.

The execution of the emperor's son Crispus, and of his second wife Fausta, was one of those appalling and awful events which will probably ever be involved in some degree of obscurity. So far as we can collect the facts, from the exceedingly unsatisfactory and contradictory accounts, they were these. Fausta, an exceedingly beautiful woman, and much younger than her husband, fell in love with Crispus, the son of Constantine's former wife, and a prince of remarkable attractions, and who had imbibed the Christian views of his teacher Lactantius. Fausta, in accordance with the spirit of pagan Rome, which never revolted from any crime of this nature, after earnest efforts at the seduction of her son-in-law, made an open confession to him of her desires. Crispus repelled her, as Joseph did the wife of Potiphar. In confirmation of the sentiment that

"Hell has no fury like a woman scorned,"

Fausta, in her rage, fled to the emperor, declaring that Crispus had made violent attempts upon her virtue. Constantine, in the blindness of his jealousy and indignation, condemned the innocent prince to death. Circumstances soon after revealing the truth of the case, in remorse and despair he sentenced Fausta to be stifled in her bath. Some others who were her accomplices in the foul accusation perished with her. It is said that from the gloom of these events Constantine never recovered. For forty days he fasted and mourned bitterly, denying himself all the ordinary comforts of life. He erected a golden statue to Crispus, with this inscription:

"To my son whom I unjustly condemned."

The death of Crispus, perhaps, bound the imperial father more closely to his surviving sons. He resolved to divide the empire between them, at his death; and he gave them all the title of Cæsar. He placed them under the most celebrated

professors of the Christian faith, and of all Greek and Roman learning. Constantine had been trained in the school of hardships. His sons, from the cradle, were accustomed to luxury, were surrounded with flatterers, and anticipated the throne as their hereditary right. To train them to the cares of government, the eldest son, Constantine, was sent to Gaul, the second Constantius to Asia, and the third, Constans, was entrusted with the administration of Italy and Africa. Constantine, the father, reserved for himself the title of Augustus, conferring upon his sons only that of Cæsar. Two nephews, Dalmatius and Hannibalianus were also raised to the title of *princes*, and invested with distinct commands.

After a reign of singular prosperity, continuing for nearly thirty-one years, Constantine, in the sixty-fourth year of his age, died, in one of his rural palaces in the suberbs of Nicomedia. On his dying bed he sought the consolations of that Christian faith which he had ever politically favored, and was then baptized as a disciple of Jesus, thus professing a personal interest in the redemption our Saviour has purchased. His funeral was attended with all the pageantry which Roman power could suggest and execute.

The three sons of Constantine divided the realm to suit themselves. Constantine, the eldest, with the recognition of some slight preëminence in rank, established himself at Constantinople, in command of the central provinces. Constantius took charge of the eastern, and Constans of the western realms. The new emperors were all dissolute young men, of the several ages of twenty-one, twenty, and seventeen years.

The death of Constantine the Great was the signal for war. Persia, under the leadership of Sapor, endeavored to throw off the Roman yoke, and Constantius found it necessary immediately to relinquish the voluptuousness of his palace for the hardships of the camp on the plains of Mesopotamia. The usual scenes of blood and misery ensued, as the hostile armies,

now in surging waves of victory, and now in the refluent billows of defeat, swept the doomed land.

While Constantius, the second brother, was thus battling on the fields of Mesopotamia, Constantine, the elder, was preparing to rob his younger brother, Constans of his imperial patrimony. Breaking through the Carnac or Julian Alps, he invaded Venetia, in Italy. Constans, who was then in Dacia, north of the Danube, three hundred miles distant, detached a division of his army, which he followed in person, lured Constantine into an ambuscade, surrounded and killed him, and attached all his domains, with Constantinople, to his own realms. He thus became the undisputed sovereign of two thirds of the Roman empire. Constans was still but a boy, with but little ability and abundant self-conceit. His incompetency excited contempt.

An ambitious soldier, named Magnentius, of barbarian extraction, conspired against him. On the occasion of a feast, in the city of Autun, subsequently renowned as the seat of the bishopric of Talleyrand, which feast was protracted until the hour of midnight, the conspiracy was consummated. On a sudden, in the midst of the carousal, the doors were thrown open, and Magnentius presented himself, arrayed in the imperial purple. There was a moment's pause, as of consternation, and then the whole assembly, with enthusiasm, wild and inflamed by wine and wassail, greeted the usurper with the titles of Augustus and emperor. The soldiers were rallied, and they took the oath of fidelity; the gates of the city were closed, and the banner of the new emperor floated over the citadel.

Constans was at the time absent on a hunting excursion in a neighboring forest. He heard at the same moment of the conspiracy, and of the defection of his guard, which left him utterly powerless. Putting spurs to his horse, he endeavored to reach the sea shore, but was overtaken at Helena, now Elne, at the foot of the Pyrenees, and was instantly put to

death. All the provinces of the west acknowledged Magnentius. The tidings soon reached Constantius, on the plains of Mesopotamia. Leaving his lieutenants to conduct the warfare there, with a strong division of his army he turned his steps toward Italy. But in the meantime, the powerful army, ever encamped on the banks of the Danube, in coöperation with Magnentius, appointed their renowned general, Vetranio associate emperor. Again the whole Roman empire was agitated with preparations for the most desperate civil war.

As soon as Constantius reached Illyricum on the frontiers of Italy, he sagaciously made propositions to Vetranio, that he would acknowledge him as associate emperor if he would abandon the cause of Magnentius and ally himself with Constantius. Basely the venal general accepted the bribe, and wheeled his whole army of twenty thousand horse, and several legions of infantry into the lines of Constantius. The soldiers blended in enthusiastic fraternization, intertwining their banners, and causing the plains of Sardinia to resound with the cries of "Long live Constantius."

Constantius, however, having thus gained the army of Vetranio, and conscious of his ability to reward it, so that there should be no fear of defection, at once relieved Vetranio of all the cares of empire, and sent him immediately into luxurious exile. A magnificent palace was assigned him at Prusa, in Bithynia. He was sumptuously provided with every luxury, and was there left to "fatten like a pig" until he died.

Magnentius, a bold and determined soldier, was a very different foe to encounter. Though Constantius had now b far the most powerful army, Magnentius was in every respec his superior, intellectually, physically, and morally. The two emperors marched eagerly to meet each other, neither of them reluctant to submit the question to the arbitrament of battle.

On the twenty-eighth of September the hostile armies were concentrated before the city of Mursa, now called

Esseg, in Sclavonia, on the Drave, about ten miles from its embouchure into the Danube. Constantius, fully aware of the military superiority of his antagonist, after earnestly addressing his troops, wisely, but not very heroically, retired to a church at a safe distance from the field, and left the conduct of the decisive day to his veteran generals.

A more fierce and sanguinary battle was perhaps never fought. All the day long the hideous carnage continued—Romans and barbarians, with gladiatorial sinews, blending in the strife. The air was darkened with stones, arrows, and javelins. Clouds of horsemen, glittering in their scaly armor, like statues of steel, swept the field, breaking the ranks, cutting down the fugitives, and trampling alike the wounded and the dead beneath their iron feet. Night alone terminated the strife. The army of Magnentius, overpowered by numbers, was almost annihilated. Fifty-four thousand were left dead upon the plain. But they had sold their lives dearly, for a still greater number of the legions of Constantius slept gory and lifeless at their sides. Nearly one hundred and twenty thousand men, the veteran soldiers of the Roman empire, perished in this one battle. Thus did Rome, in civil strife, devour her own children, and open the way for the march of barbarian bands.

Magnentius, in the darkness of the night, casting away his imperial ornaments, mounted a fleet horse, and, accompanied by a few friends, attempted to escape directly west toward the Julian Alps. He reached the city of Aquileia, at the head of the Adriatic sea, not far from the present city of Trieste. Here, in the midst of mountain defiles and pathless morasses, he made a brief pause, and collected around him all the troops who yet remained faithful. But city after city in Italy abandoned his cause, and raised the banner of the victorious Constantius. He then fled to Gaul. But Constantius directed all the energies of the empire in the pursuit. At length Magnentius, hemmed in on every side, fell upon his own sword, and

thus obtained a more easy and honorable death than he could hope for from his foe. Thus was the whole Roman empire brought again under the sway of a single sovereign, and Constantius, the son of Constantine, reigned without a rival from the western shores of Britain to the banks of the Tigris, and from the unexplored realms of Central Germany to the dark interior of Africa.

There were still living two nephews of Constantine the Great, Gallus and Julian. Constantius regarded them with great jealousy, and for several years had kept them, under careful surveillance, exiled in a remote city in Bithynia. As they advanced toward manhood, he watched them with increasing apprehension, and imprisoned them in a strong castle near Cæsarea. The castle had formerly been a palace, and was provided with all the appliances of luxury, in the way of spacious saloons and inclosed gardens. Here the young princes were placed under the care of able teachers, and were thoroughly instructed in all the learning of the day.

Still their hours passed heavily along in loneliness and gloom. They were deprived of their fortune, their liberty, their birthright as princes. They could not pass the walls of the castle, and could enjoy only such society as the tyrant would allow them. When Gallus, the elder of the two, had attained his twenty-fifth year, Eusebius, the emperor, invested him with the title of Cæsar, thus constituting him heir to the throne; and at the same time united him in marriage to the princess Constantina. Constantius, having consummated this arrangement, went to the west to superintend the administration there, leaving Gallus to take up his residence at Antioch, as viceroy of the eastern empire. Gallus immediately released his younger brother Julian, and invested him with rank and dignity.

Gallus and his wife Constantina developed characters which assimilate them to demons. Instruments of death and torture filled the dungeons of their palace, and scenes of woe ensued

which can only be revealed when the arch-angel's trump shall summon the world to judgment. Constantina died of a fever. The emperor resolved to dispatch Gallus to seek her in the world of spirits. With treacherous professions of affection he lured Gallus on a journey to visit him in his imperial residence at Milan. Just as Gallus was approaching the frontiers of Italy he was seized, carried to Pola, in Istria, and there, with his hands tied behind him, was beheaded, a fate he richly merited. A band of soldiers was sent to arrest Julian. He was taken a captive to Milan, where he was imprisoned seven months, in the daily expectation of meeting the doom of his brother.

In this severe school of adversity Julian acquired firmness of character and much sagacity. Through the intercession of Eusebia, the wife of Constantius, the life of Julian was spared, and he was sent to honorable exile in the city of Athens. Here he spent six months in the groves of the Academy, engaged in the study of Greek literature, peculiarly congenial to his tastes, and associating with the most accomplished scholars of the day. By the execution of Gallus, the emperor Constantius was left with no partner to share the toil of empire. The Goths were again deluging Gaul. Other bands were crossing the Danube where there was no longer any force sufficient to repel them. The Persian monarch also, elated with recent victories, was ravaging the eastern provinces of the empire.

Constantius was bewildered with these menaces which he knew not how to face, and listening to the advice of the empress Eusebia, he consented to give his sister Helena in marriage to Julian, and then to appoint him, with the title of Cæsar, to administer the government on the other side of the Julian Alps. The young prince received the investiture of the purple in Milan, on the day he attained the twenty-fifth year of his age. Still he was watched with such jealousy by Constan

tius, that for some time he was detained, rigidly captive, in the palace of Milan.

Constantius embraced this opportunity to visit the ancient capital of Rome, which had now become comparatively provincial from its desertion by the court. Approaching the city along the Æmilian and Flaminian ways, he assumed the triumph of a conqueror. A splendid train of troops, in glittering armor, accompanied him, waving silken banners embroidered with gold, and enlivening the march with bursts of music. As the procession entered the streets of the imperial city, Rome was overjoyed in beholding this revival of its ancient splendor. Constantius expressed much surprise in view of the immense population of the city, and, surrounded by such acclaim as had never greeted him before, took up his residence in the palace of Augustus, which had entertained no imperial guest for thirty-two years.

He remained but one month, admiring the monuments of power and art spread over the seven hills. Wishing to leave in Rome some memorial of his visit, which should transmit his name, with that of others of the most illustrious emperors, to posterity, he selected a magnificent obelisk which stood before the Temple of the Sun at Heliopolis, on the Nile, and ordered its transportation to the Roman circus. An enormous vessel was constructed for the purpose. The majestic shaft, one hundred and fifteen feet in length, was floated from the Nile to the Tiber, and thus became one of the prominent embellishments of the imperial city.

Constantius was suddenly recalled from Rome to meet the barbarians, who were crowding across the Danube and ravaging the frontier. They had seized many captives, and carried them as slaves into their inaccessible wilds. But the emperor, summoning troops from the East, pursued them with vigor, and compelled them to sue for peace, and to liberate their slaves. And now, with a host of a hundred thousand of the choicest troops of the East, Sapor, king of Persia, crossed the

Tigris, marched resolutely through Mesopotamia, finding no foe to obstruct his march until he arrived at Amida. Constantius marched to meet this foe, and Julian was sent to encounter the fierce legions of the north.

It would have been difficult to have found a man apparently less qualified to lead in such a warfare and against such a foe, than was the bookish, bashful, idol-worshiping Julian. The strong men of Rome, who were nominal pagans, in heart despised the superstitions of their country, regarding them only as means of overawing the vulgar; but Julian was actually a worshiper at those besotted shrines. It was, however, necessary for him to repair to Gaul, and to take his stand in the tented field. In view of it he was heard to exclaim, with a deep sigh, "O Plato, Plato, what a task for a philosopher!"

But Julian developed traits of character which astonished his contemporaries, and which have not ceased to astonish mankind. He inured himself to hardship, not indulging in a fire in his chamber in the cold climate of northern Gaul. He slept upon the floor, frequently rising in the night to take the rounds of his camp. He allowed no delicacies to be brought to his table, but shared in the coarse fare and in all the hardships and toils of the common soldiers. After one unfortunate campaign, in which the barbarians firmly stood their ground and repelled their assailants, Julian, at the head of but thirteen thousand men, assailed, at Strasbourg, on the Rhine, thirty-five thousand of the bravest warriors of Germany. After a long battle, in which both parties fought with the utmost fury, the Germans were put to flight, leaving six thousand dead upon the field. In the heat of the battle six hundred of the Roman cuirassiers, in a panic, fled. After the battle, Julian punished them by dressing them in women's clothes, and exposing them to the derision of the army. He then marched down the Rhine, and through a series of sieges

and battles drove back the Franks, who had taken possession of all that region.

In imitation of Julius Cæsar, Julian, with scholarly elegance, wrote the annals of the Gallic war. He crossed the Rhine, marched boldly into the almost unknown regions of the north, cutting down the barbarians before him, and returned with twenty thousand Roman slaves, whom, by the sword, he had liberated from their barbarian masters. The country, thus ravaged by war, was suffering all the horrors of famine. Julian sent six hundred barges to the coasts of Britain, from whence they returned laden with grain, which was distributed along the banks of the Rhine.

Engaged in these labors, Julian selected Paris as the seat of his winter residence. Julius Cæsar had found this now renowned city but a collection of fisherman's huts, on a small island in the Seine. It was called Lutetia, or the city of mire. The place had since gradually increased. The small island was covered with houses; two wooden bridges connected it with the shore. A wall surrounded the city, and many dwellings were scattered about the suburbs. Julian became very partial to the place, and built for himself a palace there.

Constantius, in the meantime, was in the far east, fighting the Persians. The victories of Julian, and his renown, excited the jealousy of the emperor, and to weaken the arm of the Cæsar, the Augustus sent for a large division of Julian's army to be forwarded to Persia. The soldiers refused to go; rallied around Julian; declared him Augustus, and both emperors, one from the heart of Gaul, the other from beyond the Euphrates, left their natural enemies, and turned furiously to assail each other. Months would elapse, and many thousands of miles were to be traversed before the heads of their columns could meet. Constantius had but reached Tarsus in Cilicia, when he was seized with a fever and died. The imperial dignity, the purple vesture, the scepter and diadem, did not disarm death of its terror. The monarch was but a poor sinner,

dying, and going to the bar of God. Enlightened by revelation, he knew his duty, but did it not. He trembled, he prayed, he was baptized, and received the sacrament of the Lord's supper, and passed away to that tribunal where monarch and subject, master and slave, stand upon the same equality, and where every man shall receive according to his deeds.

Julian heard the welcome tidings of the death of Constantius, just as he was entering the defiles of the Alps, which bound the eastern frontiers of northern Italy. With renewed alacrity he pressed on to Constantinople, where he was crowned undisputed sovereign of the Roman empire, in the thirty-second year of his age. He immediately commenced vigorous measures to restore the heathen worship in all its splendor, and to throw every available obstacle in the way of the propagation of Christianity. The temples were repaired, embellished, and the worship of idols made fashionable by gorgeous parades, and by the presence of the court, Julian himself often officiating as a priest. The churches were robbed of their property, and Christians were ejected from all lucrative and honorable offices, and their places supplied by pagans. The schools of the Christians were broken up, and they were denied the privileges of education. To prove Christ a false prophet in regard to the temple at Jerusalem, he ordered the demolished edifice to be rebuilt. Encountering unexpected obstacles, he was exasperated to press forward in his endeavor with all the energy and power which a Roman emperor could wield. To his amazement, he failed, and failed utterly.

Whatever may have been the cause of this failure, the memorable fact remains forever undeniable. *The Roman emperor Julian could not rebuild the temple at Jerusalem.* It is stated, and the statement is confirmed by very important testimony, that the workmen were terrified and driven away by phenomena which they certainly regarded as supernatural. Julian, a well read scholar, knew that open persecution, im-

prisonment, torture, and death had utterly failed in arresting the progress of Christianity, and he endeavored to paralyze the energies of the church by the influences of ignorance, contempt, and neglect.

Under such teaching and example from the imperial palace, bitterness of feeling was rapidly springing up between the pagans and the Christians. Then, as now, there were millions who had no faith, but who were drifted along with the popular current. The empire was menaced with the most terrible civil war. Julian was called to Persia, to resist the invasions which were there making desolating headway. Gloom overshadowed the empire. Julian was discomfited in battle; pestilence and famine wasted his ranks, and with a heavy heart the emperor was compelled to order a retreat. As he was leading his exhausted troops over the burning plains of Mesopotamia, which were utterly scathed and desolated by war, the soldiers dropping dead in the ranks from sheer exhaustion, while the cavalry of the Persians mercilessly harassed them, Julian, in rage and despair, turned upon his foes. A javelin pierced him with a mortal wound. Tradition says, that as he tore the weapon from the quivering flesh and sank dying upon the sand, he raised his eyes to heaven and said, "O Galilean, thou hast conquered." Conveyed to his tent, he died, descanting upon the virtues of his life, and solacing himself with the thought that without any personal or conscious immortality, his soul was to be absorbed in the ethereal substance of the universe.

The retreating troops, pressed by the foe, had no time to mourn the dead. Surrounded with famine, pestilence, gory corpses, dismay, and the din of war, a few voices proclaimed Jovian, one of the leading officers of the imperial guard, to succeed the emperor. With faint acclaim the army ratified the choice, and Jovian, as he urged forward the retreating legions, found time hastily to slip on the imperial purple. Rome had indeed fallen. Utterly unable to resist the Persians,

Jovian was reduced to the ignominy of purchasing a truce with Sapor for thirty years, by surrendering to him many of the eastern provinces. And here commenced the dismemberment of the Roman empire. All the garrisons were withdrawn from these provinces, and the humiliated army, with downcast eyes, left the banks of the Tigris forever.

Jovian repealed all the laws which had been enacted against the Christians, and immediately the idol temples were abandoned, and paganism, like a hideous dream of night, passed away to be revived no more forever. The army was seven months slowly retracing its march fifteen hundred miles to Antioch. Jovian was anxious to reach Constantinople. When he had arrived within about three hundred miles of the imperial city, he passed a night in the obscure town of Dadastana, and was in the morning found dead in bed, accidentally stifled, as it is supposed, by the fumes of a charcoal fire in his apartment. His broken-hearted wife met his remains on the road, and with the anguish and tears of widowhood, bitter then as now accompanied them to the tomb in Constantinople.

For ten days the Roman world was without a master. But at length the straggling divisions of the army were assembled at Nice, in Bithynia. After unusually mature deliberation the diadem was placed upon the brow of Valentinian, an officer of much merit, who had retired from active service and was living in the enjoyment of an ample fortune. In all respects he seems to have been worthy of the throne. Majestic in stature, temperate in his habits, inflexibly upright, and with a comprehensive and commanding mind, he was peculiarly qualified to win and retain public esteem. Julian had dismissed him from service in consequence of his adhesion to the Christian faith. The new emperor, crowned by the army in Nice, Bithynia, immediately proceeded to Constantinople, and there appointed his brother Valens associate emperor with the equal title of Augustus.

Valentinian took charge of the western empire, assigning

Valens the eastern, from the Danube to the confines of Persia; the one selecting Milan as his capital, the other Constantinople; Rome, in the meantime, being left to slow, but sure decay. The war of the barbarians now assailed the whole Roman empire, both the east and the west, with a ferocity never before surpassed. The Picts and Scots rushed down upon Britain from the mountains of Caledonia. All along the Rhine and the Danube, Gothic tribes of various names devastated the country with fire and sword. For twelve years Valentinian was engaged in almost an incessant battle. In a fit of passion he burst a blood vessel, and fell speechless into the arms of attendants, and died in convulsions of agony, the seventeenth of November, A. D. 375, in the fifty-fourth year of his age.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE DYNASTY OF THE GOTHS.

FROM A. D. 375 TO A. D. 1085.

THE MARCH OF THE HUNS.—FLIGHT OF THE GOTHS TO ITALY.—ENERGY OF VALENS.—INGLORIOUS REIGN OF GRATIAN.—THE REIGN OF THEODOSIUS.—GOTHIC INVASIONS.—ALARIC.—ROME BESIEGED.—THE CONQUEST OF ROME.—CAPTURE OF SICILY. SAGACITY OF ADOLPHUS.—BRIEF DOMINION OF THE EASTERN EMPIRE OVER THE WEST.—THE RAVAGES OF ATTILA.—ANARCHY IN ITALY.—NEPOS, ORESTES, AND ODOACER.—INVASION OF THEODORIC.—JUSTINIAN AT CONSTANTINOPLE.—THE CAREER OF BELISARIUS.—CHARLEMAGNE AND HIS EMPIRE.—THE REIGN OF THE DUKES.—SUBJECTION TO THE GERMAN EMPEROR.

WHILE Valentinian, on the banks of the Rhine, was struggling against the hordes of the north, crowding down in numbers which seemed inexhaustible, upon the plains of the south, Valens, in the remote east, was engaged in a conflict still more hopeless against the Huns, a branch of the great Mongolian race, who emerged, in locust legions, from the plains of Tartary. These savages were as fierce and implacable as wolves. Even the Goths fled in terror before them, and implored of Valens permission to take refuge in the waste lands of Thrace. Valens consented, hoping to obtain aid from them in resisting the Huns. But the Goths commenced ravaging the province, where they had been so hospitally received, and, in the pride of their strength, commenced the seige both of Adrianople and Constantinople, and ravaged the whole country to the shores of the Adriatic, menacing even Italy itself, with their arms. In a battle before the walls of Adrianople, the victorious Goths cut the army of Valens to pieces, and the emperor himself perished on the bloody field

Gratian, the son of Valentinian, a youth of but seventeen

years, who had succeeded his father on the throne of the western empire, was on the march to assist Valens, when he was informed of his defeat and death. The prospects of the whole empire were now gloomy in the extreme, and Gratian, after very anxious deliberation with his best advisers, nominated Theodosius, a Christian general of great renown, to occupy the post vacated by the death of Valens. For sixteen years this heroic man maintained his position against an incessant flood of assailants, but the empire was so exhausted by these interminable wars, that he was compelled to recruit his legions by enlisting under his banners tribes of barbarians, who were ready to fight in any cause where there was a prospect of pay and plunder. During his administration not a province of his realms was lost.

Gratian, more fond of pleasure than of the toils of battle, retired to Paris, where he ingloriously surrendered himself to voluptuous indulgence. Such general discontent, was excited that Maximus, governor of Britain, raised the standard of revolt, and with an army crossed the channel. Gratian abandoned by his troops fled. He was overtaken near Lyons and put to death. But collision immediately ensued between Theodosius and Maximus, and the emperor of the east, with wonderful celerity, marched upon the usurper, defeated him near Aquileia, at the head of the Adriatic, and taking him captive, handed him over to the executioner.

Theodosius then foolishly placed upon the throne of the western empire, Valentinian, a mere boy, brother of Gratian. So soon as Theodosius had crossed the Bosphorus, having been recalled by the necessities of war, the child emperor was assassinated, and Eugenius, a stern and veteran warrior, assumed the purple. Theodosius instantly returned, burning with rage, defeated Eugenius in a long drawn battle, and mercilessly cut off his head. He then assumed the government of the whole empire, eastern and western, but the hand of death was already upon him, and in less than four months

he breathed his last, at Milan. Theodosius was an energetic, Christian bigot. He issued severe edicts against heretics; prohibited the assembling of those for worship who differed from the established faith; demolished or closed all the temples of heathenism, and instituted that office of Inquisitors of the Faith, which has been the subsequent cause of so much wrong and cruelty. Still, notwithstanding his faults, history has pronounced him one of the purest and noblest monarchs who ever occupied a throne.

The two sons of Theodosius now acceded to the empire; Arcadius to that of the east, and Honorius to that of the west. The one dominion included Thrace, Greece, Asia Minor, Syria, and Egypt. The other Italy, Africa, Gaul, Spain, and Britain, with the Danubian provinces of Noricum, Pannonia, and Dalmatia. The vast prefecture of Illyricum was divided equally between the two. The western empire was now by far the weakest, and was fast crumbling to decay. The Moors threatened Africa, the Scots menaced Britain; and all along the banks of the Rhine and the Danube, Gothic tribes were making their encroachments. Rome had ceased to be the metropolis, and possessed at this time only the renown of its former greatness.

Alaric now appears in the tumultuous arena, at the head of his fierce legions. He swept through Greece, entered Italy, and even besieged Milan. Though by a temporary check he was driven back, the timid Honorius was so alarmed by this bold invasion, that he abandoned Milan as his capital, and retired to Ravenna. But immediately another cloud of barbarians appeared, under the leadership of Radagaisus, and battering down all opposition, passed the Alps, the Po, and the Apennines. Defeated before the walls of Florence, where Radagaisus was slain, the savage bands scattered over the defenseless plains of Gaul, plundering, burning, and destroying. Honorius was utterly impotent, and but for the energy

of his minister, Stilicho, no headway whatever would have been made against the barbarians.

Honorius was now seeking ignominious shelter behind the walls of Ravenna, and the Goths, contemptuously passing by him, were menacing even the walls of Rome. For six hundred years the imperial city had not been insulted by the presence of a foreign foe. The arms of the citizens were paralyzed by degeneracy. The walls alone stood in their native, massive strength. Alaric, at the head of one hundred thousand men, subjected the city to blockade; and famine soon compelled the enervated Romans to purchase a temporary peace, at the price of the payment of a vast sum of money, and the surrender of the sons of the principal citizens as hostages; and Honorius entered into nominally friendly alliance with the barbaric chieftain.

Such a peace, of course, could be but transient. The hosts of Alaric were soon again encamped before the walls of the imperial city. The slaves in the city sagaciously conspired with the foe. At midnight, by a servile insurrection, one of the gates was thrown open, and the shout and clangor of the rushing barbarians resounded through the streets. It is not in the power of mortal imagination to conceive the horrors of a city sacked at midnight. Thousands of cities, at the hands of Rome, had experienced this woe. It was now, in divine retribution, the turn of Rome to drink that bitter cup to its dregs.

There were in the city forty thousand slaves. It was to them a glad hour in which to avenge their wrongs. Rome had instructed them in all the arts of cruelty and lust; and Roman virgins shrieked, and Roman backs were lacerated, as the slaves, in that one horrible night, attempted to avenge the oppression of ages. All that was venerable and costly was surrendered to pillage or destruction, and wanton conflagration consumed important portions of the city. The Goths remained in the city but six days. The army, intoxicated

with success and encumbered with spoil, rioted along the Appian way, and ravaged southern Italy, giving loose to every depraved desire. For four years the whole of southern Italy was subject to their sway. The Romans were compelled to serve them as slaves. Burly barbarians would stretch their naked limbs beneath the shade of palm-trees, and compel the daughters of Roman senators to present them Falernian wine in golden goblets, and in docile subjection, to minister to their brutality.

Alaric, having reached the extremity of Italy, looked wistfully across the waters to the beautiful island of Sicily, separated from the main land by a narrow strait, but two miles wide. He was preparing his barges for the transportation of his troops, when death summoned him to the tribunal of his final Judge. Adolphus, the brother-in-law of Alaric, succeeded him in the dominion over the Goths. The character and policy of this illustrious man may be best inferred from the following remarks which he made to a citizen of Narbonne:

"I once aspired," said Adolphus, "in the full confidence of valor and victory, to change the face of the universe; to obliterate the name of Rome; to erect on its ruins, the dominion of the Goths, and to acquire, like Augustus, the immortal fame of the founder of a new empire. By repeated experiments, I was gradually convinced, that laws are essentially necessary to maintain and regulate a well constituted state; and that the fierce, intractable humor of the Goths, was incapable of bearing the salutary yoke of laws and civil government. From that moment I proposed to myself a different object of glory and ambition; and it is now my sincere wish that the gratitude of future ages should acknowledge the merit of a stranger, who employed the sword of the Goths, not to subvert, but to restore and maintain the prosperity of the Roman empire."

Adolphus opened negotiations with the imperial court, and entered into a treaty of peace which was cemented by his

marriage with Placidia, a sister of Honorius. In this new relation, and assuming the character of a Roman general, he marched from Italy, and entering southern Gaul, took possession of the country from the ocean to the Mediterranean. Here Adolphus soon died, and Placidia returned to her brother's court. The eastern empire was now inseparably separated from the western. Spain dropped off. Britain and Gaul, though not openly in revolt, had silently passed into virtual independence. And Honorius, ignobly sheltered behind the walls of Ravenna, had no power with which to wield the scepter over distant Africa. The east was also now severed from the west, never to be effectually reunited. Thus the Roman empire had virtually dwindled down to the region of Italy alone. After a disgraceful reign of twenty-eight years, Honorius died, of dropsy, in his palace at Ravenna.

The crown which fell from that ignoble brow, seemed to belong, by right, to any one who had sufficient skill to grasp it. John, the principal secretary of Honorius, clutched at the falling diadem, and threw over his shoulders the imperial purple. Italy accepted him. The court of Constantinople, advocating the claims of Valentinian, the son of Placidia, a child but six years of age, sent an army against John, took him captive at Ravenna, beheaded him, and declared Valentinian III. emperor, with his mother Placidia as regent. In the impotence of this reign, the Vandals passed over from Spain, which they had subjugated, and took possession of Africa.

The Huns, who had established themselves in the country from which they had driven the Goths, having compelled the eastern empire to purchase peace with them by the payment of an annual subsidy, commenced their march toward the west. They were led by Attila, whose devastations have procured for him the designation of "The scourge of God." The glory and dignity of Rome had vanished for ever. There were no resources of effectual resistance, and the court at

Ravenna was so thoroughly debased, as to purchase peace with the invader, by offering him, in marriage, the emperor's sister Honoria, with an immense dowry.

Our space will not allow us to trace out the ravages of Attila, at the head of half a million of the fiercest warriors earth has ever known, through Gaul and Italy. He utterly destroyed the renowned Aquileia, and devastated with fearful slaughter, all Venetia. The wretched inhabitants, flying in terror before him, escaped to the marshy islands, which in great numbers are found, but slightly elevated above the waves, at the extremity of the Adriatic. These morasses were then uninhabited, and almost without a name. Here the fugitives established themselves, and laid the foundations of Venice, that city of the sea, which subsequently almost outvied Rome itself in opulence, power, and splendor. "The grass never grows," said this demoniac warrior, "where my horse has placed his hoof."

Before Attila left Italy, he threatened to return and take terrible vengeance, unless his promised bride were sent to him within the time promised in the treaty. The trembling princess was transported to his palace beyond the Danube, where the nuptials were solemnized with great barbaric festivity and pomp. The burly savage, inflamed with wine, retired to his apartment with his bride. The morning dawned, but he did not appear. Hour after hour glided away, and still the attendants, respecting the bridal chamber, ventured no interruption. At length, their suspicions being excited, they entered the room, and found the monarch dead in his bed, and his bride sitting at the bed-side, veiled, and trembling.

Attila had burst an artery, and was suffocated in his own blood. His body was exposed upon the plain, beneath a silken pavilion, and his soldiers, in the clangor and pageantry of war, wheeled in military evolutions around the corpse of their chieftain, singing funeral songs to his memory, gashing their

faces with hideous wounds, thus bemoaning him, "not with the tears of women, but with the blood of warriors."

The emperor Valentinian had now attained manhood, but a manhood stained with every vice. He artfully inveigled a noble lady, alike illustrious for beauty and piety, and the wife of an eminent senator, to his palace, where he brutally violated her person. The outraged husband conspired with his friends, and slew Valentinian in the midst of his guards. The soldiers placed the diadem upon the brow of the senator Maximus, who had thus avenged his wrongs. His wife soon died, and he endeavored to compel Eudoxia, the widow of Valentinian, whom he had murdered, to become his spouse. Indignantly she repelled him, and threw herself upon the protection of Genseric, king of those powerful Vandals who had wrested Africa from the Roman empire. Genseric joyfully espoused her cause. With a large fleet he entered the Tiber, advanced to Rome; captured the city, Maximus being slain in the tumult; and miserable Rome was surrendered, for fourteen days, to be pillaged by the Moors and the Vandals. Eudoxia herself, with her two daughters, and many thousand Romans, were carried off as slaves into Africa, to serve those African tribes as hewers of wood and drawers of water, while the proud matrons and maidens of Rome were doomed to the ignominy of barbarian harems.

The dismembered empire, in its fragmentary state, without a capital, almost without a local existence, was again without a head. The army in Gaul chose their general, Avitus, emperor. The senate in Rome opposed his nomination, and placed upon the throne Julian Majorean. Another civil war would have ravaged the unhappy country, but for the fortunate death of Avitus. Julian struggled unavailingly against the Moorish and Vandal pirates. They even captured his fleet, and burned it. Julian was deposed, and in five days died of chagrin. Of his successor, Severus, we can only say, he was crowned, and died. Italy was now so utterly disorganized, that the court

of Constantinople, in the vain attempt to save the wreck, assumed to appoint an emperor for the west, and sent Anthemius to Rome, robed in the imperial purple. To this indignity, Rome, impoverished and impotent as it was, would not submit. A tumult was excited, and Anthemius was slain.

Ricimier, a bold, bad demagogue, the idol of the mob, and the one who had led the tumult in which Anthemius was assassinated, now, by the success of bloody insurrection, and in the chaos of anarchy, found the tangled reins of power in his own hands. For forty days, he was supreme in Rome, and they were days of havoc, plunder, debauchery, and every species of crime. Rioting in the intemperance to which this power gave him sudden access, he was seized with disease, and the tomb claimed the tyrant. The court of Constantinople despairingly sent another emperor, Olibrius, to endeavor to rescue Rome from ruin. After a powerless reign of seven months, he also died. Again the throne was vacant, and again Leo, emperor of the east, assembled his court at Constantinople, to place another sovereign in the dilapidated palaces of Rome. It was manifest, an emperor thus enthroned, could be sustained only by the energies of foreign armies, and it was needful to move with caution.

Many months passed in these deliberations. At length Nepos, accompanied by a body guard from Constantinople, presented himself before the decayed senate of Rome, as the sovereign which the eastern empire had sent to them. They accepted him, and Rome, and Italy generally, in weariness, exhaustion, and shame, decorated him with the diadem and the purple, and placed the scepter in his hands, hoping that he might be able to wield it for the rescue of their ruined country. He established himself at Ravenna, where he could more easily receive aid from Constantinople; and he purchased peace with the barbarians by relinquishing all claim to portions of the empire which they had already wrested from him. But fragments of German tribes were now scattered every-

where throughout Italy, living in a state of semi-lawlessness, at times in peace, and again bidding defiance to all the power of the magistracy.

Nepos was one day informed that a numerous band of these barbarians, under their leader Orestes, was marching upon Ravenna. The timid monarch, conscious that the arm of Italian strength was paralyzed, took to his ships, and escaped across the Adriatic to the coast of Illyricum. Here he remained five years, nominally emperor of a country which he dared not enter. At length he was assassinated, and we may mention, in illustration of the corruption which had already seized upon the church, that his assassin was immediately rewarded with the bishopric of Milan.

Orestes, the barbaric chieftain who had driven Nepos from Italy, for some unknown reason refused the purple for himself, but placed the imperial robes upon his son Augustulus. These barbarian bands had been introduced to Italy as allies—mercenary troops, to aid in repelling the inroads of other tribes of barbarians. They now became the masters, cruel and domineering masters, of those whom they once had served. In Spain, in Gaul, in Africa their brethren had become dominant, in the realms which they had severally overrun and detached from Rome. Envying the fortune of their brethren, they now demanded that one-third of Italy should be surrendered to them, as their exclusive patrimony. But Orestes, who had just placed his own son upon the throne, did not wish to see the realms of that son thus dismembered, and he opposed the claim.

Odoacer, a bold, barbarian warrior, whose ferocity had given him much renown, bade defiance to his chieftain, raised the banners of revolt, and from all the camps and garrisons of Italy, the Germanic troops rushed around him. The sudden movement was so formidable, that Orestes fled to Pavia, hoping to find shelter behind its strong intrenchments. But the place was taken by storm, the town pillaged, and Orestes

slain. Augustulus, now helpless, was constrained to implore the clemency of Odoacer.

The troops of Odoacer saluted him with the title of king The degenerate Italians were submissive to his sway. Augustulus was compelled to send in his abdication to the senate. Odoacer, a stern warrior, familiar only with camps, hardship, and blood, did not wish to assume the imperial purple, and the imperial dignity, but wished to rule Italy, as a military chieftain merely, with his own sharp sword. He, therefore, compelled the senate, by a formal decree, to abolish the imperial succession; and he commenced his military reign with the new title of king of Italy. Thus, after the decay of ages, the ancient Roman empire fell to rise no more, A. D. 476.

Odoacer spared the life of Augustulus, but imprisoned him in the castle of Lucullus, near Naples, supplying his wants with even sumptuous prodigality. Italy had indeed fallen, and the barbaric leader of a barbarian band, by the might of conquest, was now its enthroned monarch. With much sagacity he respected the old institutions of his realms, governing through those instrumentalities which time had created and nurtured. He conferred upon his captains the titles of dukes and counts, and thus extended the feudal system. It is hardly possible to conceive a more melancholy spectacle of national debasement than Italy now presented. The Roman nobles had fallen, beyond redemption, into the slough of slothful and voluptuous indulgence. The plebeians, still more degraded and base, had left behind them scarcely any vestige of their existence, which history can discern. The army was composed almost exclusively of barbarians; and the country was cultivated only by slaves. The Cæsars had departed forever, and the dynasty of the Goths had commenced its reign.

The barbarians, as they were called, now masters of Italy, blended so rapidly with the people among whom they dwelt, that soon no traces of distinct nationality could be perceived. During a reign of fourteen years, foreigners from the wild

wastes of the north were flocking into sunny Italy, where they were gladly received by Odoacer, as adding strength to his military arm. But Italy was too rich a prize, in the eyes of northern barbarians, to be left long undisputed in the hands of Odoacer. North of the Euxine there was a powerful nation called the Ostrogoths. Their king, Theodoric, had been well educated in Constantinople.

Theodoric commenced a march upon Italy, accompanied by his entire people. For three years a fierce warfare swept all those plains, as Goth struggled against Ostrogoth in savage war. At length Theodoric was victorious, and having annihilated the armies of the Goths, and plunged his own sword into the bosom of Odoacer, he entered upon the undisputed sovereignty of the whole peninsula, dispersing his followers every where throughout the rich and luxurious valleys of this most beautiful of realms.

Theodoric governed his conquered kingdom with so much energy, wisdom, and humanity, that he is justly entitled to the designation of *Great*, which history has conferred upon him. Most of the civil offices he confided to native Italians, and carefully preserved the ancient laws and customs. With a strong arm he secured peace; and agriculture and the arts, under his sway, flourished with vigor unknown for ages. He endeavored to maintain a distinction between his Gothic and Italian subjects, by conferring civil employments only upon the one, and military only upon the other. One-third of the soil of Italy was given to his Gothic soldiers, in remuneration for which, they owed him feudal service, and were to rush to his banner whenever his bugle-blast was heard. Almost in an hour he could call two hundred thousand warriors into the field.

For thirty-three years Theodoric reigned over Italy, and few sovereigns are equally entitled to be regarded as benefactors of mankind. Still, with all his virtues, he developed some vices sufficient to condemn any ordinary man to infamy. In

the seventy-fourth year of his age, tortured by suspicion, oppressed with melancholy and partially insane, the old monarch sadly died, the glooms of remorse darkening around his dying bed. He left the diadem to his grandson, Atalaric, a boy but ten years of age, under the regency of his daughter, Amalasunta, the widowed mother of the child. The boy, heir to wealth and a throne, grew up, almost as a matter of course, an unmitigated profligate. He soon died through the excesses of inebriation and debauchery. Theodotus, who had become the husband of the regent, seized the scepter, after strangling his spouse.

The emperor Justinian, at Constantinople, having recon quered Africa, turned his eyes to Italy, resolved to rescue that beautiful country from the Goths, and annex it to the eastern empire. With a chosen troop of about five thousand cavalry and three thousand infantry, the intrepid general Belisarius, who was intrusted with the command, landed at Catana, in Sicily, where they were cordially received by the inhabitants. With but little difficulty they effected the conquest of the island. Palermo made a short resistance. But Belisarius anchored his fleet in the harbor, raised his boats with ropes and pulleys to the heads of the masts, and from that elevated position commanded the ramparts of the city. The reduction of the island cost but one summer's campaign. In the autumn he entered Syracuse in triumph, and spent the winter, the undisputed master of Sicily, occupying the palaces of the ancient kings.

In the spring, embarking his troops at Messina, he landed them at Rhegium, in Italy, without opposition. He marched along the coast to Naples, followed by the fleet near the shore. Naples, was then a beautiful rural city, to which the lovers of literature and philosophy had retired from the confusion of Rome. The barbarians here were strong, and the siege was fiercely contested. At length, by stratagem, through the dry channel of an aqueduct, an entrance was effected into the city.

The strife was short, and Naples surrendered to the conqueror; and the Gothic garrison there with alacrity enlisted in the service of Belisarius.

Theodotus, appalled by the ruin thus suddenly overwhelming him, gathered all his available force, to make a desperate stand behind the ramparts of Rome. But the Goths, dissatisfied with his want of energy and success, in a tumultuous military gathering, declared him unworthy of the throne; and raising upon their bucklers, their general Vitiges, pronounced him king. Theodotus endeavored to escape, but was pursued along the Flaminian way, and slaughtered while crying for mercy. Vitiges, conscious of his inability to cope with Belisarius, ordered a retreat. The conquerors now marched rapidly, by way of Cumæ and Capua to Rome, and entered the city in triumph.

During the winter Vitiges at Ravenna, and Belisarius at Rome, were preparing with great vigor, for the campaign of the ensuing spring. With one hundred and fifty thousand men Vitiges commenced his march, and traversing the Flaminian way, arrived at the Milvian bridge, within two miles of Rome. For a year Belisarius was besieged, within the walls of Rome, by this overpowering host. With but five thousand veteran troops he defended a circle of twelve miles against the legions of Vitiges. In one desperate assault, the Goths lost thirty thousand of their number in slain, and an equal number wounded. Hardly an arrow was thrown from the Roman ramparts which did not accomplish its mission.

But the genius of Belisarius prevailed. The whole military force of the Ostrogoths had been rallied around Rome, and in the long and bloody siege nearly the whole force had perished. After an almost incessant battle, of one year and nine days, the Goths burnt their tents, and precipitately retreated, pursued by their indomitable foes. Vitiges found shelter within the walls of Ravenna. Belisarius, receiving recruits from Constantinople, pitched his tents around the

walls, and, in his turn, commenced the siege of Vitiges. At length the city surrendered, and Belisarius, in triumph, entered its streets; and Vitiges was sent a captive, in chains, to Constantinople.

But while these final scenes were being enacted, Justinian, jealous of the renown which Belisarius was acquiring,—for the Goths were actually in treaty with him, offering him the crown of Italy,—entered into a hasty treaty of peace with the Goths and recalled Belisarius. Embarking at Ravenna, the obedient general returned to Constantinople, taking with him his illustrious captive Vitiges. The departure of Belisarius revived the courage of the Goths. They chose Totila, a nephew of Vitiges, to the supreme command, and he, collecting five thousand troops at Pavia, commenced the reconquest of Italy from the dominion of Justinian. Belisarius had left garrisons in Italy, under eleven generals, to hold command of the country as a province under the eastern empire.

The Romans soon found themselves imprisoned in their fortresses, while the Goths, who had invited other foreign tribes to their assistance, under Totila marched defiantly through the kingdom and laid siege to Naples. Naples, Cumæ, and all the southern provinces were speedily subjugated. The Goths were now nominal Christians, and earnest advocates of the Catholic church, in antagonism to what was called the Arian heresy. Totila, the new king, possessed many Christian virtues. He was chaste, temperate, and his moral integrity no one questioned. At this time every clergyman in the east was called in Greek papa, (πάππας) father. The bishop of of Rome, then called papa, and subsequently *pope*, had been banished by Belisarius. The sympathies of the church were consequently with the Goths, rather than with the Greeks from Constantinople. Totila liberated the slaves, and thus secured their enthusiastic support. In the progress of the war he inexorably punished with death, the violation of female chastity. In earnest harangues to the troops he urged upon

them that national vice was the sure precursor of national decay.

From the conquest of southern Italy, Totila proceeded to the siege of Rome. The inhabitants conspired against the garrison, threw open the gates, and at midnight the Goths marched in and took possession of the city. The Gothic king, in the morning, devoutly went to church to return thanks for his victory. Totila demolished a large portion of the walls of Rome, dragged the senators away as captives in the train of his army, exiled most of the citizens, men and women, and left Rome comparatively a solitude.

Justinian, alarmed, had again sent Belisarius to take command of his troops in Italy. But Belisarius found himself without an army, and could never face Totila on the field of battle. New armies were sent from Constantinople to southern Italy, and Totila entered into alliance with Theodebert, king of the Franks, to strengthen him in northern Italy. Belisarius was again recalled, and the renowned eunuch, Narses, with a strong force entered Italy and offered battle to Totila. The hostile armies met in the vicinity of Rome. The Goths were vanquished, and Totila himself fell pierced through the body by a lance. The victory of Narses was obtained mainly by his barbarian allies, whom he had enticed to his camp. Unrelentingly he ravaged the conquered land.

But the Goths, though vanquished, were not subdued. They retired north of the Po, and chose one of their heroes, Teias, to be their king. Selecting Pavia for his head-quarters, and gathering around him his allies the Franks, in a rapid march he advanced from the Alps to Mt. Vesuvius, and there in as savage a fight as time has witnessed, he fell. Still his troops, avenging his death, fought still more fiercely, till, in the darkness of the night, friends could not be distinguished from foes. But with the early dawn the battle was renewed, and was continued until again the sun had disappeared in the west. The Gothic army was then effectually destroyed. Most of the

survivors capitulated, though a small but determined band cut their way through their foes and retreated to the walls of Pavia. With the death of Teias, in March, A. D. 553, the Gothic kingdom in Italy passed away forever.

The fragments of the old Roman empire were gradually being organized into new and independent kingdoms. Britain, abandoned by the Romans and overrun by the Angles, became Anglia, or England. The Franks took possession of Gaul, and it was called France. Spain, subjugated by the Suabians and Vandals, retained its ancient name. Pannonia, occupied by the Huns, became Hungary. In all these kingdoms the native inhabitants and their conquerors rapidly blended into a homogeneous race.

While Narses was endeavoring to consolidate his conquest, seventy-five thousand Franks came rushing down through the defiles of the Rhætian Alps into the plains of Milan. Like an inundation they swept through northern Italy. These Franks were nominal Christians, imbued with many of the superstitions of the church, though with but little of the spirit of Christ. A protracted war ensued, in which the majority of these bands perished through pestilence, famine, and the sword. Italy was thus again left, a war-scathed province, attached to the eastern empire of Justinian. But the renowned emperor Justinian died, and Narses died, and the feeble Justinian II. ascended the throne of Constantinople.

There was a powerful nation called Lombards dwelling in Hungary. Their king, Alboin, a ferocious warrior, cast wistful looks toward Italy, and resolved to attempt its conquest. Leading his army across the Julian Alps he speedily overran the territory, and nearly the whole country, with the exception of Rome and Ravenna, was soon in his hands. Assuming the title of king of Italy, Alboin assigned the conquered provinces to his captains, who under various titles of nobility such as counts and dukes were bound to render him feudal service, by paying him tribute, and obeying his summons to the field

of battle. But Alboin was a true savage, drinking in revelry from the skulls of his enemies. He was at length murdered, at the instigation of his queen in revenge for an outrage he had inflicted upon her.

Clevis, one of his captains, who had the title of a duke, succeeded him. But he was a miserable despot, and after a reign of seventeen months, he was assassinated by one of his servants while he slept. There were now thirty-six of these Lombard warrior chieftains, with the title of dukes, scattered over Italy. Each had his allotted territory, more or less distinctly defined, over which he had undisputed domain, subject only to feudal service to the sovereign. So long as war raged, a sovereign was necessary, around whom they might rally against a common foe. But Italy was now supine at the feet of its conquerors, and the eastern empire crumbling also to decay, had relinquished all attempts at the reconquest of the Italian peninsula. The dukes, under these circumstances, were not disposed to choose a master, each wishing to retain his independence. They, therefore, formed a federal aristocracy, each one being supreme over his own territory.

For ten years Italy continued in this state, when, upon some indications of an attack both from Greece and Gaul, the dukes judged it necessary to be better prepared for war, and they, therefore, chose one of their number, Autharis, who was most highly distinguished for valor and abilities, as their king. The wisdom of this measure was immediately apparent; for in three successive waves of invasion the Gauls rushed down upon the plains of Italy, where they were arrested and driven back by the energy of Autharis.

At this time Pavia was the recognized capital of the kingdom, and Gregory the Great was bishop, or papa, at Rome. He was an ambitious ecclesiastic, and was as ambitious and successful in gathering into his hands the reins of spiritual power as Autharis proved to be in grasping secular dominion. This renowned clergyman was nobly born. He had been both

senator and governor of Rome. From inheritance and lucrative office he had acquired enormous wealth. John, another very distinguished ecclesiastic, was at that time bishop or papa at Constantinople. There was a very stern struggle between them as to which should have the supremacy, and hence commenced the schism between the Greek and Latin churches, which continues to the present day. The bishop of Constantinople, with the title of Patriarch, is the head of the eastern church; and the bishop of Rome, with the title of Pope, is recognized as the sovereign of the church in the west. Many are the anathemas which, during the last thousand years, these patriarchs have hurled against each other. Under Gregory, the idolatrous Britons were converted to nominal Christianity; and not a few became the sincere and humble followers of Jesus Christ in both heart and life. The forty missionaries sent to England, in less than two years reported the baptism of the king of Kent, and of ten thousand of the Anglo-Saxons.

The dukedoms now began to assume importance, and to take their position in the procession of events, as individual dukes, by their achievements, arrest the observation of history. After a short but energetic reign, Autharis died, probably of poison, and his beautiful widow, Theodelinda, married Agilulph, the Lombard duke of Turin. With her hand Agilulph, though then a pagan, succeeded in obtaining the crown and scepter of Italy. He soon, however, embraced Christianity, and engaged very zealously in his endeavors to promote the welfare of the church. Several of the dukes of Turin succeeded him in brief, uneventful reigns. Some were tolerably good, and others were intolerably bad. Each one of these undistinguished sovereigns was eager to add to the prerogatives of the crown, while the rival dukes were combining to resist every encroachment upon their power and independence. In the course of sixty years nineteen sover-

eigns occupied the throne. Their names even are not worth recording.

The Lombards were established mainly in Northern Italy, and the emperor, in Constantinople, still held a shadowy authority over southern Italy. The Grecian power was, however, rapidly vanishing before the encroachments of the Lombard kings. During the eighth century, Italy was frequently invaded by the Franks. Toward the close of the eighth century, their renowned sovereign, Charlemagne, or Charles the Great, swept over Italy and completed the destruction of the Lombard monarchy, which had governed Italy for two hundred years. Then forming an alliance with Pope Leo III., who had attained vast temporal as well as spiritual power, he organized anew a western empire. In the cathedral church erected by Constantine, he crowned himself emperor of the west. This memorable event took place on Christmas day, A. D. 800. For forty years this illustrious monarch, as king and emperor, governed Italy, in connection with his other vast realms, and perhaps better than it had ever been governed before. Eight kings of the family of Charlemagne ruled over Italy. The great empire which the military genius of Charlemagne created, and his great statesman-like qualities so long held together, consisted of France, a part of Spain, Italy, Germany, and Hungary. He was a powerful sovereign, but a licentious, ferocious, cruel man. This dynasty was closed in Italy by the indignant deposition of Charles the Fat.

For the sixty years then ensuing, wretched Italy was torn by internal wars, and by the incursions of foreign foes. The Lombard duchies, by family alliances, and conquests of the weak by the strong, were reduced to but five or six. Among these the beautiful duchy of Tuscany, separated by a chain of mountains from the rest of Italy, was perhaps the most prominent and prosperous. The dukes of Adalbert administered this province for a century and a half, and their court was re-

nowned as one of the most brilliant and sumptuous among the great feudatories. The other great dukedoms were those of Friuli, Spoleto, Ivrea, and Susa. The strife between these dukes for the supremacy was bitter and interminable. Berenger, duke of Friuli, at length obtained the election, and was crowned at Pavia by the Archbishop of Milan. The diadem he wore proved to be truly one of thorns.

The reader would but be wearied with the narrative of the petty intrigues, and incessant conflicts between these rival dukes, for the nominal sovereignty of Italy. Passing over the dreary record of treachery, wars, poisonings, and assassinations, in which but little can be found either to interest or instruct, we find, in the year 961, a foreign prince, Otho, king of Saxony, invading Italy. He conquers the realm, dethrones Berenger II., and sends him to end his days in a German prison, and Otho is crowned sovereign with the title of emperor. Thus Italy, after having been annexed as a subjugated kingdom to Greece, and then to France, is now grasped by Germany. The country was now covered with castles. Each duke was a petty sovereign over his domains, which he divided into smaller portions administered by vassal counts who paid him tribute, took the oath of fealty, and obediently followed his liege lord in his wars. The dukes owed the emperor of Germany feudal service, and took the oath of allegiance to him. The counts, in their turn, divided the land apportioned to them among their captains. The condition of the people, robbed at every point, was depressed and miserable in the extreme.

For half a century the three Othos, father, son, and grandson, were acknowledged emperors and kings of Italy And then, when the house of Saxony became extinct, for eighty years more the succeeding German emperors held sway over Italy, promulgating laws, and exacting homage and feudal rents from the subjugated realm. Southern Italy still remained partially subject to Constantinople. Rome,

with its appertaining territory, was organized into a duke-dom, governed in its temporal matters by a duke sent by the emperor from Constantinople. The pope of Rome had, however, now, far more power than the civil magistrate. He was recognized as the head of all the western or Latin churches. The papacy had become the highest object of ambition to the whole sacerdotal order. Piratic barons, and young libertines, whose claims were urged by the Roman ladies, not unfrequently attained the pontifical chair. The church, in its state of corruption, operating upon the fears of an ignorant and superstitious people, had acquired immense wealth, and was making rapid strides toward the subjugation of the popular mind by the powers of superstition, in which there was adroitly blended the most potent elements of the old pagan and of the Christian religion.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE ITALIAN REPUBLICS.

FROM A. D. 1085 TO A. D. 1266.

ENCROACHMENTS OF THE CHURCH.—HILDEBRAND.—HUMILIATION OF THE EMPEROR HENRY IV.—DOMINION OF THE GERMAN EMPIRE OVER ITALY.—WAR BETWEEN THE EMPEROR AND LOMBARDY.—SOUTHERN ITALY.—ORGANIZATION OF THE KINGDOM OF NAPLES.—THE NORMAN EMIGRATION.—THE VENETIAN REPUBLIC.—ITS RISE AND VICISSITUDES.—ITALIAN CHARACTER.—THE CRUSADES.—CONFLICT BETWEEN HONORIUS III. AND FREDERIC II.—ANARCHY IN ROME.—CONQUEST OF THE KINGDOM OF NAPLES BY CHARLES OF ANJOU.—FLORENCE.—ITS CONFLICTS.

THE papal church was now becoming the great power which for centuries was to overshadow Italy and all Europe. The genius of Hildebrand, an obscure monk of Tuscany, combined its energies, and guided them in the career of conquest. In the cloistered solitude of his study he devised his plan for the subjugation of the world to the papal throne. The election of the popes was vested in the cardinals. The clergy were detached from human society by the law of celibacy. The pope was declared to be God's vicegerent, incapable of erring, and above all human law. In the face of the most violent opposition, he accomplished all his plans. The power of the pope over the popular mind became so extraordinary, that no king could hold his crown in opposition to the will of the holy father. Inauguration by his hand became an essential title to the crown.

The German emperor Conrad, who succeeded Henry II. hastened to Rome, to receive the diadem from the hands of the pontiff. Being engaged in distant wars, he could devote but little attention to Italy, and for many years the peninsula presented an aspect of anarchy. Nobles, bishops, and citizens

struggled against each other in bloody warfare. In the year A. D. 1073 Hildebrand was chosen pope, with the title of Gregory the VII. During the long minority of the emperor Henry IV., of Germany, the sagacity of Hildebrand had been diligently employed in pushing the papal encroachments. Never did a more imperial mind dwell in a fleshly tabernacle. The pope and the emperor soon found themselves in collision, each claiming the supremacy. The quarrel arose upon the right of investiture, or in other words, whether bishops and dukes were to consider themselves as vassals of the pope or the emperor. Hostile messages were sent to and fro, until the pope had the arrogance to summon the emperor to appear before him in Rome. The indignant sovereign assembled a council of prelates and other vassals at Worms, and declared Gregory no longer to be worthy to be recognized as pope Gregory, in retaliation, excommunicated Henry, released his subjects from the oath of allegiance, and prohibited them, under pain of eternal damnation from supporting the emperor, or in any way ministering to his wants.

The people were so overawed by the terrors of this decree, that they at once abandoned their sovereign; and he was left utterly ruined and helpless. Under the dictation of the pope the princes met at Oppenheim, to choose another emperor. Henry IV., in dismay and despair, crossed the Alps, in the dead of winter, to throw himself at the feet of the offended pontiff and implore forgiveness. Gregory was then at the castle of Canossa, near Reggio, in the domain of Matilda, the opulent and powerful countess of Tuscany, who was, with all the enthusiasm of her glowing soul, devoted to the papacy.

For three days, in mid-winter, the abject monarch stood a suppliant at the portal of the castle before he could be admitted. Barefooted, bareheaded, and clothed in a woolen shirt, he was compelled to wait, that the world might witness his humiliation. At length the haughty pontiff condescended to grant absolution to the penitent. The reconciliation which

ensued was far from cordial, and Henry, mortified and exasperated, returned to his realms, watching for an opportunity more successfully to resume the strife. Soon the ecclesiastical censure was renewed, and the emperor was again deposed. In the meantime Henry IV. had strengthened his cause, and the pope's bull had lost somewhat of its terror. Both partie now prepared for war.

Matilda, the celebrated countess of Tuscany, and some other Italian feudatories, placed their troops at the service of Gregory. Henry led an army into Italy; the papal troops were routed; Gregory was deposed, and Guibert, archbishop of Ravenna, was raised to the papacy by the sword of the emperor. The grateful pontiff placed the imperial crown, with the blessing of the church, upon the brow of the conqueror. Gregory VII. sought refuge among the Normans of Naples.

The Neapolitans, led by the holy father, whom the emperor had deposed, marched against Rome. Henry IV. retreated. They captured the city and surrendered it to military license, fire and the sword. Gregory reinstated, but still humiliated, believing himself no longer secure in Rome, retired to Naples, where he remained in virtual exile until he died, with his last breath hurling an anathema against his unrelenting foe, the emperor. His successors, Victor III., Urban II., and Paschal II. continued the conflict, aided by the amazonian energies of the Countess Matilda. Henry was driven out of Italy, and, dethroned by his own son, Henry V., died a broken hearted old man, in the extreme of destitution and misery.

For fifteen years the struggle continued between Henry V and the Roman pontiffs. At length they entered into a compromise, the pope resigning the temporal, and the emperor the spiritual prerogatives of investitures. During this long war of sixty-three years, a series of republics had been gradually springing up in northern Italy. The great cities had become the centers of these republics, and the old feudal

nobility had gradually passed away. The civil war had rendered it necessary that walls should be reared around the towns. The sound of an alarm-bell assembled all the men capable of bearing arms, in the great square, and this meeting for deliberation, was called a *parliament*. Two consuls, and a common council, submitted questions to the decision of the parliament. While most of these northern free cities confessed a vague allegiance to the German emperor, others, as Venice, Ravenna, Rome, Naples, and Genoa, still remained nominally under the sway of the eastern empire. Almost the only indications of the existence of the imperial power which now remained, was that the name of the emperor was affixed to the municipal acts, and his effigy was stamped upon the coin. The democratic cities of Lombardy possessed but little of the spirit of true democracy. The stronger were ever eager to domineer over the weaker. Milan crushed Lodi and scattered its citizens into villages, trampling upon all their rights. The Lodise, after years of oppression, appealed to the emperor Frederic for help.

Glad of this opportunity to strengthen his power in Italy, the emperor with a small but vigorous and efficient army crossed the Alps, and, advancing through the Trentine valley, entered the plains of Lombardy. Here petitioners crowded around him, imploring protection from the haughty, tyrannical, aristocratic democracy of Milan. In a cruel march of desolation and plunder the emperor ravished the country. Many cities were in alliance with the Milanese, while others espoused the cause of the emperor. Notwithstanding the strength of the imperial army, the walls of Milan were so substantial, and the preparations for defense so ample, that the first movements of Frederic were against the allied cities. Tumi, Vercelli, Asti, and Tortona, after bloody battles and protracted sieges, fell into his hands. The valiant little city of Tortona for two months defied the emperor.

The emperor was provided with the most powerful ma-

chines of war then in use. With the balistæ of the ancients, he threw such masses of rock into the city, that three men were crushed by the fall of a single piece. But famine at length compelled to capitulation, and Tortona was razed to the ground. Frederic, having demolished or subdued most of the cities in the alliance with Milan, entered Pavia, and there received the celebrated iron crown of Lombardy;—the *iron* of which it was wrought, was said to be one of the spikes which had pierced our Saviour, and was deemed far more precious than gold. He then advanced to Rome, that he might receive his imperial crown from pope Adrian IV. The pope was now so powerful, and it was deemed so essential to the perpetuity of any reign that the coronation should be hallowed by the blessing of the pontiff, that the haughty Frederic condescended to do homage to his spiritual lord, by holding his stirrup while he descended from his mule. It was not until after this act of humiliation that the pope would confer upon him the kiss of peace. Having been crowned at Rome, the emperor returned to Germany, after an absence of one year, without even venturing to approach the walls of Milan.

The Milanese and Frederic made new preparations for the prosecution of the war. The influence of Milan was so great that the whole of Lombardy was combining against the emperor. With a hundred thousand infantry and fifteen thousand cavalry, Frederic commenced his march again through the passes of the Alps, and, with this immense force, invested the city. Massive walls of vast circuit surrounded the city, and the bulwarks were protected by a broad and deep fosse. Battering rams and balistæ were here of but little avail, and famine was manifestly the all-availing foe, which could alone bring the city to a capitulation. By this cruel enemy the Milanese were subdued. History can express no sympathy for them. They deserved to be trampled upon by the power

ful, for they themselves most unscrupulously had been trampling upon the weak.

The treaty was more favorable than the tyrannic Milanese had any right to expect from the tyrant of Germany. A large ransom was extorted; they built a palace for the emperor, and took the oath of allegiance to him; and they were allowed a certain degree of independence in the regulation of their municipal affairs. Frederic paid but little regard to his treaty; and encroachment followed encroachment as he endeavored to reduce all of Lombardy into entire submission. The mangled worm turned against the foot that crushed it. With horrible ferocity Frederic took vengeance. This cruelty roused new energies of despair. For two years the Milanese, with their allied cities, fought the emperor, struggling through and over the smoldering ruins of Lombardy. Crema was demolished. The harvests were destroyed, the fields devastated, and at length, after scenes of misery which no pen can describe, Milan fell.

For three weeks the emperor brooded over his vengeance, while the Milanese waited trembling in suspense. He then ordered every man, woman, and child immediately to leave the city. The sick, the dying, the newly born, all were to go. Not one was to be left behind. With his army of one hundred and fifteen thousand men, the emperor entered the deserted streets. The city was then surrendered to the troops for plunder. For several days they worked diligently in wresting from it every thing they deemed of value. Then the order was issued for the utter demolition of the city and all its defenses. For six days this immense army toiled in this work of destruction, and rested on the seventh day, their efforts being effectually accomplished. Milan was a heap of ruins, and all her children were scattered, in misery and beggary, over the plains. Awful was this doom. It was the same which Milan had inflicted upon Lodi. Aristocratic

tyrants can do nothing worse than democratic tyrants are capable of doing.

Lombardy was now submissive in her chains and her misery. But slaves will ever rise in insurrection. A conspiracy was formed, organizing the famous *Lombard League.* The leading cities of Lombardy combined, taking advantage of the moment when the arms of the emperor were employed in the siege of Rome, as he endeavored to force upon the church an anti-pope in the place of Alexander III. Pestilence was breathed upon his army, and it perished in the Campania. The emperor was thus compelled to a disgraceful retreat beyond the Alps. Harassed by the cares of his vast empire, six years elapsed before the emperor could lead another army into the plains of Lombardy. In the spring of 1176, the peals of the imperial bugles were heard, as the gleam of the silken banners were again seen winding through the defiles of the Alps. Milan, in the meantime, having been rebuilt, and, with the other cities of Lombardy, had made vigorous preparation for the conflict.

The hostile armies met on the plain of Legnano, about fifteen miles from Milan. What was called *religious* enthusiasm inspired the Milanese with fiend-like ferocity. The banner of the cross was borne on a sacred car called the carrocio, in memory of the ark of the covenant which guided the Israelites to conquest. Imploring the aid of St. Ambrose, the canonized archbishop of Milan, and of St. Peter, and having taken a solemn vow, upon the sacraments of the Lord's Supper, that they would conquer or perish, they rushed, regardless of wounds and death, upon the imperial squadrons, and trampled them in the dust. For eight miles the plain was covered with the slaughter of the fugitives.

The imperial army was so utterly overthrown and dispersed, that for some time the fate of the emperor was uncertain. Three days after the battle he appeared in Pavia, alone, and in the disguise in which he had escaped from the horrible

scene of carnage. Pavia, the imperial head-quarters, and gov erned by the imperial troops, had not thrown off the yoke of German subjection. For twenty-two years Frederic had been struggling against the independence of Lombardy. With seven armies he had swept their doomed territory, inflicting atrocities the recital of which sickens humanity. The fatal battle of Legnano left him for a time powerless, and he was compelled to assent to a truce for six years. At the expiration of this truce, in the year 1183, by the peace of Constance, the comparative independence of Lombardy was secured; a general supremacy of dignity rather than of power being conceded to the emperor.

Southern Italy was still in a state of nominal subjection to the eastern, or Greek empire, whose sovereigns resided at Constantinople. There were many intrigues, and some battles between the Grecian and the German emperors for dominion over these coveted realms. Years of obscurity, confusion and petty wars rolled on in which nothing occurred worthy of being recorded. Sicily was in the power of the infidel Saracens, and their piratic craft infested all the neighboring seas, often making devastating inroads upon the land. The natural history of the lion, the tiger, and the leopard, is but a record of dov- like mildness, when compared with the natural history of man. His reign upon earth has been but the demoniac infliction of blood and woe.

"'Tis dangerous to rouse the lion,
Deadly to cross the tiger's path,
But the most terrible of terrors,
Is man himself, in his wild wrath."

Early in the tenth century the Normans established themselves in France. Embracing nominal Christianity, they were inspired with zeal to visit the shrines of saints and martyrs in Palestine. Traversing France and Italy they embarked for the Holy Land. They thus became acquainted with the fertile soil, and the luxurious clime of southern Italy. The effemina-

cy of the inhabitants invited invasion. The old Norman barons, steel clad, and followed by retainers armed to the teeth, commenced emigrating. Their numbers rapidly increased, and they began to accumulate near Naples. The Greek emperor undertook to rescue Sicily from the infidel Saracens, and enlisted in his army three hundred of these steel sinewed Norman cavaliers. They fought fiercely and successfully, but, dissatisfied with the division of the spoil, they formed a conspiracy to wrest the whole of southern Italy from the dominion of the Greeks. With an army of but seven hundred horse and five hundred foot, they commenced the bold enterprise. They soon were in entire possession of Apulia, a province about the size of the state of Massachusetts, now belonging to the kingdom of Naples. This beautiful province was divided among twelve Norman counts, whose fiefs formed a feudal republic. One of their number, William of the Iron Arm, was invested with a general supremacy to lead them to battle.

Pope Leo IX., alarmed by their encroachments, raised an army for their destruction. Germans, Greeks, and Lombards were assembled beneath the sacred banner, and the pope in person was so forgetful of his office as to lead the host. These scenes occurred anterior to the events we have been describing in Lombardy.

Reënforcements from France hastened to the camp of William, and the Norman and the papal troops met in battle. The troops of the pontiff were utterly routed, and Leo himself fell into the hands of his enemies. But religion, degenerating into superstition, leads men to the strangest freaks. These devout, blood-stained warriors, true children of the church, prostrated themselves before their holy captive, and implored absolution for the guilt of defending themselves against him. The simple hearted ecclesiastic, not only pardoned them, and granted them the full possession of the lands they had conquered, as a fief of the holy see, but, in

accordance with ecclesiastical morality in that age, conferred upon them the investiture of all the lands they might subsequently conquer in southern Italy. The pope and the warriors thus took leave of each other, exceedingly good friends, and pledged to mutual assistance.

Slowly and surely the Normans advanced, until they had conquered all the country which now constitutes the kingdom of Naples. Thirty years of carnage and misery was the price paid for this conquest. The realm was divided into two duchies, Calabria and Apulia. Sicily was attached to them as a fief, under the rule of one who possessed the title of great Count. At length Roger II., collecting in his hands the united powers of duke of Apulia and Calabria, and great count of Sicily, ambitiously attained the kingly crown, by papal investiture. Naples became the capital of the kingdom. The force of habit and of institutions is such that for six hundred years the kingdom of Naples acknowledged the superiority of the popedom.

The Venetian republic was making rapid strides in wealth and power. It, however, fought its way to opulence and renown through innumerable petty yet bloody battles, with surrounding foes. Venice had entered into the Lombard league against the emperor Frederic, but still she never hesitated to violate her pledge when it seemed for her interest so to do, even joining the emperor to destroy her sister city, Ancona, hoping thus to crush a rival in the commerce of the Adriatic. The dukes or doges of Venice, through ebbs and floods of fortune, through defeats and victories, were gradually making accessions to their domains. The doges were nominated in a general assembly of the citizens. This often gave rise to very bitter and tumultuous factions. So jealous were the people lest there should be the claim of hereditary right to the dukedom, that it became a fundamental law of the state, that the reigning doge should never associate a son in the government. The doge was also associated with a

council, who were to coöperate with him in all important measures. At length, as the republic increased, a sort of legislature, composed of four hundred and eighty delegates, was organized; while a smaller counsel assisted the doge in measures requiring special or secret despatch.

This Venetian constitution prepared the republic for a very brilliant career, of political and commercial grandeur. All Europe was soon engaged in the wars of the crusades for the recovery of the Holy Land from the infidels. The same influences which organized the powerful republics of Lombardy and Venice, also soon constituted many others, such as Pisa, Genoa, and Tuscany. The maritime republics became vastly enriched by the crusades,—transporting troops to Palestine and conveying back the valuable products of eastern climes. Venice alone, employed two hundred vessels in this business. But a very fierce and disgraceful spirit of rivalry prevailed between the republics of Venice, Pisa, and Genoa, and they were almost constantly engaged in implacable warfare. Their boasted love of liberty, was liberty to trample upon the rights of others. They wished to have no masters, but to be masters. Such love of liberty, liberty for ones-self and oppression for others deserves, and has ever encountered divine indignation.

The Italian character, at this age of the world, presents few attractive features. We have been accustomed to applaud their indomitable love of liberty. But haughty, revengeful, and domineering, the Italian grasped power only to wield it for his own selfish purposes, and he was ever ready to crush any one who stood in the way of his own advancement. Every city was the foe of every other city, and they could never unite, save when driven together by a common enemy. The old conflict between the aristocratic and plebeian orders raged with unabated virulence. Religion degenerated into mere ecclesiasticism, having but little influence over political or social evils. Heresy was a deadly crime. Wrong and

outrage were venial offences with which the church did not stoop to intermeddle.

About this time the afflictive intelligence reached Europe, that Jerusalem had fallen before the power of the "great and mighty Saladin." The emperor Frederic roused all his energies for a new crusade. Leading in person his armies, he was drowned in crossing a swollen stream in Armenia. Henry VI. succeeded to the imperial crown of Italy and Germany. His sway over Italy, as we have shown, was very indefinite, being nominal rather than real. Henry was a ferocious monster, whose only virtue was a sort of bull-dog courage. Tancred, of the Norman line, was now upon the throne of Naples and Sicily. Henry led an army for the conquest of Naples, to compel the recognition there of his imperial power; but he utterly failed.

Quite suddenly Tancred died in the flower of his age, leaving the throne to his widow and child. The savage emperor again pounced upon Naples, took both mother and child captive, tore out the eyes of the poor boy, and sent both him and his mother to the dungeons of a prison. He then plundered the whole kingdom remorselessly, and punished with great severity all the nobles who had fought for Tancred. Some were hanged, some burned alive, and others had their eyes plucked out. In the siege of a castle, God, in mercy, caused the monster to be stricken down. An instinctive sense of justice leads one to rejoice in the divine declaration, "After death cometh the judgment."

With no recognition of the fraternity of man, all Italy continued convulsed with internal feuds, the oppressed of to-day being the oppressors of to-morrow. The republics, internally, were agitated by contending factions; while hostile fleets and armies were incessantly meeting in the shock of war. The antagonistic nobles reared their castles of massive stone, strengthened with towers, capable of repelling assault and enduring siege. Huge gates of iron defended the

entrance, while armed retainers, by day and by night, patrolled the solid walls. In the interior there was constructed a still more impregnable tower, called the donjon, or keep, to which, in the last extremity, the lord could retreat with his followers. These old feudal castles were as gloomy as prisons, and imagination can hardly conceive of a more unattractive existence than that which must have been passed within their walls. The horrors of an assault must have been almost welcome, as a relief from the dreary monotony.

The death of the emperor Henry VI. left a minor, Frederic II., hereditary heir of the imperial throne. At the same time pope Innocent III., an exceedingly energetic and ambitious man of thirty-seven, was raised to the tiara. Under his administration the ecclesiastical pretensions of the papacy soared to a stupendous height. He devised the plan of seizing upon a state in the heart of Italy, that the spiritual prerogatives of the pope might be sustained by temporal power. With consummate ability he accomplished his plans, wielding such dominion over all the temporal powers of Europe, that every monarch trembled before him. He founded the two orders of Franciscan and Dominican friars, whose especial mission it was to extirpate heresy, and to repress all spirit of inquiry, and all activity of mind.

Innocent III. also organized the inquisition, intrusting its fearful powers to the Dominicans. He addressed his orders to the sovereigns of Europe with as much arrogance as if they had been merely his body servants. He formed a league of a large number of the Italian cities, called the Guelphic league, to favor the pretensions of the pontiff, in opposition to another league called the Ghibelline, in favor of the emperor. His intrigues were innumerable to place upon the throne of the German empire a prince who would be entirely submissive to his will. Innocent retained his scepter, ever gory with the blood of heretics, for eighteen years, when he passed to the tribunal of the King of kings—he the murderer of

thousands—he whose edicts have filled whole provinces with wailing and woe.

Pope Honorius III., who succeeded Innocent, refused to crown Frederic II., upon attaining his majority, until he took an oath that he would undertake the deliverance of Jerusalem from the Saracens. The kingdom of Naples was in a state of horrible anarchy, and Frederic led his armies to chastise the insurgents. He reared in Naples a magnificent palace, established a university, and greatly embellished the beautiful capital. Luxuriating in the pleasures of that delightful clime, the emperor forgot his vow to fight his way over the sands of Syria, for the rescue of the Holy City. Goaded by the reproaches of the pope, he made reluctant and inefficient preparations for the campaign, ever postponing energetic action, until Honorius died. Gregory IX., who succeeded, was so enraged by the dilatoriness of the emperor, that he thundered a bull of excommunication against him.

This act of energy accomplished its purpose. The emperor, imploring pardon, sailed for Palestine, and, landing at Jean d'Acre, commenced operations. But the pope, astounded and horror stricken, that a guilty wretch, who already by a bill of excommunication was handed over to the dominion of satan, should have the presumption to enter upon so holy an enterprise, reiterated his fulminations with renewed intenseness. He even preached a crusade against Frederic, and sent an army to ravage his Italian kingdom of Naples. Frederic, perhaps, receiving a new impulse from these assaults, pressed forward, reconquered Jerusalem, and placed the crown upon his own brow. He then returned to Europe. The emperor and the pope, both fearing and detesting each other, concluded a hollow reconciliation.

Years rolled on, when Henry, son of Frederic II., instigated by the pope, revolted against his father. The energetic monarch crushed the rebellion, sent his son into imprisonment for life, ravaged the plains of Lombardy, which had sympa

thized in the treason of the prince, with fire and sword, and reëstablished his power. The pope again excommunicated Frederic, and directed a crusade against him as the enemy of the church. The emperor, in retaliation, put every one to death whom he found wearing the symbol of the cross. The pope summoned a council. The emperor sent a fleet to arrest the French bishops on their voyage. Genoa joined the pope; Pisa the emperor. The hostile squadrons met near the island of Melona. The imperial party were the victors. Immense treasure, in specie, fell into their hands; and the captive prelates were conveyed to Pisa, heavily loaded with chains forged from silver. The pontiff died of chagrin; but the rancor of his spirit lived in his successor, Innocent IV. Secretly he repaired to Genoa, thence to France, and summoned at Lyons a general council of bishops from France, Spain, and Italy. One hundred and forty met; and with all the pageantry and solemnities of ecclesiastical power, declared that the emperor had forfeited all his dignities, and that his subjects were absolved from their oaths of allegiance.

This was the most pompous act of excommunication the church had ever issued. It paralyzed the arm of Frederic. For five years he struggled unavailingly against the adverse fortune, in which these anathemas involved him, till in the silence of the tomb he found refuge from the scenes of a tumultuous life, such as few mortals have experienced.

Innocent IV., sheltered at Lyons, welcomed, with indecent rejoicings, the tidings of the death of Frederic II. He returned to Rome, through Lombardy, visiting most of the Guelph cities, where he was received with great rejoicing. The Ghibelline cities, which had espoused the imperial cause, were in consternation, and breathlessly awaited their doom. But Conrad IV. the son and successor of Frederic II., hastened to Italy, to revive their drooping courage. The pope declared that the kingdom of Naples, by the deposition of Frederic II. had reverted to the papacy. War was of course

the result. Different cities espoused different sides. There were burnings, plundering, carnage, outrage in every form, misery of every aspect. The imperial army at length prevailed. Affairs were thus when Conrad IV. died in the year 1254, leaving an infant son.

The hopes of the pope revived. The holy father raised an army and marched into the Neapolitan provinces, and forced all the barons to take the oath of allegiance to the holy see. Just then death's arrow cleft the air and quivered in the heart of Innocent IV. There was a sable hearse, nodding plumes, waxen tapers, processions of ecclesiastics in all the imposing robes of the church, chants, and requiems,—and Innocent IV., in the darkness and silence of the tomb, was left to be forgotten, while the insane strife of pride and ambition raged in the sunlight, without any check.

Rome was but a den of robbers. The populace were ignorant, fanatical, and blood-thirsty; the aristocracy, both ecclesiastical and temporal, were haughty and licentious. The monuments of ancient grandeur were converted by the barons into fortified castles, from whence they emerged for war or plunder, often filling the streets of the city with feuds, rapine, and bloodshed. The pope had exerted a little restraint; but his removal to Lyons, where he resided for five years, left the city to excesses which became absolutely intolerable. The citizens, in their despair, sent for a Balognese noble, the celebrated Brancaleone, and invested him with almost dictatorial power. Energetically and nobly he accomplished his mission. At the head of the citizens he attacked the fortresses of the infamous nobles, who had set at defiance all the authority o civil law. One hundred and forty of these citadels, withi the walls, were battered down, the assailants having first hanged their occupants on their own walls. This salutary severity worked quite a reform in the Roman pandemonium.

In the Lombard republics, the conflict between the aristocracy and the people increased in intensity, until in a fierce civil

war the people triumphed, and placed one of their partisans at the head of the government, which now retained only the empty forms of a republic. It was still one of the principal objects of the papacy to wrest Naples from the emperor. Upon the death of Alexander IV. his successor, pope Urban IV. offered the crown of Naples to the powerful French count Charles, of Anjou and Provence, if he would take the oath of allegiance to the pope, and aid in the conquest of the kingdom. Charles accepted the terms with alacrity. Accompanied by a thousand cavaliers, with well tempered coats of mail, composed of a double net work of iron rings—with helmets, gorgets, cuirasses, brassets, and cuishes of solid steel, he sailed from Marseilles to Rome. His powerful army advanced by land, cutting its route through Lombardy.

While these movements were in progress Urban IV. died, and Clement IV. succeeded to the tiara. By him Charles, of Anjou, was solemnly crowned, in the church of the Lateran, in Rome, king of the Two Sicilies. He then advanced to conquer and take possession of his kingdom. An illustrious general, Manfred, was then in the supreme command of the imperial forces, and virtually king. The hostile forces met on the plains of Grandella. The battle was fierce. But Manfred was slain, his army dispersed, and the kingdom submitted to the victor. In accordance with the ferocity of the times, the principal adherents of Manfred were slain; his wife and children were sent to a prison, where they lingered through all the remaining years of their wretched lives; and the whole country in the vicinity of the battle was surrendered to the soldiers for pillage, and for the indulgence in any license passion might instigate.

Two years after this battle the emperor, Conradin, then but nineteen years of age, crossed the Alps from Germany, with an army, to recover his lost kingdom of Naples. Triumphantly he traversed northern and central Italy, and entered the frontiers of the Neapolitan kingdom The young warrior

was outgeneraled by the veteran chieftain; his troops were cut to pieces, and the young emperor, who had not yet attained his twentieth year, was taken captive and infamously executed. As he stood upon the scaffold and bowed his neck to the executioner, he exclaimed:

"O, my mother! dreadful will be the grief that awaits thee for my fate."

Florence had attained the first rank among Italian cities. With sunny skies, a pure and salubrious clime, and surrounded with a graceful amphitheater of hills, covered with vineyards and olive grounds, then was no other spot in beautiful Italy which surpassed it in loveliness. Commerce and agriculture had filled the city with a vast population and immense wealth. The Florentine cloths for three hundred years remained unrivaled in Europe. There were two noble families in Florence of immense wealth and power. The chief of the one noble house, that of Buondelmonti, a young man of great elegance and corresponding vanity, was affianced to a daughter of the other house, that of Uberti. But at length he abandoned her for another beauty. The indignant friends of the forsaken one, in revenge, murdered the gallant at mid-day, as, in a gala dress, on a milk-white steed, he was riding through the streets. The city was divided, and all Florence was embroiled in the deadly quarrel. The Buondelmonti party were attached to the church, and all the Guelph party rallied around them. The Uberti family were partisans of the emperor, and were warmly sustained by the Ghibellines. For thirty-three years this deadly feud continued with incessant scenes of blood-shed. At length the Ghibelline nobles, aided by some German cavalry, drove the Guelphs from the city, and seizing the government threw themselves under imperial protection.

The people, crushed by aristocratic insolence, in less than two years rose in an insurrection, and revolutionized the government, and the influence of the pope again became dominant. It was at this time that the celebrated Florentine coin

called the florin, which attained such celebrity during the middle ages, was issued from the mint. The Ghibellines appealed to the Sicilies, then under the emperor, to aid them. The two armies met before the gates of Sienna, and the Florentine Guelphs, though arrayed in a force of thirty thousand infantry and three thousand cavalry, were routed with dreadful slaughter. The Guelph nobles fled, and Florence surrendered to the Ghibellines. The city was held in subjection by, a strong force of foreign lancers garrisoned within its walls.

The exiled Guelphs joined Charles of Anjou, as under the banners of the pope he marched to the conquest of Sicily. After the successful termination of this enterprise, aided by Charles, they marched upon Florence, drove out the Ghibellines, and reëstablished themselves there. Such was the condition of all Italy, generation after generation. The rush of armies, the blaze of conflagration, and blood-stained fields of battle, every where meet the eye. Now one party is victorious and now the other; and both are equally worthless. The aristocrat tramples upon the democrat; and the democrat takes vengeance by trampling still more fiercely upon the weak, whom his strong arm can crush. Imperial Germany smites metropolitan Milan. And metropolitan Milan, springing up from the blow, smites poor little Lodi. Aristocracy has been the curse of our globe, and history proves that this vice has existed with just as much venom in the heart of the plebeian as in the heart of the patrician.

There is but one remedy for these evils. It is the democracy of the gospel of Christ—the recognition of the brotherhood of man. There is but one hope for the world, and that is in the extension of the pure religion of the gospel. Forms of government are of but little avail so long as the men who wield those governments are selfish and depraved. When the hearts of men are changed by the influences of Christianity, so that man the lion becomes man the lamb, then, and not till then, will the sword be beaten into the plowshare. Govern-

ments become better only so fast as the men who organize and administer those governments become better. There may be republican empires, and there may be despotic republics. The voice of all history proclaims, that in the religion of Jesus is to be found, the only hope for this lost world.

CHAPTER XXV.

ITALIAN ANARCHY.

FROM A. D. 1266 TO A. D. 1400.

THE GUELPHS AND GHIBELLINES.—TRAGIC FATE OF BONIFAZIO AND IMALDA.—EXTENT OF THE PAPAL STATES.—THE SICILIAN VESPERS.—CONFLICT BETWEEN GENOA AND PISA.—RUIN OF PISA.—STATE OF FLORENCE.—OF SICILY.—THE PAPAL COURT REMOVED TO AVIGNON.—THE ROMANCE OF ANDREW AND JOANNA.—CONFLICT FOR THE THRONE OF NAPLES.—GENERAL VIEW OF ITALY.—VENICE AND GENOA.—THE ANTAGONISTIC POPES.—THEIR WARS.—ACCESSION OF LADISLAUS TO THE THRONE OF NAPLES.—CRUEL FATE OF CONSTANCE.

THE triumph of the Guelph, or church party, in Florence, banished the Ghibellines, and confiscated their property. It was in fact a triumph of the popular party over the aristocracy, who were generally imperialists.

The record of the wealth and power to which the Venetian republic attained, remains to the present hour one of the marvels of history. Her fleet conquered Constantinople, and that city was retained by Venice for fifty-seven years. At the time of its greatest power, Venice held nominal sway over three eighths of the old Roman empire. For half a century Genoa and Venice were engaged in one incessant battle: fighting over the spoils of the eastern empire. Venice called Pisa to her aid. Genoa entered into alliance with the Greeks, and thus the demon of war rioted over the wreck of human happiness.

The cruel death of Conradin terminated for many years the German imperial sway in Italy. The emperors, entirely engrossed by troubles at home, had no forces to spare for the reconquest of these southern realms. From the middle of the thirteenth century for two hundred years, Italy presents a

tumultuous scene of domestic tragedies, implacable factions, and unceasing wars. Charles of Anjou, whose escutcheon can never be cleansed from the blot of the foul execution of Conradin, pursued with merciless massacre all who were suspected of adherence to the Ghibelline party. The native Sicilians hated venomously their French conquerors. Charles, as energetic as he was cruel, rapidly consolidated and strengthened his power. Even Florence bestowed on him nominal seigniory, and the pope invested him with the high powers of vicar-general of Tuscany. Nearly all the cities of Lombardy, ever exposed to outrage from the neighboring cities, chose Charles for their seignior; while others sought for the most intimate alliance with him, offensive and defensive.

These successes fed the flame of his ambition; and, as he could rely upon the military arm of his powerful brother Louis IX., king of France, he began to turn a wistful eye toward the fragments of the eastern empire. Pope Gregory X., the friend and almost the creature of Charles, endeavored in vain to compose the deep seated animosities which agitated Italy. An event which occurred at Bologna at this time, may be mentioned in illustration of the melancholy condition of humanity.

There were two rival noble houses, equally proud, haughty, and powerful. One belonged to the Ghibelline, the other, to the Guelph faction. They had long been arrayed against each other, in deadly enmity. But love, in youthful hearts, triumphed over domestic feuds. Bonifazio, of the one family, loved the beautiful Imalda of the other; and his love was warmly requited. In one of their stolen interviews, in the palace of the maiden, her brothers, watching, rushed upon Bonifazio, and, as their sister fled in terror, dispatched him with their poisoned daggers, and dragged his body to a deserted court. The unhappy girl, returning, followed the traces of the blood, and found the yet warm and palpitating corpse of her lover. Frenzied with agony, with the hope of reviving

him she endeavored to suck the poison from his wounds. She, however, only imbibed the venom herself; and the two were found lifeless together.

The two houses were goaded to desperation. Their respective factions espoused their cause. For forty days the battle raged almost incessantly in the streets and among the palaces of Bologna. The Guelphs triumphed. The Ghibellines, who had assassinated young Bonifazio, were driven from the city, with their associates. Their palaces were torn down, and ten thousand citizens were involved in their ruin. These exiles rallied in a distant town; summoned all the neighboring Ghibellines to their aid, and marched upon Bologna, defeating the Guelphs in two battles without the walls. The Guelphs, alarmed, appealed to Charles of Naples. He sent them a governor and a garrison, and Bologna became a fief of Charles of Anjou.

The independence of all Italy was now threatened by his assumptions. The pontiff was so much alarmed that he wished to raise a power antagonistic to that of Charles, and influenced the German electors to give an efficient head to the empire by the choice of Rodolph of Hapsburg, the illustrious founder of the present house of Austria. The pope could now, in the furtherance of his plans, appeal to either one of these monarchs against the other, he holding the balance of power between them.

Pope Gregory X. died in the year 1276, and, in the short space of twelve months, three succeeding popes closed their mortal career. Nicholas III. was then invested with the tiara, and he wielded the pontifical scepter with consummate energy and sagacity. He was very adroit in playing Rodolph and Charles against each other. He thus succeeded in attaching to the holy see the provinces, or marches, as they were then called, of Romagna and Ancona, formerly belonging to the Countess Matilda. By this act the papal states acquired the extent of territory which they retain to the present day

These states now contain about seventeen thousand square miles, being about equal to Massachusetts and New Hampshire united, and contain a population of about three millions. There were twenty provinces composing these states, some of them being provinces of considerable extent, and others merely cities, each independent of the rest, and governed by its duke, or lord, or assembly of citizens. The authority of the pope consisted merely in his taking the place of the emperor. He had no more control over their internal government than the president of the United States has over that of the individual states. The states of the church took the oath of supremacy to the pope; stamped his image upon their coin; paid him a certain amount of tribute, and sent their allotted quota of soldiers to his banners in case of war. Thus affairs stood for two centuries.

Italy was at this time essentially divided into three portions. All the provinces of southern Italy were combined into the kingdom of Naples, under Charles of Anjou. Central Italy was conglomerated into the papal states, under the sovereignty of the pope. The northern provinces acknowledged the feudal sovereignty, of Rodolph of Hapsburg, emperor of Germany.

Upon the death of Nicholas III., Charles of Naples, by bribery and threats, constrained the cardinals to place one of his own creatures, Martin IV., upon the papal throne. Aided by the pope, the ambitious tyrant was preparing an expedition for the conquest of Greece, when a terrible revolt broke out in his own realms. A man of amazing skill and sagacity, Procida, united all the bold barons of Sicily in a conspiracy to expel the French from Italy. Peter, king of Aragon, who, by marriage, was entitled to the throne of Naples, and the emperor Michael, at Constantinople, who was dreading the threatened invasion, joined eagerly to aid the insurgents. The conspiracy burst like a clap of thunder in a cloudless day, and

with terrors which, to the present hour, have echoed through the corridors of history.

On Easter Monday, in the year 1282, as the citizens of Palermo, in gorgeous procession, were celebrating the resurrection of our Saviour, a young maiden, of rank and beauty, was brutally insulted by a French soldier. The crowd avenged her by instantly piercing the wretch with his own sword. It was in the early evening, and the vesper bell was tolling. The hour of retribution had arrived. The stifled cry burst forth. Thousands, seizing their concealed weapons, rushed into the streets, and not a Frenchman in Palermo escaped. Four thousand perished that night. All over the island the work of death spread, and did not cease till eight thousand of the invaders perished in the horrible massacre of the Sicilian Vespers.

All Sicily burst into a flame of insurrection. The French were utterly exterminated, and Peter, of Aragon, who was hovering near with a powerful fleet, was invited to assume and defend the kingdom. Charles, almost bursting with rage, instantly crossed the straits, and with an army which he had prepared for the Greek war, assailed Messina. But suddenly the formidable fleet of Peter appeared in the horizon, and Charles was compelled to a precipitate retreat—his whole fleet being seized and burned before his eyes. Peter of Aragon was now sovereign of Sicily.

The pride of Charles was humbled to the dust. At the moment when in the lordliness of power he was exulting in the prospective conquest of the eastern empire, he found his arm of strength paralyzed. Even his own son was the captive of Peter. Overwhelmed with agony he sickened, groaned, and died.

The maritime city of Pisa had become, as it were, a nation. Lucrative traffic had lined her streets with palaces, and filled those palaces with opulence. The city, imperial in power, had established colonies at Constantinople, at Jean d'Acre, in

Syria, and was in possession of Sardinia and Corsica. Her nobles, in the extent of their possessions, and the pomp of their retinues, often rivaled princes. The majestic cathedral she had reared, and the beautiful leaning tower, both erected in the eleventh and twelfth centuries still remain among the wonders of the world.

Wealth and power fostered pride and arrogance; and Pisa fell. She grossly insulted Genoa, and outraged her rights. War ensued. For two years the powerful republics struck each other terrific blows, and it was uncertain which would fall, crushed and dying on the arena. The envenomed battle could only terminate in the destruction of one or the other. A tempest, unfortunately or providentially, swept half the Pisan navy upon the rocks, and the bells in Genoa rang merrily. Twenty-four galleys laden with treasure, passing from Pisa to Sardinia, were captured by the Genoese; and still more merrily pealed her cathedral chimes, and still more pompously ascended the chaunt of her Te Deums. Pisa, in desperation, roused for a decisive effort.

The Pisans descended the Arno with three hundred galleys manned by twenty-five thousand troops. The Genoese met them, at the mouth of the river with one hundred and thirty galleys, crowded with thirty thousand troops. Providence aided the strong battalions, and the naval glories of Pisa in that dreadful day of tumult and carnage, perished forever. Eleven thousand were carried away into captivity. The remainder were sunk in the sea. Ten thousand of the prisoners perished in the dungeons of Genoa, during an imprisonment of eight years. The survivors, then but one thousand in number, emaciate and woe-stricken, were ransomed and returned to their friends.

With selfishness which should make human nature blush, the Guelph cities of Tuscany, all pounced together upon defenseless Pisa in this her hour of adversity. Through lingering scenes of desperation, agony and crime, the republic

perished. Three short summers destroyed the growth of ages.

Florence, agitated by factions of citizens and nobles, was in a state of incessant tumult and blood-shed. In the vanquishment of one of these parties, called the White Guelphs, an illustrious man, whose name is now immortal—Dante—was driven into exile, where he lingered sorrowfully until he died. The genius of suffering inspired his immortal poem, *The Inferno*. The vision of hell, purgatory, and paradise, is by almost unanimous assent, pronounced to be one of the loftiest creations of human genius. The personages of his own day live in the awful scenes of his poem, and their lineaments are painted upon the canvas in colors which can never fade away.

Peter of Aragon did not long survive the conquest of Sicily. Upon his death he transferred the crown to James, his second son. The crown of Naples, divested of the beautiful island of Sicily, remained upon the brow of Charles II., son and heir of Charles of Anjou. Sicily contained ten thousand five hundred and eight square miles, being a little larger than the state of New Hampshire, and was inhabited by a mixed population of about two millions. It will be remembered that Charles, the son of the king of Naples, had been taken prisoner by Peter. He was subsequently released upon his relinquishing all claim to the island of Sicily.

But oaths in those days were made but to be broken. As soon as Charles II. was safely seated on his throne of Naples, the pope absolved him from his oath, and crowned him king of Naples and of Sicily, or, of the Two Sicilies, as the insular and continental kingdom was then called. France united with Charles II. Aragon combined with James of Sicily. The dogs of war were again let loose. In the midst of these wars and intrigues the king of Aragon died, and James left Sicily to assume that richer crown. He passed the scepter of the island into the hands of his third brother Frederic.

In a spirit of infamy, which even all past atrocities do not

enable us to contemplate, but with amazement, James of Aragon, then purchased the favor of the pope by marrying a daughter of Charles II of Naples, surrendered Sicily again to Charles, and pledged his armies to aid in its reconquest for Charles II., should his brother Frederic and the Sicilians make any opposition to the transfer. For this act of perfidy the holy father gave James his blessing, and gave him Sardinia and Corsica, of which he had robbed Genoa, and of which Genoa had robbed Pisa.

But Frederic was not disposed to lose his crown; neither were the Sicilians ready to relinquish their independence. The war was long and fierce, but Frederic finally triumphed over his combined foes. The miserable pope Boniface VIII. eventually died of insanity and rage. His successor Benedict XI. was poisoned by two cardinals, hired to commit the deed by the king of France, called Philip the Fair. Philip then succeeded in placing the tiara upon the brow, and the keys in the hands, of one of his own archbishops, whom he had bribed into the most uncompromising obedience to his wishes.

Clement V. first very generously pardoned all the sins of the regal assassin; and decorated himself with those pontifical robes, beneath which the concealed king of France, directed all the movements of the automaton pontiff. For the accommodation of his royal master he abandoned Italy, and took up his residence in France.

Nearly sixty years had now elapsed since any German emperor had descended the Alps, to assert, through terror of his banners, imperial sway in Italy. In the year 1310, Henry VII., at the head of an imposing body of cavalry, came clattering down upon the plains of Lombardy. Nobles of all ranks, leaders of all factions, delegates from all cities crowded to his head-quarters, to secure their own triumph, by being received into alliance with him. Henry welcomed all with the same affability. By intrigue and a few battles he took possession of Lombardy, and plundered it mercilessly. But

no sooner had the vision of his banners disappeared, on the other side of the Alps, than all Italy was up in arms against him.

The thunders of the approaching strife were reverberating over all the hills of Italy, when death smote the monarch and he fell silent into the tomb. Louis of Bavaria, after a long and bloody war, had attained the imperial crown. He marched upon Italy to compel its homage. It was the summer of 1327. At Milan he received the iron crown of Lombardy. He then marched into Tuscany; captured enfeebled Pisa, after the short siege of a month; extorted heavy contributions; erected the state of Lucca into an imperial duchy, and then marched upon Rome. Here he wasted his time in the ceremony, then a mere frivolity, of being crowned emperor by the pope.

Troubles in Germany suddenly compelled him to recross the Alps, and he left behind him in Italy the exasperating remembrance of plunder and outrage. Again anarchy and contending factions reigned in northern Italy. The wars of rival dukes, the battles of democratic cities, the intrigues of petty factions, have, in the lapse of time, become too insignificant to be recorded, though in the day of their virulent activity they were the wide spread cause of woe.

Robert of Naples, during the most of a long reign, had protected his kingdom from internal strife and foreign invasion, though much of the time he had been engaged in foreign wars. When Frederic of Sicily died, after a military reign of forty years, he was succeeded by his son Peter II. This monarch had hardly taken his seat upon the throne, ere he died, leaving it to his infant son Louis. Robert of Naples, a melancholy old man, drawing near to death, with no male heirs, offered the crown to Andrew, son of his nephew, king of Hungary, on condition that the lad should repair to the court of Naples for his education, and, in due time, should

marry Joanna, the emperor's orphan granddaughter, then a child of seven years.

Andrew proved to be a low, brutal, semi-savage, weak in ntellect, and barbarous in manners—entirely beyond the reach of refined culture. The beautiful Italian princess, reared in the most brilliant though most corrupt court in Europe, despised the princely boor, who was destined to be her husband. Robert, eighty years of age, convinced of the utter incapacity of Andrew to reign, left the throne to Joanna, excluding Andrew. He established a regency, providing that her administration should not commence until the completion of her twenty-fifth year.

Joanna was but sixteen when her grandfather died. She was beautiful, vivacious, inexperienced, of impassioned temperament, and was surrounded by princes of the blood, high-born gallants, dissolute men, and dissolute women, in a court which has seldom been rivaled in the splendor of its voluptuousness. The religion of the court was the religion of ecclesiasticism and ceremony, not the religion of political integrity and moral purity. The result was, as a matter of course. Joanna became a beautiful wanton.

Andrew and Joanna quarreled. Both claimed the crown. Two parties were formed. The friends of Joanna seized Andrew one night, in a remote castle to which he had been lured, on a hunting excursion, slipt a noose which had been carefully prepared over his neck, and threw him out of one of the windows. The foul murder created an insurrection. The Hungarian party gained the ascendency. Joanna was compelled to surrender the assassins, and they were put to death with frightful tortures.

Louis, the elder brother of Andrew, was now king of Hungary. He gathered an army to avenge the fate of his brother, and, as his heir, to claim the throne of Naples. The queen, in the meantime, had married one of her lovers. The nobles and the people welcomed the army of invasion, and

Louis, almost without a struggle, took possession of the throne. He did not long retain it. Leaving garrisons in the strong places he returned to Hungary. The queen rallied her friends, having secured the coöperation of the pope, and after a warfare of three years, during which the most shocking atrocities were perpetrated on both sides, she regained her kingdom.

The popes still continued, under French sway, to reside in Avignon in France. Their supremacy in Italy was decidedly weakened by this foreign residence. Decayed and debauched nobles occupied the edifices in Rome, which remained majestic monuments of ancient grandeur. From these fortresses they sallied forth, with their retainers, in the prosecution of party feuds, of public robberies, and of nameless outrages of the darkest iniquity. The shadow of republican institutions was retained. It was, however, but the shadow. The citizens were reduced to the deepest misery, by the insolent excesses of the nobles, who garrisoned their castles with robber bands, setting all laws at defiance.

In the year 1342, a deputation from Rome visited the pope at Avignon, imploring him to reëstablish the holy see in its original seat. Clement VI., who was then the pope, declined, and the people of Rome, in despair, rose against the nobles. Rienzi, the leader of this reform, as soon as he felt the reins of power in his hands, intoxicated with success, plunged into voluptuous and capricious tyranny, which rivaled that of the nobles whom he had overthrown. Loaded with obloquy, Rienzi abdicated his power and fled from Rome, and the city relapsed into its former anarchy.

For the first half of the fourteenth century all Italy was the theater of incessant sanguinary wars, provoked by the selfishness and ambition of the rival states. It mattered but little what forms of government were adopted, the powerful were ever endeavoring to trample upon the weak, and the weak were combining to trample upon the powerful. In the

year 1346, a general famine desolated Italy The famine was followed the next year by pestilence, which spread over all Europe. The history of the world affords no parallel to this great pestilence, which, it is estimated, swept away three-fifths of the human race. It was impossible to bury the dead. All restraints were forgotten, all the ties of humanity were unloosed in the general consternation.

It seemed as though the pestilence was doing the work of the flood—exterminating a race unfit to occupy the earth. But so soon as the ravages were stayed, the survivors grasped their arms and renewed their insane assaults upon each other.

Venice claimed to be queen of the Adriatic, and as such to be exclusively entitled to the navigation of that sea. A yearly ceremony was introduced by which the doge, in type of this sovereignty, wedded the Adriatic. Genoa resisted the claim, and sent one hundred and sixty galleys, with thirty thousand soldiers, to enforce her protest. Venice raised a similar force. Horrid scenes ensued of carnage on the sea, and slaughter and conflagration on the land.

In the progress of this war the government of Venice gradually passed into the hands of the aristocracy, and the famous Council of Ten was organized, which long ruled Venice with despotic sway, unhappily the only sway which could preserve from anarchy. The gloomy tranquillity of the prison-dungeon prevailed in the streets of Venice, while all other cities of Italy were in an incessant ferment. The innocent and the guilty were alike liable to be stricken down. Every act of the government was veiled in fearful obscurity. Spies were everywhere. Individuals of highest position disappeared, never to be heard of again. No one dared ask a question

Let us contemplate for a moment the aspect of Italy in the middle of the fourteenth century. Rome was rapidly falling into decay. The seat of the popedom was removed to Avignon, beyond the Alps, and the pope was but little more than the tool of the sovereigns of France. Clement VI., the reign-

ing pope, was a debauched old man. In Naples Joanna held her voluptuous court. Central Italy, extending from the northern frontiers of Naples to the southern limits of Lombardy, was divided by the Apennines into Tuscany on the west, and Romagna on the east. The papal states, with Rome for their metropolitan city, intervened between these provinces and the Neapolitan kingdom. North of Tuscany and Romagna came the great province of Lombardy, extending to the Alps, composed of five ducal potentates, virtually independent of each other established with much princely splendor and power in the great cities. Genoa and Venice were popular cities, of but small territorial extent, but majestic in maritime power. Such is a general, not a minute and accurate view of Italy at this time.

Milan was the most powerful of the Lombard principalities. But Verona, Mantua, Padua, and the duchies of Ferrara and Modena were by no means insignificant. Gunpowder began now to be used upon the field of battle; but in that early day the new weapons, clumsily constructed, had comparatively but little efficiency in the field. Genoa and Venice had established immense factories along the whole circuit of the Black sea, where they gathered the spices and merchandise of India, and the furs and other commodities of Russia. Here again, on these distant waters the squadrons of the two rival cities met in hostile array.

In January, 1352, the Venetian squadron, numbering seventy-five galleys, and the Genoese with but sixty-four, though of larger size, encountered each other in the Bosphorus, near Constantinople. As they rushed together in the shock of war, a terrific storm blackened over their heads, with vivid flashes of lightning and peals of thunder, while a tornado swept the waves with resistless fury. Regardless of thunder, and lightning, and wind, and rain, through the long, dark, stormy night the furious combatants struggled until the lurid morning dawned. It revealed an awful sight.

The sea was covered with wrecks and with the gory dead. The Venetian fleet was almost destroyed. Two thousand of their men were slain, and fifteen hundred taken captive. The Genoese bought their victory dearly, having suffered nearly as much. The following year another terrific battle was fought, in which the Genoese, in their turn, were severely whipped. The calamity was overwhelming, and Genoa was reduced to despair. In their consternation they threw themselves upon the protection of Milan, and a Milanese governor and garrison were sent to take charge of the humiliated city. Thus strengthened, the conflict was renewed. The two fleets met, near the port of Sapienza, in the Morea, and the Venetian squadron was utterly destroyed. Four thousand men were slain, and six thousand captured. Venice, in the extreme of exhaustion, sued for peace.

The duke of Milan acquired great renown by this success; and flushed with pride and power he began to trample upon the rights of the other dukes of Lombardy. They all combined with Venice to humble their common enemy. Both parties sought the aid of the emperor Charles IV. He coquetted with both parties and received the iron crown of Lombardy. He then proceeded to Rome, escorted by a brilliant army, where he was invested with the imperial diadem. For three years a miserable war infested Lombardy. At length all parties were wearied, and equally wounded and bleeding assented to peace.

The Catholic historians designate the papal residence in Avignon as the Babylonian captivity of the popes. From the year 1305 to 1375, seven popes in succession resided in this city. It possessed many attractions for the papal court. Imperial wealth had lined the streets with palaces, and the holy fathers, under the strong arm of France, and the mere tools of her ambitious monarchs, had found here safety, opulence, and voluptuous indulgence. But at length the north of France was devastated by British soldiers, and plundering

bands began to crowd down upon the rich plains of Vaucluse. The luxurious prelates were alarmed, and Urban V., though a Frenchman, decided to reëstablish the holy see at Rome.

With great pomp, accompanied by his cardinals, and escorted by the galleys of Venice, Genoa, Pisa, and Naples, he passed from the Rhone to the Tiber. Rome received him with great exultation. Under the efficient sway of Urban the papal states enjoyed repose, and the pontifical power attained renewed splendor. The eastern empire was now crumbling before the might of Sultan Amurath, and the emperor, John Palæologus, left Constantinople to throw himself at the feet of the Pontiff, to implore his aid in rousing Europe against the infidels.

But Italy was in such a distracted state, the emperor Charles IV. of Germany sweeping over it with his armies, and all the petty governments engaged in interminable wars, that Urban sighed for the repose of Avignon, and after a residence of three years in Rome, returned to his French palaces, where he almost immediately died. Gregory XI. at Avignon, was chosen his successor. Civil war was now desolating the states of the church. To quell it, Gregory XI. sent twelve thousand ferocious Britons, armed to the teeth, into the tumultuous region. They smote indiscriminately upon the right hand and upon the left. Even children at the breast were not spared. Five thousand perished in this stern chastisement by the holy father, in which infants were seized by the feet and their brains dashed out against the stones.

The duties of the sacred office rendered the pope's residence at Rome necessary. In the midst of scenes of tumult blood and woe, Gregory XI. was summoned to judgment The cardinals met to choose his successor. Eleven were French, four were Italians, and one a Spaniard. The election was bitterly contested, for the people of Rome clamored against another foreign pontiff. The municipal government of Rome had assumed the form of a republic, being adminis-

tered by thirteen elected magistrates. These magistrates sent a deputation to demand an audience with the cardinals, that they might represent the wishes of the people. The sacred college rebuked them vehemently for their presumption in attempting to influence an election which was under the especial and exclusive guidance of the Holy Spirit.

This roused the mob. The Vatican, where the cardinals were in conclave, was surrounded, and the Roman populace insisted, with clamor and menace, that the Holy Spirit should give them a Roman, or at least an Italian pope. The choice fell upon a Neapolitan, who assumed the tiara and the keys, under the title of Urban VI. The people were appeased and the tumult ceased.

The choice proved unhappy. The possession of power developed in Urban a character of caprice and tyranny. He threatened to excommunicate the cardinals. With singular forgetfulness of ecclesiastical courtesy, he called one of the cardinals a thief and another a fool. He threatened to create a large number of Italian cardinals, so that the government of the church should no longer be in the hands of foreigners.

The cardinals, with very commendable spirit, met together and declared that the Holy Spirit had made a mistake in the election of Urban VI., and that they declared the election null and void. They then chose the cardinal of Geneva, pope, with the title of Clement VII. The question is not yet settled in the papal church which of these two men was the true pope. As they were bitterly hostile to each other; and as the decisions of the true pope was invested with almost the authority of divine decrees, the question must be admitted to be one of very serious moment.

For forty years this untoward event produced a schism in the Catholic church. France and Spain, with Joanna of Naples, espoused the cause of Clement VII. Italy, England, Germany, Hungary, and Portugal, arrayed themselves beneath the banners of Urban VI. Each of the antagonistic popes

was, in ability and character, quite contemptible. Urban VI. with a new created college of nineteen Italian cardinals established himself at Rome. Clement VII. with a majority of the old cardinals retired to the luxurious palaces of Avignon.

Urban VI. attempted to punish Joanna of Naples for her support of Clement VII. by an act of excommunication and deposition; at the same time he offered the investiture of her kingdom to one of his friends, Charles of Durazza. Joanna appealed to the antagonistic pope and his advocates for help. She being now the widow of four husbands, and childless, she declared, as her heir, Louis, duke of Anjou, uncle of Charles VI. king of France. Swords were immediately drawn, and armies were on the march. Charles Durazzo was hastily crowned king of Naples by Urban VI., and hurrying his march into Naples, he seized the kingdom and the queen. With his sword at the throat of Joanna he commanded her to abdicate the crown in his favor. Heroically she refused. Charles sent assassins into her prison who smothered her with pillows.

With a fine army Louis, duke of Anjou, entered the Neapolition territory, to avenge the death of the queen, and to claim the crown. Two years of devastation and blood passed, when Louis died. Urban VI., not feeling safe at Rome, transferred his pontifical court to Naples, where he soon found himself involved in a quarrel with the king his own hand had created, over whom he had been very naturally disposed to exercise quite dictatorial power. The conflict waxed warm, and the king chased the pope into the castle of Nocera, where he vigorously besieged him. In this extremity Urban VI., as a desperate resort, appealed to the party of the duke of Anjou for relief. Some bold barons of that party rescued him, and carried him in triumph to Genoa. Soon after this Charles III. was assassinated by his own relatives, and the kingdom of Naples was left in a state of ruinous anarchy.

For years the kingdom presented the most deplorable aspect of tumult and wretchedness. Charles III. left a son, Ladislaus, ten years old, and a daughter, Joanna. His widow, Margaret, acted as regent for her son. The opposite party proclaimed the young son of the duke of Anjou king, by the title of Louis II., under the regency of his mother, Maria. Thus Europe rallied for war around the banners of these two boys. The popes, in the meantime, had each excommunicated the other. All Italy was in such a state of anarchy, that robber barons, emerging from their castles with well armed retainers, prowled about, robbing, murdering, and committing crimes of indescribable brutality.

The mother of Louis took good care of him, while the nobles led his armies. At length, after many bloody campaigns, the French party were so far triumphant, that Maria took her son and, with a powerful fleet and a numerous train of French nobles, conveyed him to Naples. He was, of course, received with the acclamations of the populace. But he developed a character so utterly effeminate, indolent, and dissolute, as soon to excite general contempt.

Ladislaus, on the contrary, cradled amidst the storms of battle, at the age of sixteen joined his barons in the field. Marrying the heiress of the most opulent noble in Sicily, he vastly increased his resources. Gradually he swept the kingdom of his foes, and entered Naples in triumph. Louis and his followers, abandoning the kingdom in despair, retired by sea to France.

It would be refreshing could we find one good man as a prominent actor in these tumultuous scenes. There doubtless were thousands of humble Christians, cherishing the spirit of their Saviour, and in retirement and prayer struggling along the path to heaven. But in the camp and the court we encounter little save vice and crime. Ladislaus proved a stern sovereign, ruling with a rod of iron. He was a stranger to gratitude, good faith, or mercy.

The beautiful Constance whom he had wedded, and through whose rich dowry he had gained his kingdom, he neglected, abandoned, divorced, imprisoned, without accusing or even suspecting her of any faults. His vagrant desires were weary of her, and he sought other charms. He afterward compelled the unhappy Constance to marry count Andrea, one of his favorites. As she was dragged to the altar, she said indignantly and aloud, in the presence of the assembled court and people:

"Count Andrea, you are to esteem yourself the most fortunate cavalier of this kingdom, for you are about to receive for your mistress the lawful wife of your liege."

CHAPTER XXVI.

FRAGMENTARY ITALY.

FROM A. D. 1400 TO A. D. 1600.

DAWN OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.—SCHISM IN THE CHURCH.—THE THREE POPES.—THE GREAT COUNCIL OF CONSTANCE.—"GOOD OLD TIMES."—BEATRICE TENDA.—THE DUKES OF SAVOY.—THE HOUSE OF MEDICI.—EUROPE MENACED BY THE TURKS.—THE GREAT EUROPEAN MONARCHIES.—FRAGMENTARY ITALY.—LEO X.—FRENCH CONQUESTS.—SPANISH CONQUESTS.—THE EMPEROR CHARLES V. MASTER OF ITALY.—PAPAL STRUGGLES.—FATE OF FLORENCE.—THE DUCHY OF PARMA—OF TUSCANY.

THE morning of the fifteenth century dawned upon Italy in clouds and gloom. The duke of Milan was master of nearly all of Lombardy, and was menacing Florence with apparently resistless power. Naples was utterly exhausted with her terrific civil wars. Venice, secure within her lagoons, was overawed by the most merciless oligarchy. The papal power had fallen into utter contempt. The annals of those days are filled mainly with the record of wars, treachery, murders, rapine, and crimes of every hue. Venice, by the foulest aggression, had extended her domain to the Adige, and the Lion of St. Mark, her symbolic banner, floated from the towers of Treviso, Feltro, Belluno, Verona, Vicenza, and Padua.

Urban VI., who had caused the schism in the church, died in the year 1389, and Boniface IX. was chosen as his successor. He died in 1404, and the cardinals, surrounded by a mob, in the wildest scene of tumult and uproar, raised Innocent VII. to the papal throne. Ladislaus, the stern king of Naples, drove the pope from the city, in an attempt to compel the states of the church to acknowledge him as their liege lord. He failed, and in his rage plundered and fired the city. Innocent soon died, and Gregory XII. was conducted to the

papal chair, in Rome. Europe was weary, and the church ashamed of the schism. But the states were so equally divided between Rome and Avignon, that it was difficult to effect a compromise.

Upon the death of Clement VII. the cardinals, at Avignon, chose Benedict XIII. The university of France, disgusted with this state of things, refused to recognize either as legitimate pope; and the discontent became so general that the cardinals, to rescue the church from ruin, convoked a general council at Pisa, and summoned both popes to appear before them. This was new experience for God's vicegerents, and they both indignantly refused. Whereupon the council of Pisa, consisting of the cardinals, and a numerous body of prelates from all parts of the Christian world, aided by ambassadors from most of the crowned heads of Europe, after long and solemn deliberation, performed the very extraordinary act, which then amazed mankind, of *deposing* both Gregory XII. and Benedict XIII. They then elected the cardinal of Milan to the papal dignity with the title of Alexander V.

There were now three popes instead of two. Benedict XIII., with three cardinals adhering to him, had convoked a council of his partisan clergy at Perpignan, a gloomy fortress on the frontiers of Spain. Gregory XII., with four cardinals, and the prelates who rallied around him, met at Ravenna, in Italy. And now from these three papal thrones bulls of excommunication were hurled, like the fabled thunderbolts of Jove. The several powers of Europe arranged themselves on different sides, grasped their arms, and war continued its hideous revels. Alexander V., through many bloody battles, established himself in Rome, the ancient seat of papacy. In less than a year he died; and a cardinal, of disgraceful character succeeded, by the title of John XXIII.

Ladislaus, of Naples, ravaged Italy like a famished tiger. With all the belligerents the papal quarrel seemed to be merely the occasion they embraced to extend their dominions by

crushing their neighbors. Ladislaus reduced all of the states of the church to his sway; extended his frontiers to Tuscany, and was advancing with such strides that he threatened to bring all Italy beneath his scepter. But death, the kindest ally of oppressed mankind, struck the tyrant down. In loathsome disease, torn with convulsions, and shrieking in agony, he sank into the grave—and Italy drew a long breath of relief.

The shameful struggles of the popes still agitated all Europe, desolating wide realms with conflagration and carnage. The emperor Sigismund, of Germany, a debauched voluptuary, but a man of marvelous energy of character, undertook to terminate the strife. In several personal interviews with John XXIII., he overawed the holy father, and compelled him to invite a council of the clergy of Christendom in the imperial city of Constance, on the shore of the lake of the same name. The pope and the emperor in person attended this famous council; and there was also the gathering of ambassadors from nearly all the princes and states of Europe. This memorable council was composed of twenty cardinals, one hundred and seventeen patriarchs and bishops, six hundred ecclesiastics of next higher rank, and four thousand priests. There were also twenty-six princes present and one hundred and forty counts.

John XXIII., finding that the council was on the eve of deposing all three of the popes, fled from Constance in the disguise of a groom, and threw himself upon the protection of Frederic, duke of Austria. But a division of the imperial army pursued the fugitive, and brought him back a prisoner to Constance. Gregory XII., alarmed by this example, threw down both tiara and keys, and was thankful to retain the office of cardinal. Benedict XIII., sustained by the powerful arm of Spain, was more obstinate. But he soon found himself constrained to yield to the almost unanimous voice of Europe. The three rival popes were laid aside by the council, and a new pope was chosen, Otho Colonna, who assumed the

title of Martin V. The martyrdom of Jerome of Prague, and of John Huss, which deeds of atrocity were perpetrated by this council, hardly belong to the history of Italy.

We find individuals who say that old times were better than the present. Contemplate "good old times" in Milan in the early part of the fifteenth century, under Giovanni, duke of Milan. From boyhood he had been nursed in atrocities, taking a fiend-like pleasure in witnessing every conceivable form of agony. His chief enjoyment was to see his blood-hounds tear down the victims he exposed to their rage. His huntsman fed the hounds on human flesh, to make them efficient in tearing to pieces their prey. The prisons of Milan were emptied, that the duke might enjoy this sport. On one occasion, when several gentlemen of Milan had been torn to pieces by his hounds, the innocent, helpless son of one of these gentlemen was thrown into the arena. The dogs, sated with blood, refused to fasten upon the poor child, when the duke himself drew his sword and ripped open the bowels of his victim, kneeling before him and crying for mercy. These facts are authenticated beyond all possible doubt. The friends of this child assassinated the duke. What verdict shall history pronounce upon the crime? It is well for us all that *infinite wisdom* will sit upon the throne of final judgment.

Filippo, the successor of this wretch on the ducal throne, was also his successor in infamy and brutality. He had married Beatrice Tenda, a lady of large fortune, that through the influence of her wealth he might be able to grasp the scepter. Having obtained the dowry and the scepter, he now wished to get rid of his spouse. He had already, with the basest treachery, murdered many whom he deemed in the way of his ambition. Selecting a young man of his court, he accused him of adulterous commerce with his duchess—stretched the unhappy, innocent youth upon the rack, and by crushing all his bones, and pouring an intolerable tide of agony along all his quivering nerves, compelled his victim to avow whatever his

tormentors desired. The mangled, palpitating form was then beheaded.

The wife of the duke was then placed upon the wheel, to compel her to confess a crime of which she had not been guilty. But Beatrice, with superhuman fortitude, endured the torture. Bone after bone was dislocated, and still Beatrice exclaimed, "I am not guilty." Nerve after nerve quivered in its frightful accumulations of agony, and still Beatrice shrieked, and when she could no longer shriek, groaned, "I am innocent." And as the ax fell to terminate her sufferings, with her last sigh she persisted that she was guiltless.

God did not, in this world, summon the wretch Filippo to account for his crimes. He was not thwarted in any of his plans of ambition. By an incessant series of encroachments over his weaker neighbors, he raised Milan to a degree of power and splendor never known before, and he died at last in his own tranquil chamber. There is in the human breast an instinct of justice which demands a future day of retribution.

From the Italian chaos a new power, about this time, began to emerge, on the western frontiers of the Milanese states. In the valley of the Savoyard watered by the little river of Arc, there was a petty lordship, possessed by the counts of Maurienne. Gradually they extended their survey over the whole of Savoy, a romantic realm of mountains, forests, and ravines, situated on the western slope of the Alps, and about half as large as the state of Massachusetts. By marriages and encroachments they pressed on, generation after generation, until large rural portions of Piedmont, with many of the important cities, fell under their dominion. The counts of Savoy began now to be regarded as one of the *powers* of Italy. The emperor Sigismund dignified their enlarged territory with the title of a duchy, and elevated the count to a duke. Amadeus VIII. was the first duke of Savoy being raised to that dignity in the year 1413.

Still Italy remained but the arena, in which all the nations of the peninsula were engaged, pell mell, in interminable gladiatorial conflict. There was no cessation, except to take breath and mend their battered arms. The millions of peasants, bareheaded, and barefooted, who toiled in the fields, were with difficulty enabled to raise food for themselves, and for the hundreds of thousands who did the fighting. In the great cities, a few merchants became enriched by commerce; and successful generals rioted in luxury obtained by the plunder of provinces.

Suddenly Europe was alarmed by the tidings that the Turks, under Mahomet II., had taken Constantinople, and that, with enormous armies, flushed with victory, they were ascending the Danube, and were also embarking on the Adriatic, and threatening all Europe with subjugation. The peril was so imminent that a congress was immediately summoned, to meet at Rome, under the presidency of the pope, Nicholas V. But the antagonistic princes, each grasping at his own aggrandisement, could form no combination. Venice and Milan exposed to the first inroads of the Turks, alone united. Naples and Florence soon joined them. The petty states of Greece had fallen, one after another, into the hands of the Turks. The ferocious army of Mahomet II., their cimeters dripping with blood, were within one day's march of the Italian frontiers.

The pope endeavored to rouse demoralized Europe to the rescue, and summoned a rising *en masse* of all the faithful, to meet at Ancona, whence they were to be transported across the Adriatic to meet their infidel foes. An immense concourse of half starved wretches, came in rags, hungry, penniless, and without arms. The pope, already aged and infirm, in the intensity of his disappointment lay down and died.

Venice, almost unaided, struggled fiercely against the Moslem with ever varying success. With an army, reported to have consisted of two hundred thousand men, conveyed in

four hundred galleys, the Turks entered the Archipelago, wrested the large and important island of Negropont from the Venetians, and put all the defenders of this island to the sword. The Venetians were compelled to sue for peace, after a struggle of fifteen years. The victorious Sultan exacted from them large portions of their territory, and an annual tribute. The Turks also took possession of the Euxine, wresting from Genoa all her possessions and all her influence on the shores of this inland sea.

The rise of the house of Medici in Florence, is one of those events in Italian history which deserves especial notice. Cosmo de Medici, who may be regarded as the founder of this house, was one of the most illustrious of men. For thirty years he governed Florence with singular sagacity, embellishing the city with the most gorgeous specimens of architecture, and founding galleries of art which still attract the admiration of the world. This family attained such power and became so obnoxious to pope Sextus IV., that the holy father, a scandalous old man, surrounded by pampered illegitimate children, conspired for the assassination of the two brothers of the duke—Giuliano and Lorenzo—in the midst of the most solemn offices of religion. As the kneeling victims bowed, at the elevation of the host, in high mass, two ecclesiastics were to plunge the fatal daggers.

Giuliano fell instantly, pierced to the heart by several blows. Lorenzo, warding the thrust, which but slightly grazed his neck, threw his cloak around his arm for a shield, and, with his sword, courageously defended himself, until his attendants rushed to his aid. The whole church was filled with consternation. Rapidly the friends of the Medici rallied around Lorenzo, and he was conveyed in safety to his palace. The indignation of the mob was so roused, by this outrage, that they fell with the utmost fury, upon the conspirators. The archbishop of Salviati, one of the accomplices, was hanged, in his prelatical robes, from the window of his palace. Sev-

eral other high ecclesiastics suffered the same ignominious punishment. More than seventy of the conspirators were cut down, and their bodies were exposed to every conceivable indignity in the streets.

At this time the church, in its external organization, as a hierarchy, was but a political institution, in the hands of men generally corrupt. The dignities of the church, conferring immense wealth and power, were more eagerly sought for than those of the army or the state. Hence, ambitious demagogues, rowdy and dissolute barons, and the debauched sons of princes, sat in the pontifical chair, and were decorated with the gorgeous robes of bishops, archbishops, and cardinals. The spirit of piety had fled from the high places of renown, and taken refuge in the bosoms of the lowly. As history has almost exclusively confined her walks to the pageantry of courts and the tumult of camps, we have but few records of that true spirit of Christ, which doubtless, in those dark days, sustained thousands, under life's heavy burdens. We occasionally hear their plaintive song of triumph in the dungeon, and their cry of victory, from the stake or the scaffold.

Sextus IV. enraged at the failure of the conspiracy, declared open war against Lorenzo de Medici, without any attempt to disguise his complicity in the plot for his assassination. He excommunicated the whole duchy of Florence, in punishment for the ignominious execution of archbishop Salviati. The Florentine government appealed to the rest of Italy for support, and summoned the Tuscan clergy to a general council. The king of France publicly remonstrated with the pope, against the prosecution of an unjust war. Sextus IV., bent on his purposes, formed an alliance with Ferdinand of Naples, and war again, with even more than ordinary barbarity and horror, swept ill-fated Italy.

The conflict was raging cruelly when Italy, and indeed all Europe, was thrown into consternation by the tidings that the

Turks had landed in great force at Otranto, an important sea-port at the southeast extremity of the kingdom of Naples. The city was taken by storm, and the inhabitants perished in a horrible massacre. The sultan, Mahomet II., with twenty-five thousand troops, was encamped on the opposite coast of the Adriatic, ready to be transported across the sea. He had also seven thousand in garrison at Otranto, waiting for the arrival of this army of invasion, then to march vigorously upon Rome. But such was not God's will. Death suddenly terminated the earthly schemes of the Moslem sovereign. Thus was Christendom rescued from the greatest peril to which it had ever been exposed.

The struggling nations of Italy, in their terror, had, for a moment, ceased their fraternal strife, to defend themselves from the common foe. But the death of the sultan, and the consequent withdrawal of his army, was but the signal for the renewal of the insane fratricidal warfare. Sextus IV. was, however, frustrated in his ambitious plans; and a great and sudden disappointment threw him into a paroxysm of passion which hastened his death, in the year 1484.

Innocent the VIII., a voluptuous sinner, the unmarried father of seven children, all of whom he openly acknowledged, succeeded Sextus IV. The hoary debauchee loved ease better than power. Instead of fostering wars, he engaged in the less destructive crimes of extortion and luxurious indulgence. Ferdinand of Naples secured the election of Innocent VIII. to the pontifical throne; and the indolent, sensual pontiff, naturally kind-hearted, for a time manifested his gratitude by a ready compliance with all the wishes of his patron. But Ferdinand, arrogant and brutal, pushed his exactions so far that the pope rebelled, and a war ensued, which was conducted with but little vigor. During the intrigues to which this war led, Lorenzo de Medici, of Florence, married his daughter to one of the natural sons of the pope, and thus paved the way

for the elevation of the family of the Medici to the highest position of ecclesiastical grandeur.

The imbecile pontiff shamefully bestowed the dignity of cardinal upon Giovanni, the second son of Lorenzo, a boy but thirteen years of age. The boy cardinal subsequently became pope Leo X.; perhaps the most renowned pontiff who ever reigned in the Vatican. Lorenzo de Medici was one of the most illustrious men which any age has produced. It is difficult to find any one of his contemporaries who equaled him in the moral beauty of his life. His tastes were pure and ennobling, and in all respects his private character was such as even in this day would be deemed unsullied and attractive. The enthusiasm of his intellectual nature and his exquisite taste for the arts, and the splendid patronage he extended to scholars, architects, and all artists, have associated his name with perhaps the most brilliant epoch in Italian history, and have assigned to him one of the most prominent niches in the temple of fame. Under the sagacious and energetic sway of the Medici, Florence attained its highest pinnacle of power.

Lorenzo de Medici and Innocent VIII. died nearly at the same time. The long anarchy of the feudal ages was passing to a close. From this anarchy the powerful kingdoms of England, France, Spain, and Austria had emerged. Italy, still broken into fragments and distracted with internal strife, was menaced by each of these consolidated and gigantic powers. Italian independence could by no possibility be preserved but by the cordial union and concentration of the Italian states; and this union it was impossible to effect. All the four great kingdoms we have enumerated, were struggling, by all the arts of intrigue and arms, to grasp the Italian provinces, and annex them to their own domains.

Ludovica Sporza, duke of Milan, endeavored to form an Italian confederacy, and sent ambassadors for this purpose to Naples, Florence, Rome, and to the duke of Ferrara. But mutual jealousies were so strong, and selfish ambition so

dominant, that no union could be effected. The Italian states were all hostile to each other, each striving to secure its own aggrandizement by weakening its neighbor. Charles VIII. of France claimed Naples, and sent an army for its conquest, and, with powerful bribes, induced both Milan and Venice to help him.

The French monarch marched, unopposed, through Savoy, Piedmont, Milan, and Tuscany to Rome. The infamous Alexander VI., who was then pope, and in alliance with Naples, finding himself quite unable to defend the city, threw open the gates, and Charles VIII. entered the eternal city, displaying war's most gorgeous pageantry. At three o'clock in the afternoon of a bright and sunny day, the French army, amounting to sixty thousand men, in gay uniform, with polished armor, prancing steeds, silken banners, and pealing music, began to defile into the city. It was long after dark ere the last battalions entered, and ten thousand torches threw wild and lurid gleams over the dark masses of the soldiery, as the very pavements seemed to tremble beneath the tread of their solid columns.

Alfonso II., of Naples, was a cruel tyrant, detested by his people. As the French drew near the Neapolitan frontiers, the execrations of the populace resounded beneath his palace windows; and in terror he abdicated the throne in favor of his son, Ferdinand II., and fled to Sicily. The French marched resistlessly onward, battering down the castles with their formidable artillery, and putting the garrison to the sword. The Neapolitan soldiers fled at their advance, like sheep before wolves. Capua surrendered without striking a blow. As the French monarch approached the city of Naples, Ferdinand II., in despair, abandoned his kingdom, and sought refuge, with his family, in the little island of Ischia. The French entered Naples in triumph, and their banners soon floated over every fortress in the kingdom.

The whole French army, thus triumphant, surrendered

itself to those voluptuous indulgences to which a delicious climate, a luxurious capital, and the plundered opulence of a kingdom invited them. The other states of Italy were alarmed. Venice and Lombardy entered into negotiations with Austria and Spain, and formed a coalition for the expulsion of Charles VIII. The tidings came upon the French like a thunderbolt from a cloudless sky. There was no safety for them but in a speedy retreat to France. As the French troops, in their flight, greatly reduced in numbers, descended through the passes of the Apennines into the plains of Lombardy, they found their path hedged up by an allied army four times their number. There was no alternative between battle and surrender. The legions came together, in war's deadly shock, on the plains of Formosa. Charles VIII. was brilliantly victorious, and, scattering his foes before him, pressed forward to Turin, and thence returned to France.

Ferdinand II. reëntered his kingdom, where he died, after one short month, and was succeeded, as he left no children, by his uncle Frederic. Still we hear of nothing but war, originating in the most frivolous causes, and conducted without any ability. All the kingdoms, republics, and duchies of Italy continue in a state of incessant broil. There is nothing to interest the modern reader, in the record of their silly quarrels, and in the recital of their deeds of barbarity and blood.

In the year 1499 Louis XII., of France, sent an army across the Alps, and in less than a month conquered the whole duchy of Milan. Ludovico, the tyrannic duke, fled across the mountains into Germany. In an attempt to regain his duchy he was taken prisoner, sent to France, and died after ten year of solitary and rigorous imprisonment. Nearly all of Lombardy passed under the dominion of the French king. The French monarch, thus in possession of Milan, turned a wistful eye toward Naples. Frederic, the king, with a disbanded army, an empty treasury, dismantled fortresses, empty arsenals, and a kingdom impoverished and desolated by the last

war, could present but feeble resistance. Apprehensive that Frederic of Spain might aid his relative, Frederic of Naples, the French monarch made proposals to his Spanish brother, that they should divide the kingdom of Naples between them. A more barefaced robbery two highwaymen never plotted. We may, perhaps, be spared any painful exercise of sympathy for the victim, in the reflection, that he was even a worse tyrant, and a more unprincipled robber than the two confederated against him.

It is impossible to close our eyes to the fact that nearly all these rulers were alike atrociously corrupt; and that the masses of the people were as bad as the rulers. Through all the grades of society the strong trampled upon the weak.

In the confederacy between Ferdinand and Louis, there was peculiar infamy attending the perfidy of Spain. With villainy which extorts from history its most uncompromising denunciations, Ferdinand of Spain offered, with his troops, to assist the king of Naples to repel the French invasion. Gratefully Frederic accepted this offer of his relative, and placed all his fortresses in the possession of the Spanish troops. With consummate hypocrisy Ferdinand dissembled to the last moment, and then threw off the mask as the French battalions resistlessly crossed the frontiers. The unfortunate monarch, betrayed beyond redemption, was compelled to abandon his kingdom, and to seek the retreat which his conquerers condescended to grant him, in the island of Ischia. He ended his days an exile in France.

The two regal bandits quarreled over their spoil, and soon drew their swords against each other. The armies came to a general engagement near the castle of Cerignoles, in Apulia, and the French were totally defeated. Spain now claimed entire possession of the kingdom of Naples. But France sent another army into the disputed kingdom. This army also the Spaniards cut to pieces. Louis XII., menaced by an insurrection with the loss of his duchy of Milan, abandoned the con-

test. Such was the introduction of the dominion of Spain over the Neapolitan states. Gonsalvo da Cordova achieved, for his Spanish master, this important conquest. Notwithstanding the perfidy which disgraced his exploits, his heroic courage and military genius have secured to him the appellation of the Great Captain.

About the year 1510, the energetic pope, Julius II., formed the design of expelling all foreign domination from Italy. The warlike pontiff, leading his troops in person, commenced operations against the French. After a few successes, the papal army was entirely routed, and the pope fled to Rome for safety. But soon Julius II. formed a coalition with Spain and Venice, under the title of the holy league. Henry VIII., of England, also enlisted under the papal banners, glad of an opportunity to make war upon France. Louis XII. with heroic energy summoned his strength to meet this formidable alliance. Gaston de Foix, duke of Nemours, a general of extraordinary abilities, took the lead of the French armies.

The hostile troops first met at Brescia. The conflict raged through the streets of the city, and eight thousand of the citizens perished in indiscriminate massacre. The terrific energy of de Foix was triumphant, and the city was surrendered for several days to all the horrors which could follow a successful assault. Flushed with this victory, and strengthened by recruits from France, the duke of Nemours marched to Romagna, and again met his foes, under the walls of Ravenna. After the battle of a few hours, ten thousand men were strewed in gory death over the plain, and again victory was with the French. But in the very last charge Gaston de Foix fell, an illustrious general, a ferocious and brutal man.

Though the French battalions were victorious, they had lost their general, their best captains, and the flower of their troops. The coalesced army, greatly strengthened, crowded them so vehemently, that they were compelled, to retreat. Disaster succeeded disaster, and the whole French force was

driven out of Italy. In the meantime the Swiss and the emperor of Germany had entered into this holy league. But now fierce conflict arose among the coalesced powers respecting the division of the spoil. In the midst of this strife Julius II. died.

Giovanni de Medici, second son of Lorenzo the magnificent, and who had been the boy cardinal, succeeded Julius II. on the pontifical throne, with the title of Leo X. Almost immediately upon the accession of Leo X. the holy league was dissolved. Louis XII. formed a new alliance with the Venetian republic, crossed the Alps, and again invaded the duchy of Milan. The Swiss rushed to the aid of Lombardy; the French were routed with tremendous slaughter, and Louis XII. soon after receiving the tidings of this check upon his ambition, was, by sudden death, summoned to God's bar.

Francis I. succeeded to the throne of France, and immediately commenced operations to retrieve the disgraces of the French arms, and to rëassert his title to the ducal crown of Milan. The French monarch led his troops in person, and met the Milanese and Swiss at Marignano. All day long the roar of battle continued. Night closed upon the combatants. For four hours more the mingled armies fought by moonlight, until the moon went down and friends could no longer be discerned from foes. In the earliest dawn of the morning the battle was renewed. Twenty thousand dead then covered the ground.

"I have been," said Marshal Trivulzio, "in eighteen pitched battles. But every other seems to me like child's play, compared with this battle of giants."

At length the Swiss and Milanese slowly and menacingly retired, and the French did not dare to pursue. This horrible butchery led to a treaty of peace with Switzerland; and France recovered the whole duchy of Milan. The Swiss, not much to their honor, changed masters, entered into alliance

with Francis I. engaging to supply him with such infantry as he needed, for the prosecution of his wars.

Leo X. with characteristic policy ranged himself on the side of the victors, and by so doing gained supreme control over the French church. On the fifteenth of January, Ferdinand of Spain died, and his grandson, Charles V., succeeded to the Spanish kingdoms. Spain now was in possession of Naples; Lombardy was held by France; the emperor of Germany was ravaging the realms of Venice, in the attempt to annex those realms to Austria. Leo X. was in possession of the states of the church, and his nephew, Lorenzo II. of Medici, was duke of the states of Florence. There were also sundry small dukedoms not deserving of notice. Such was the aspect of dismembered and subjugated Italy.

On the nineteenth of February, 1519, the emperor Maximilian died, leaving all his hereditary states of Austria to his grandson, Charles V. of Spain. Charles V. thus became by far the most powerful monarch in Europe. Leo X. entered into a secret treaty with him to drive the French out of Italy. The terms were all agreed upon, and the combined army had successfully entered the Milanese territory, when Leo X. suddenly died, on the first of December, 1521.

The influence of the emperor Charles V. placed a Flemish ecclesiastic, who had formerly been his tutor, on the pontifical throne, with the title of pope Adrian VI. The French, however, were driven out of the Milanese duchy, and the great emperor of Spain and Germany became dominant over the Italian peninsula. The pontifical reign of Leo X. is remarkable for the luxurious profusion of his court, for the scandalous sale of indulgences, to meet his enormous expenditures of war and ambition, and for the Reformation which was consequently provoked. France was too powerful to surrender her Italian possessions without a struggle, and the war was long, bloody, brutal, and creative of unspeakable misery.

Adrian VI. was an austere man, of simplicity of manners,

purity of morals, and sincerity of views. The voluptuous, dissolute Romans detested him. They called him the *Barbarian Pontiff*, and indecently and openly rejoiced at his death, which occurred after a reign of two years. Clement VII. was his successor. Army after army Francis I. had sent into Lombardy, only to be destroyed. At length he led an immense force himself, and succeeded in taking the city of Milan. He then laid siege to Pavia. Through the long, cold months of winter his army was struggling to batter down the walls. In February the imperial troops approached to aid the defenders, and after a murderous battle, the French were utterly routed, and the monarch himself taken prisoner.

Charles V. was now master of Italy. The stupid pope awoke to the consciousness that Italian independence was gone. The throne of the Two Sicilies, the iron crown of Lombardy, the scepter of the Adriatic, and the keys of St. Peter, were all virtually in the hands of the emperor. Clement VII. formed an alliance with Henry VIII., of England, and Francis I., of France, who had been released from his captivity, to wrest Lombardy from the emperor. Florence, Venice, and the old duke of Milan were also confederates in this "holy league." But the emperor was too powerful for them all. Battles were fought, cities sacked and burned, harvests destroyed, and thousands of families perished in misery, through pestilence, famine, and the sword. Through all the dark record of Italian history we can find no record more dismal than that of the six years which followed the death of Leo X.

The legions of Charles V. trampled Italy beneath their feet. God seemed to empty upon Rome the vials of His wrath The venerable capital of Christendom was taken by storm. A demoniac army of twenty-five thousand men, on the sixth of May, 1527, scaled the walls, and swept, in all horrible outrages, through the doomed city. Neither Goth nor Vandal had displayed such ferocity No tongue can tell the scenes which ensued; no imagination can exaggerate them

For nine months the wretched inhabitants of Rome were exposed to spoliation and outrage. In the midst of all these horrors the plague broke out. The sacred city! Pandemonium could hardly rival it in crime, misery, and despair.

The pope and thirteen cardinals were taken captive by the Spaniards, and for six months were closely imprisoned in the castle of St. Angelo. The pope was at length allowed to escape, after having paid four hundred thousand ducats for his ransom. Still, for two years, the savage warfare raged, the ranks of all the armies being filled with the most fiend-like men who could be gathered from all the haunts of beggary and crime in Europe. Charles V. was triumphant, and the fate of Italy seemed to be sealed.

Florence alone refused to bow her neck to the emperor. The pope and Naples infamously joined Charles V. to crush the heroic republic. The imperial army, under the prince of Orange, entered Tuscany forty thousand strong. The struggle was short, bloody, horrible; and Florence fell to rise no more. Her death-groan was heard in the cry of eight thousand of her citizens cut down by the destroyer; but they dragged with them, mangled and lifeless into the tomb, fourteen thousand of their murderers. What a band, to stand side by side in the same hour before God's tribunal!

Italy no longer had a national existence. For nearly three centuries of poverty, slavery, and dishonor, her history remains almost a blank. Strangers governed her large provinces; and the dukedoms and marquisates degenerated into the small change which the great monarchs of Europe handed to their younger children. Still diabolical war spread its miseries in all directions, as the despots of Europe fought incessantly over their prey, like famished dogs gnawing at a bone. Petty duchies were created and extinguished. Territories were annexed and detached. There was constant change, but no progress, no improvement. There was a short period of forty years, at the close of the sixteenth century, when Italy

enjoyed the repose which may be found among a gang of slaves whipped into the most abject subjection. Still the Italian people were compelled to leave their homes to fight, in foreign lands, the battles of their masters.

Naples, including Sicily, was governed by viceroys, sent from Spain, who wrested incredible sums from the wretched Neopolitans by all the ingenious measures of taxation and extortion. The duchy of Milan was in like manner under the administration of a Spanish governor.

The Reformation, which had commenced in Germany, and spread through France and England, had exerted but a slight influence over benighted, enslaved Italy. Several insignificant popes lived and died, until in 1555 the tiara descended to the brow of Paul IV. He summoned all his energies to crush the Reformation, establishing the inquisition at Rome, and filling himself the office of grand inquisitor. A long series of successors followed in his footsteps, eight having passed from the pontifical chair to the tomb, in the short space of fifty years. These all were greatly under the domination of Spain. The civil government of the popes was as bad as bad could be. They frowned down popular intelligence; extorted enormous taxes, established ruinous monopolies, paralyzed industry, and banished population. Vast tracts were abandoned to malaria and sterility. Mussulman corsairs ravaged the coasts of Italy, and bandit hordes infested the interior of the country, despising the imbecile government.

Pope Paul III., wishing to make provision for one of his natural sons, detached from the Roman see a small expanse of territory, about as large as Rhode Island, and placed the young man, acknowledged as his son, but judiciously called in public his nephew, in possession, as duke of Parma. This first duke of Parma was as detestable for his tyranny as for his debaucheries. By the utmost extortion, in the shape of taxation in every form which ingenuity could devise, he was able to wrench from his half a million of subjects, a revenue

amounting to about one million of dollars a year—and all this by what is called divine right. The subsequent history of this dukedom is full of the romance of iniquity.

Tuscany, about the size of the state of Massachusetts, and with a population of a million and a half, became a grand duchy, administered by a grand duke, ever sustained by some foreign power. A more beautiful realm, in all of Nature's gifts, is not gladdened by the sun. The grand duke could without great difficulty extort from it an annual revenue amounting to four million five hundred thousand dollars.

CHAPTER XXVII.

ITALY AT THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

From A. D. 1600 to A. D. 1796.

The Duchy of Tuscany.—Venice.—State of Italy in the Seventeenth Century.—The Duchies of Parma and Modena.—Rise and Aggrandizement of the Dukes of Savoy.—Struggles in Genoa.—War of the Spanish Succession.—Repose in Italy.—Peace of Aix la Chapelle.—Naples under Spanish Influence.—The Papal Power.—Italy at the Commencement of the Revolution.—Sardinia, Tuscany, Modena, Genoa, Lombardy, Venice.—War against France.—Napoleon in Italy.—His Victories and His Policy.

THE emperor Charles V. placed Cosmo de Medici, in the ducal chair of Florence, and pope Pius V. granted him the title of grand duke of Tuscany. He was a cruel and perfidious tyrant.

Cosmo was succeeded by Francisco, a duke who governed through the instrumentality of the poisoned cup and the dagger, and who lapped blood with the greed of a bloodhound. He married Bianca Cabello, the daughter of a nobleman of Venice. She was the wife of a young Florentine. Francisco saw her, and, inflamed by her marvelous beauty, invited her and her husband to his palace, and assassinated her husband. His own wife died just at that time, probably by poison, and the grand duke married Bianca. His brother, the cardinal Ferdinando, displeased with the union, presented them each with a goblet of poisoned wine, and they sank into the grave together. Ferdinando, the cardinal, by this treachery and fratricide, became grand duke.

During the whole of the seventeenth century Italy remained essentially unchanged. Chastised into submission, impoverished, and unarmed, she forgot her former glory, and seemed

almost into the most debased condition. The several despotic governments, into which the peninsula was divided, became permanently established. The people became submissive slaves, and the rulers having but little occasion for violence, sank into effeminate debauched voluptuaries. Italian vitality had subsided into the repose of the tomb. All social ties were loosened, domestic life lost all its sacredness, adultery in high life became the rule, not the exception, and universal corruption seems to have reigned throughout the peninsula.

During the whole of this century, Naples, Sicily, Milan, and Sardinia were under the dominion of Spain, governed by viceroys, whose rapacity was boundless. From the kingdom of Naples alone, Spain extorted an annual revenue of fifteen millions of dollars. Ten millions of this were sent to Spain. Everything was taxed upon which a tax could be laid; and the young men were drawn into the Spanish armies to fight the battles of the emperor all over Europe.

The papal states remained essentially unchanged. Fourteen popes occupied, during the century, the chair of St. Peter; but no one of these attained any special prominence. The pontifical power was all the time slowly but surely decaying.

The little duchy of Parma had a succession of dukes, whose lives were shortened by their dissipation, and not one of whom merits any notice except for his crimes. During their short reigns they rioted in all the licentious indulgence which their limited incomes and their obscure courts could afford.

The duchy of Modena had been gradually formed with varying fortunes of enlargement and curtailment, until it consisted of an area of about two thousand square miles, with a population of about half a million. In size, population, revenue, and in the character of its rulers it was much like Parma.

Mantua and Tuscany were also duchies during this century, now in alliance with one power and again with another; but never independent. There was in their inglorious history

during this century nothing worthy of notice. Duke Ferdinand I., to attract the trade of the Mediterranean to the shores of Tuscany, selected the castle of Leghorn for a free port, greatly improved its harbor, and a town rapidly arose from this site, which eventually became one of the most prosperous maritime cities of Italy.

It so chanced that the duchy of Savoy inherited a succession of very able dukes, men bold, energetic, ambitious, and ever greedy for encroachments. Its dukes were thorough despots, and yet far more respectable despots than most of the other rulers of Italy. The duchies of Savoy and Piedmont had been united in one dukedom, containing an area of about ten thousand square miles, and a population of two millions. It was thus in population and extent of territory, a rival even of the grand duchy of Tuscany. As Savoy was much the smaller province, and was cut off from Piedmont by the Alps, the dukes of Savoy, to use the language of an Italian historian, regarded their transmontane domain much as a nobleman, moving in the splendor of a court, regards the ancient and neglected fief, from which he derives his title.

The duke Charles Emanuel, with energy, made a midnight attack upon Genoa, hoping to add that republic to his domain; but he failed. This duke, an intriguing politician and an unprincipled warrior, reigned fifty years. His son, Victor Amadeus I., who succeeded him, married a daughter of Henry IV. of France. He died leaving the succession to a son four years of age, under the regency of his duchess, the child's mother. This gave France great influence in Piedmont.

At nine years of age the young duke of Savoy nominally commenced his reign, with the title of Victor Amadeus II. He developed great strength of character, and resisting the arrogant demands of Louis XIV. of France, for six years, aided by Spain, repelled army after army of French invaders; and at length made peace without the loss of any of his territory. By this war Piedmont acquired much military renown.

Genoa was on the decline. Though nominally a republic, it was governed by seven hundred privileged nobility, who exclusively possessed the rights of citizenship. But there was a moneyed aristocracy excluded from these privileges, between whom and the nobility of birth, there were bitter feuds

The merchant princes, led by one of the most opulent of their number, Vachero, and encouraged by promises of aid from the duke of Savoy, conspired for the entire extirmination of the oligarchy by sword and dagger, and the introduction of a more democratic republic. But the plot was discovered, and, notwithstanding the threats of the duke of Savoy, all who were implicated in it were sent to the scaffold.

On the first of November, 1699, Charles II., the wretched king of Spain, a semi-idiot, died on a bed of mental and bodily anguish. In his will, which had been extorted from him by all the terrors of superstition, he bequeathed his crown of Spain to a French prince, Philip of Anjou, a grandson of his sister, with the title of Philip V. By the rule of hereditary descent, the crown should have passed to an Austrian prince, the son of the emperor Leopold I. and his wife Margaret. The Austrian prince was consequently crowned in Vienna king of Spain, with the title of Charles III. And now commenced the renowned war, which put all the armies of Europe on the march, called the war of the Spanish succession, and which for fourteen years deluged the continent in blood.

Both of these newly-crowned kings were mere boys. Louis XIV. of France was the prime agent for the one; Leopold I. of Austria for the other. The Spanish court immediately sent orders to the viceroys and governors of Naples, Milan, Sicily, Sardinia, and the Tuscan governors, to acknowledge the authority of Philip V., and to prepare to defend his claims. At the same time Louis XIV. sent to Victor Amadeus II., duke of Savoy, to be ready to support the same cause. England and Holland allied themselves with

Austria. Nearly all the other monarchies of Europe were with France. Never before had Europe been plunged into such embroilment. Italy became the great battle-field, swept by the French and the Austrian allied armies, in the most desolating and sanguinary war.

In this long contest the Bourbon prince was nominally victor. All parties, exhausted, bleeding, impoverished, were glad to come to terms. By the peace of Utrecht, on the seventh of September, 1714, though Philip V. was recognized as king of Spain, all of his Italian possessions he was compelled to surrender to Austria. Victor Amadeus II., duke of Savoy and Piedmont, gained the island of Sicily, and, with this enlargement of his domain, was entitled to encircle his brow with a regal crown. The Neapolitan kingdom, the island of Sardinia, and the duchies of Milan, Mantua, and Tuscany, all passed under the scepter of Austria. Italy merely changed masters.

Four years after the peace of Utrecht, a new quarrel sprung up among the European monarchies, and as one of the results of the war, the duke of Savoy relinquished Sicily for the nearer island of Sardinia, and embracing his three realms of Savoy, Piedmont, and Sardinia into one kingdom, gave the name of the last acquisition to the whole, and assumed the title of king of Sardinia. The entire kingdom, as thus organized, contained a population of a little more than four millions, and was spread over an area of twenty-eight thousand square miles, being not quite half as large as the state of Virginia. It was the only portion of the Italian peninsula, if we except the papal states, which was even nominally independent. Its independence, however, could only be secured by allying itself with some one of the great monarchies—France, Spain, or Austria.

Italy, thus shackled, enjoyed a sort of sepulchral repose for thirteen years. But the other great powers of Europe, in incessant intrigues, were continually endeavoring to wrest

from each other these Italian provinces. In the process of these efforts Spain gained Parma and Tuscany; and ther after a short war, took possession of both Naples and Sicily, while France and Sardinia united, wrested Milan and Lombardy from Austria. All Europe was embroiled in war in the struggle for these prizes. After deluging the continent in blood and misery until all parties were weary, the great powers met again in congress at Vienna, in 1738, to agree to terms of peace. The kingdom of Naples, including Sicily, was surrendered to Spain. France took Lombardy and Parma, with which duchy Placentia had been united. Austria retained only Milan and Mantua. But an Austrian prince, Francis, duke of Lorraine, who had married Maria Theresa, afterward the renowned empress of Austria, received the grand duchy of Tuscany in forcible exchange for his hereditary estates, which were grasped by the emperor Charles VI., the father of Maria Theresa.

In two years Charles VI. died, and again Europe sprang to arms; and again for seven years wretched, helpless Italy was grasped by the belligerents, as they attempted to tear her limb from limb. In 1748, having buried their dead and wiped their gory swords, the monarchs sat down together at Aix la Chapelle, to talk over terms of peace. After much deliberation they agreed that Austria should retain Milan and Mantua; but that Francis of Lorraine, who had now become emperor, should renounce Tuscany, and that it should be an independent state, under the government of a younger member of the imperial house. The kingdom of Naples was also declared to be independent, but to be placed under a king of the Spanish house of Bourbon. The united duchy of Parma and Placentia was also nominally independent, though it was surrendered to the dominion of a Spanish prince. It contained a population of five hundred thousand, an army of three thousand troops, and furnished a revenue of one million two hundred thousand dollars. Sardinia received very con-

siderable accessions from the duchy of Milan. The other states of Italy remained in their former condition. Thus Italy again enjoyed peace, but it was the peace of abject slavery. The peninsula was cut up into petty provinces, and over nearly all of them foreign rulers were stationed.

The peace of Aix la Chapelle settled the destiny of Italy for forty years. During all this time hardly anything occurred worthy of notice. Religion had sunk into a debasing superstition; popular education was frowned down. The only object of the rulers was, by every form of taxation, to wrest as much money as possible from their subjects; and consequently Italy made but little more progress than might have been expected in the same time from a plantation of American or Cuban slaves. Still peace brought a measure of prosperity, and in several of the states, where there chanced to be rulers of some little patriotism and enlightenment, there was considerable progress.

The Spanish prince, Charles VII., governed Naples for twenty-one years. Though not a man of much ability, he was well meaning, and Naples had not been so well governed for ages. Many noble public works still embellish the capital, which are the honorable trophies of his reign. By the death of his elder brother, Ferdinand IV., of Spain, in 1759, Charles VII. of Naples succeeded to the Spanish throne, which he ascended with the title of Charles III. His eldest son was almost an idiot. His second son, in consequence, would be the lawful successor of Charles to the crown. Therefore to the third son, who was then a boy of but nine years of age, the scepter of the kingdom of Naples was assigned. He took the title of Ferdinand IV. The king of Spain was regent during the minority of his son, and ever after continued to exert a controlling influence over the councils of the Neapolitan kingdom. Thus though Naples was nominally independent, it was virtually but a province of Spain.

Soon, however, another element of influence was intro

duced which essentially modified this Spanish control. Ferdinand VII., when in his nineteenth year married the princess Caroline of Austria, daughter of the imperial Maria Theresa, and sister of Marie Antoinette, who subsequently married Louis XVI. of France. She was an ambitious woman, impassioned, and dictatorial, and she soon gained absolute control over the mind of her feeble husband. Such was the condition of Naples when the French Revolution dawned upon Europe. Nominally independent, it was so connected with Spain and Austria, that it was sure to coöperate with those two despotisms in the endeavor to arrest the progress of free institutions. The kingdom consisted of two somewhat distinct portions,—the continental, and the island of Sicily. The continental embraced an area of thirty-one thousand square miles, and a population of six millions. Sicily had nearly two millions of inhabitants spread over ten thousand square miles. The army of the kingdom amounted to forty thousand regular troops, and fifteen thousand militia. Its revenue amounted to twenty-two million dollars.

The papal states were never so well governed as during the eighteenth century. Several popes, in succession, were intrusted with the keys and the tiara, who, notwithstanding the inherent vices of the papal imposture, were men of great moral excellence, and high intellectual accomplishments. But their good intentions could not obviate the inevitable evils of a system whose strength consists in the ignorance of the populace, and in the abrogation of free inquiry, and of the rights of private judgment. The progress of mind in the other kingdoms of Europe, had so weakened both the temporal and th spiritual powers of the popes, that they could no longe domineer over princes and nations. In the wars which desolated Italy, the only safety of the popes was to remain as neutral as possible, while they threw themselves upon the protection of the strongest side. Still the papal states were repeatedly ravaged.

In 1775, Pius VI. ascended the papal throne. The population of the papal states was then about two million five hundred thousand. The army numbered five thousand men. All the territory of the pope united, consisting of states of various names and sizes, embracing an area of seventeen thousand square miles, being equal to a little more than one half of the state of Maine. The revenue of the pope amounted to about nine million of dollars.

"Italy," said Victor Amadeus II., "is like an artichoke. We must eat it leaf by leaf." The dukes of Savoy first ate Piedmont, then the island of Sardinia, and thus established the kingdom of Sardinia. But their appetite was not yet appeased. They then consumed the duchy of Montferrat, and several other important contiguous territories, to round out and consolidate their prosperous kingdom. By the peace of Utrecht, in 1733, Sardinia gained a large slice of the duchy of Milan. By the treaty of Aix la Chapelle, in 1748, the eastern frontier of Sardinia was extended to lake Maggiore, and to the river Ticino. Victor Amadeus II. was a very able man, and he devoted his reign of sixteen years energetically to the promotion of the prosperity of his people. At the same time he paid especial attention to the construction of fortresses, and to the discipline of his army. He thus, small as his kingdom was in territorial extent, attained a prominent position among the second class monarchies of Europe.

He was succeeded by his son Charles Emanuel III., who was equally illustrious as a general, a politician, and a king. His military power was such that, at a day's warning he could take the field with an army of forty thousand men, highly disciplined, and supplied with all the materials of scientific warfare. He could also promptly call into military array a militia of fifteen thousand men. Under his reign a very magnificent chain of fortresses was reared along the Alpine frontier, to protect him from encroachments on the side of France. Victor Amadeus III. succeeded Charles Emanuel III., and

it was during his reign that the storm of war, which the French revolution originated, burst upon Europe. The whole area of the kingdom of Sardinia, amounted to twenty-nine thousand square miles, being very nearly of the same size with the state of Maine. The united population of the three provinces of Savoy, Piedmont, and the island of Sardinia, was about four millions, producing a revenue to the monarchy of fourteen millions of dollars.

Tuscany, in past ages, had been cursed, almost beyond endurance, with miserable dukes, debauched, and tyrannical. Cosmo III. and Giovan Castone were thoroughly despicable men. Francis, duke of Lorraine, to whom the duchy was assigned by the peace of Vienna, had married Maria Theresa, heiress of the Austrian throne. He seldom visited Tuscany, assigning the administration to his agents. Upon his death in 1765, he bequeathed the grand duchy to his second son, Peter Leopold, a young man but eighteen years of age. Under his sway the little realm was prosperous and happy. He was a prince truly devoted to the welfare of his people, and history can speak of him with reverence and affection. In 1790, after a reign of twenty-seven years, he succeeded to the empire of Austria, and transferred Tuscany, in a highly flourishing condition, to his second son, Ferdinand Joseph. He also, though reigning with absolute power, proved an excellent prince, and Tuscany was happy. The snug, compact duchy contained a million of inhabitants, with a regular army of six thousand troops, and a revenue of one-and-a-half million of dollars. Its area was about equal to that of the state of Massachusetts.

The little duchy of Modena had been pillaged again and again during the wars of the Spanish and Austrian succession. With exceedingly varied fortunes Francisco III. reigned over Modena for forty-three years, until 1780, when he died, and his son, Ercole III., already an old man, succeeded him. His only daughter had married one of the Austrian archdukes, and he had married an elder sister of the unhappy Marie An-

toinette. Thus he was, by the strong ties of relationship, in sympathy with Austria, and prepared to coöperate with the emperor in his political measures. The duchy embraced about fifteen hundred square miles, containing four hundred thousand inhabitants. Nearly six thousand men were kept constantly under arms.

Genoa had not then been incorporated with Sardinia, but existed in nominal independence, calling itself a republic. The little realm was governed by an oligarchy of hereditary nobles, who, with vigilance never surpassed by duke or king, guarded against the extension of political power to the people. In fact, this world has, perhaps, never seen despotisms more absolute and unrelenting than were the *republics* of Genoa and Venice. The people were so crushed that they ventured not even to squirm beneath the heel which trampled them.

In the war of the Austrian succession, waged by France and Spain with other allied powers against Maria Theresa, Genoa joined the allies against Austria. In one of the campaigns the French and Spaniards were driven out of Italy. Genoa was captured by the Austrians, all her troops taken prisoners of war; all her military and warlike stores captured; and the doge and six of his fellows were compelled to go to Vienna, in a body, and implore the pardon of the queen. The exactions and outrages perpetrated by the Austrians in Genoa exceeded all bounds.

At length, goaded to utter desperation, the whole city, men, women, and children rose in revolt. Stones, furniture, clubs, weapons of every kind the hand could seize were brought into action. In twenty-four hours eight thousand Austrians were killed in the streets; and, with the loss of all their artillery and much of the material of war, the remnant was driven from the territory. The oligarchal republic embraced an area of about twenty-five hundred square miles being a little larger than the state of Delaware. Its inhabitants did not exceed six hundred thousand. This heroic deed,

achieved by the energies of the populace alone, immediately brought France to the aid of Genoa, and Austria was baffled in all her attempts to regain the city—though aided by the army of Sardinia. The peace of Aix la Chapelle, which soon followed, left Genoa to independence, but still under the sway of its degraded and debased aristocracy.

The island of Corsica had belonged to Genoa. It is situated about one hundred miles south of the city, and contained a population of nearly thirty thousand, spread over a mountainous region one hundred miles long and forty-four miles broad. The tyranny of the Genoese oligarchy had driven the Corsicans to insurrection. For many years a war of exceeding barbarity devastated the island. But the Corsicans, in campaign after campaign, repelled their assailants with heroism, which gave them world-wide renown. At length Genoa applied to France for help; and in the course of negotiations agreed to cede Corsica to France for a valuable pecuniary consideration. Still three campaigns of the troops of Louis XV. were found necessary to bring the island in subjection to France. Paoli was the illustrious leader who was at the head of the Corsican troops in their battles for independence.

Among the most distinguished of the families of Corsica at that time, was that of the Bonapartes. Charles Bonaparte, the father of Napoleon, then a young lawyer, fought heroically in these wars until, overwhelmed by superior forces, the island surrendered itself to the government of France. The Genoese ceded this island to France in the year 1768; but a few months after this, on the fifteenth of August, 1769, Napoleon Bonaparte was born, in the city of Ajaccio.

Twelve hundred thousand people, inhabiting the rich and beautiful plains of Lombardy, had been organized into a duchy, embracing an area of nearly eight thousand square miles, being about the size of the state of Massachusetts. Milan was its enlightened capital. The state belonged to Austria, and was governed by an archduke.

Venice, despoiled alternately by Turk, Spaniard, Frenchman, and Austrian, had fallen into weakness and disgrace. It was called a republic, since, instead of having one ruler, it was governed by a senate of hereditary nobles, under the presidency of a doge or duke. Though the Venetian territory at this time embraced a population of three millions, there were but twenty-five hundred entitled to rights of citizenship.

Such was the condition of Italy when the French revolution roused the hopes of the masses of the people all over Europe, that the hour had arrived for throwing off the yoke of aristocratic domination. The enslaved Italians, hating their foreign masters, watched with peculiar interest the progress of events in France, and were eager for an opportunity to grasp their arms and strike for independence. But disarmed, shackled, overawed by foreign troops, and watched with the utmost vigilance, that they might have no opportunity to confer upon united action, their case was manifestly hopeless without some foreign aid. Nearly the whole of the Italian peninsula was at that time directly or indirectly subject to Austria or to Spain; not one state of Italy being held by France.

As soon as the French people had thrown off the intolerable yoke of the Bourbons, and established a free government under a written constitution, all the despotisms in Europe combined for the overthrow of that constitutional liberty, the reëstablishment of the Bourbons, and the reënslavement of the French people. Austria was naturally very prominent in this coalition, for the reigning emperor was brother of Marie Antoinette Naples and Tuscany were also eager to march upon France, for the queen of Naples and the duchess of Tuscany were sisters of the French queen. Austria, consequently, not only put all the armies of the empire in motion, but called into requisition all her resources in Italy. The Austrian rulers of Naples, Tuscany, and Lombardy, with all

those who gather around the dispensers of place and power, were eager to put down all the advocates of popular liberty. But the masses of the Italian people were equally eager to call the French to their aid, that they might drive out their Austrian oppressors, and establish, in beautiful Italy also, free institutions.

Five separate armies were soon organized to force the Bourbon despotism upon the French people. One of these was collected on the plains of Piedmont. The little province of Savoy, cut off from Piedmont by the Alps, seemed naturally to belong to France. Joyfully the Savoyards availed themselves of this opportunity of escaping from Sardinia, and throwing themselves into the arms of the great republic. The court of Turin, which was the capital of the Sardinian kingdom, cordially espoused the cause of the despots of Europe against French freedom. The National Assembly in Paris welcomed Savoy in a decree which forcibly states:

"That all considerations, physical, moral, and political, call for the incorporation of Savoy. All attempts to connect it with Piedmont are fruitless. The Alps eternally force it back into the domains of France. The order of nature would be violated if they were to live under different laws."

An army of forty thousand Piedmontese and Austrians, was posted along the summits of the Alps, menacing France with invasion so soon as the Austrians and Prussians on the Rhine should so engage the attention of the republican forces as to prepare the way for their march. A few French battalions, poorly organized and provided, watched their foe, with occasional skirmishes on those arid heights. The French, however, succeeded in wresting from Sardinia a small province of Piedmont, called Nice, situated on the southwestern declivity of the maritime Alps. It embraced about thirteen hundred square miles, and contained one hundred and twenty thousand inhabitants. Gradually the French drove the Austrio-Sardinians back, and gained command of the ridge of the Alps, and of

the two renowned passes of Mt. Cenis and of the Little St Bernard. The counsel of the young general, Napoleon Bonaparte, led to these important movements.

Early in the year 1795, Austria sent fifteen thousand troops to strengthen the Piedmontese army, thus raising an effective force of fifty thousand men. The French, scattered along the ridges of the Alps, freezing and starving, amounted to forty-five thousand. The Austrians were encamped in the warm and fertile valleys which descend into the Italian plains. Some fierce battles were fought, in which the French gradually drove the Austrians back, and made some little progress toward the plains of Piedmont.

On the twenty-seventh of March, 1796, Napoleon Bonaparte was placed in command of the army of Italy. He was then in the twenty-sixth year of his age. The army consisted of forty-two thousand men, with sixty pieces of artillery. Perched on the summits of the mountains, they were in a state of extreme exhaustion, having for some time existed on half a ration a day. The officers were receiving a dollar and sixty cents a month; the cavalry horses were nearly all dead, and the staff was entirely on foot. Napoleon, with beardless cheek and fragile frame, presenting an aspect of almost girlish beauty, hastened to head-quarters and thus addressed his ragged and starving veterans:

"Soldiers! you are almost naked; half starved. The government owes you much and can give you nothing. Your patience, your courage, in the midst of these rocks are admirable; but they reflect no splendor on your arms. I am to conduct you into the most fertile plains on earth. Fertile provinces, opulent cities will soon be in your power. There you will find rich harvests, honor and glory. Soldiers of Italy! will you fail in courage?"

On the twelfth of April, he commenced his triumphant campaign, which still excites the wonder of the world. By the first of May the Austrians were driven out of Piedmo

and the king of Sardinia entered into a treaty, by which he renounced the coalition against France; surrendered, as indemnity for the war, Nice and Savoy to France, and granted Napoleon a free passage through his territories, to pursue his foes, the Austrians, into the duchy of Lombardy. Sweeping all opposition before him, he marched through the duchy of Parma to Milan, the capital of Lombardy, which he entered on the fifteenth of May, in triumph, greeted with the most enthusiastic acclaim of the people. The proclamation which Napoleon addressed to his soldiers, rang, like bugle peals through Europe.

"Soldiers," said he, "you have descended like a torrent from the Apennines. You have overwhelmed everything which has opposed you. Piedmont, delivered from the tyranny of Austria, has felt at liberty to indulge its natural inclination for peace and for a French alliance. Milan is in your hands, and the republican standards wave over the whole of Lombardy. The dukes of Parma and Modena owe their existence only to your generosity. . . .

"The hour of vengeance has struck; but the *people* of all nations may rest in peace. We are the friends of every people, and especially of the descendants of Brutus, Scipio, and the other great men whom we have taken for examples. To restore the capital; to replace there the statues of the heroes who have rendered it immortal; to rouse the Romans from centuries of slavery,—such will be the fruit of our victories. To you will belong the glory of having changed the face of the most beautiful part of Europe."

The Italian people panting for liberty and independence, greeted these words with unbounded joy. To them Napoleon appeared as the regenerator of Italy, and the enthusiasm with which the patriots from all parts of Italy crowded around him, has, perhaps, never been paralleled. The Austrians retreated into the Venetian territory, and Napoleon pursued them.

The king of Naples, who had taken up arms against France, alarmed by the progress of Napoleon, solicited an armistice. Napoleon consented, and the Neapolitan troops were withdrawn from the coalition. Naples had furnished five sail of the line, a large number of frigates, and two thousand four hundred horsemen to aid in the iniquitous war against the right of the French people to establish their own form of government.

Venice, while assuming neutrality, was in warm sympathy with the allies. They had allowed the Austrians to take refuge in their territory, and even to seize the fortress of Peschiera, which had exposed the French army to the loss of a great number of valuable lives. They had even granted an asylum in Verona to the brother of Louis XVI., who, assuming the title of Louis XVIII., claimed to be monarch of France, and issued his decrees accordingly to the army he was collecting for the invasion of the French territory.

"Venice," said Napoleon to the commissioners sent to implore his clemency, "by daring to give an asylum to the Count de Lille, a pretender to the throne of France, has declared war against the republic. I know not why I should not reduce Verona to ashes—a town which has had presumption to esteem itself the capital of France."

The Austrians had now fled through the Venetian territory into the Tyrol, and were driven out of Italy. The Venetian senate professed their inability to prevent the Austrians from taking refuge in their territory, and, seizing one of their fortresses, begged to be allowed to remain neutral. Napoleon, knowing full well that they would stab him in the back if possible, consented to their neutrality, saying:

"Be neutral, then. You ought, however, to be pleased to see us here. What France sends me to do is entirely for the interests of Venice. I am come to drive the Austrians beyond the Alps; perhaps to constitute Lombardy an independent state. Can anything more advantageous be done for your

republic? If she would unite with us, no doubt she would be handsomely rewarded for that service. We are not making war upon any government. We are the friends of all those who shall assist us to confine the Austrian power within its proper limits.'

CHAPTER XXVIII.

NAPOLEON IN ITALY.

FROM A. D. 1796 TO A. D. 1809.

ITALY IN 1796.—MEASURES OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.—MESSAGE TO THE POPE.—THE CISPADANE REPUBLIC.—TROUBLES IN GENOA.—STATE OF SOUTHERN ITALY.—CAPTIVITY OF PIUS VI.—PIEDMONT ANNEXED TO FRANCE.—ATROCITIES OF LORD NELSON.—NAPOLEON'S RETURN FROM EGYPT.—CAMPAIGN OF MARENGO.—LETTER TO THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA.—LETTER TO THE KING OF ENGLAND.—IMPERIAL FRANCE.—THE KINGDOM OF ITALY.—THE BOURBONS OF NAPLES DETHRONED.—POPE PIUS VII. A CAPTIVE.—NAPOLEON'S DESIGNS FOR ITALY.

IN a letter to the French directory, Napoleon thus describes the political state of Italy during his first Italian campaign. The letter is dated December, 1796:

"At present there are in Lombardy three parties; one which allows itself to be guided by the French; another which is anxious, and impatiently anxious, to obtain liberty; a third friendly to the Austrians and hostile to us. I support and encourage the first. The second I keep in check. The third I repress.

"The Cispadane provinces are likewise divided into three parties; the friends of their ancient governments; those who wish for a constitution, independent, but a little aristocratic; and the partisans of the French constitution, or of pure democracy. I repress the first, I support the second, and I moderate the third. I support, I say, the second because it is the party of the rich land-holders and the priests, whom it is essential to rally around the French cause. The last party is composed of young men, literary persons, and people who in France, and in all countries, change governments and love liberty, with no other view than the mere thirst for revolution."

The pope had anathematized republican France, preached a crusade against her, and had suffered her ambassador to be assassinated in the streets of Rome. The English had seized Leghorn, the port of Tuscany; had taken possession of French property there, and had promised several thousand troops to aid the pope against France. It was necessary that these menaces of war in the south should instantly be dispersed, for Austria was already gathering an overwhelming army in the north, to pour down upon the exhausted bands of Napoleon.

The young conqueror, at the head of but five thousand men, commenced his march. He entered Modena. The duke fled to the Austrian camp, with all the wealth he could carry with him. The people rallied around Napoleon, imploring him to aid them in establishing republican liberty. He assured them of his sympathy, but said that it was not his mission to revolutionize Europe, but simply to compel those who were unjustly waging war against France to consent to peace.

He entered the papal states. The people welcomed him in almost a delirium of joy. The universality with which the masses rallied around Napoleon, abjuring the papal authority, alarmed the pope. "Bonaparte," says Thiers, "omitted nothing to honor Italy, and to rouse her pride and her patriotism. He was not a barbarous conqueror come to ravage, but a champion of liberty, come to rekindle the torch of genius in the ancient land of civilization."

Pressing forward, he entered Tuscany and drove out the English. The grand duke was friendly to France, and rejoicing in the expulsion of the British fleet, which had seized his port of Leghorn, hoping thus to compel him to join in the war against France, he gave Napoleon a magnificent reception in his palace at Florence. In twenty days all the powers of central Italy in sympathy with Austria, were compelled to abandon the alliance against the French republic.

But the pope, implacably hostile to popular liberty, was

watching eagerly for an opportunity to renew the struggle. An immense army was marching down the defiles of the Tyrol to assail Napoleon. The pope was secretly making arrangements to join them as soon as they should commence their impetuous assault. Napoleon, informed of these plots, sent the following energetic message to the pope by cardinal Mattei:

"The court of Rome desires war. It shall have war. But first I owe it to my country and to humanity to make a final effort to bring back the pope to reason. You are acquainted with the strength of the army which I command. To destroy the temporal power of the pope, I need but to will it. Go to Rome; see his holiness; enlighten him upon the subject of his true interests; rescue him from the intriguers by whom he is surrounded, who wish for his ruin and for that of the court of Rome. The French government permits me still to listen to words of peace. Every thing may be arranged. War, so cruel for nations, has terrible results for the vanquished. Save the pope from great calamities. You know how anxious I am to finish by peace, a struggle which war would terminate for me without glory as without danger."

We can not here enter into the details of Napoleon's first Italian campaign. After a series of victories, such as had never before been recorded, Austria, thoroughly humbled, was compelled to assent to peace on terms which modified the condition of the Italian states as follows:

A new and independent republic was formed in the heart of Italy, called the Cisalpine Republic. It was composed of a large number of petty states, called provinces, legations, and duchies, such as Lombardy, Modena, Bologna, Ferrara, etc. It contained sixteen thousand three hundred and thirty-seven square miles, being more than twice as large as the state of Massachusetts, and embraced a population of three and a half millions. Every man who had attained twenty-one years, excepting convicts and paupers, was entitled to the rights of

citizenship. The government consisted of five directors, and a legislature consisting of two bodies, both elective, a senate, and a house of representatives. Milan was its central capital. The republic could not stand an hour against the machinations and armies of Austria and Spain, unless upheld by France. Napoleon promised the feeble state the support of his strong arm, and with that aid it felt indomitable.

This was the dawn of a bright day for Italy. Napoleon having thus compelled Austria to sheathe the sword, and having established a republic, with free institutions, in the heart of Italy, based upon the principles of equal rights to all men, returned to Paris, laden with the gratitude and the blessings of those whom he had enfranchised. As he took leave of the grateful people, upon whom he had conferred the greatest of all earthly blessings, he thus addressed them:

"We have given you liberty. Take care to preserve it. To be worthy of your destiny make only discreet and moderate laws. Cause them to be executed with energy. Favor the diffusion of knowledge and respect religion. Compose your battalions, not of disreputable men but of citizens, imbued with the principles of the republic, and closely linked to its prosperity. You have, in general, need to impress yourselves with the feeling of your strength, and with the dignity which befits the free man. Divided and bowed down for ages by tyranny, you could not, of yourselves, have conquered your liberty. But in a few years, if you are left unmolested, no power on earth will be strong enough to wrest your liberty from you. Till then the great nation will protect you against the attack of your neighbors; its political system will be united with yours."

The establishment of the Cisalpine republic excited the hopes of the patriots all over Italy, and rendered them more restless under the corrupt despotisms which so long had oppressed them. Napoleon wished to give the infant republic a more energetic organization, by increasing the power of the

executive. And subsequent events proved the wisdom of Napoleon's judgment. But the French directory insisted that the French constitution should be the model. Napoleon was at that time a moderate republican, yet believing in the necessity of a very energetic government. He was well aware that the Cisalpine republic, surrounded by powerful aristocracies, implacably hostile, needed the most efficient organization possible, to enable it to repel those assaults it was sure to encounter.

A stable government is always the growth of time. Napoleon had hardly left Italy, ere the infant republic was distracted by internal dissensions. There was in Italy, as in France, a Jacobin party, zealous for more radical democracy. There was an aristocratic party who were eager to escape the Austrian sway, but who wished to take the power into their own hands. There was also an Austrian party, closely allied with the pope. These assailed each other vehemently. Still the moderate republicans were in the great majority, and the ship of state, though often bowing before the gale, sailed prosperously on. But France armed the fortresses of the young republic, and supplied her with twenty-five thousand men for defense. The Italians supported these troops, and entered into a treaty offensive and defensive with France. There were thus two infant republics united for mutual protection; while all the powerful monarchies of Europe were in heart banded together for their destruction, and were watching only for an opportunity to strike them an annihilating blow.

In Genoa the aristocratic senate and the disfranchised people were bitterly hostile. The senate had expelled several members from their number, and banished many families from the republic, for the crime of sympathizing with the French republicans. The victories of Napoleon alarmed the aristocrats, and inspired the hopes of the people. The senate, while professing neutrality, had allowed a French frigate to be captured under the guns of their forts, by an English man-of-war,

and had thus ranged themselves in the ranks of the enemies of France. Conscious that Napoleon would pay them a visit to avenge these wrongs, as he returned to France, with his triumphant army, the Genoese government sent to France imploring peace. Generously the directory agreed to peace, upon condition that Genoa should be strictly neutral, pay an indemnity for the frigate which had been taken, recall those families, friendly to France, which had been banished, and reinstate those who had been expelled from the senate. Genoa was also to grant the republic a loan of five hundred thousand dollars.

As the march of the French army gave freedom to the expression of liberal opinions in Europe, the public mind in Genoa became more violently incensed against the aristocracy The people met and drew up a petition to the oligarchy demanding reform in the government. The young men formed themselves into clubs and began to arm. The priests rallied for the nobles, and summoned all the powers of superstition, which the Catholic church could wield, to rouse the most ignorant portion of the populace against the advocates for reform. On the twenty-second of May, 1797, there was a bloody insurrection in the streets of Genoa. The nobles and the priests roused the populace to frenzy, and led them against the patriots. The patriots were beaten, and by the blind fury of the mob, were visited with every outrage. The French families in Genoa were seized and imprisoned. Napoleon immediately interfered in their behalf. This so encouraged the patriots that they rallied anew, and in such strength as to gain the ascendency. A republican constitution was organized. The legislative body consisted of two chambers, elected by the people, and the executive was composed of twelve directors, or senators as they were called, chosen by the two legislative councils. This little republic, thus self-organized, took the name of the Ligurian republic.

In Naples the republican party was crushed by chains, and

buried in dungeons. The papal government in Rome was equally malignant, but not equally powerful. The pope, an infirm old man, and the aged cardinals, had not sufficient vigor to silence the complaints of the people. The little territory of Ancona, incited by the example of the Cisalpine and Ligurian republics, revolted, and established the Anconitan republic. Alone, it could hardly resist the papal army even for a day; but it hoped for the assistance of its sister republics. The papal government had become so corrupt and imbecile, that even the grandees of Rome inveighed against the rule of ignorant and incapable monks. The papal states were, however, the most benighted portion of all Italy; and the number of intelligent people was so small that Joseph Bonaparte, then the French minister in Rome, the brother of Napoleon, did every thing in his power to dissuade them from a decisive movement. He urged upon them that they would only ruin themselves and compromise France, to no purpose; that France could not undertake to support them, but that they must be left to their own resources. Napoleon at this time was anxious to conciliate monarchical Europe, by not exciting the oppressed of other governments to revolt.

The republicans in Rome, regardless of this advice, attempted an insurrection. The pope's dragoons dispersed them with slaughter. Some of the fugitives sought refuge under the piazza of the Corsini palace, where Joseph Bonaparte resided. Joseph, with several French officers, hastened to place themselves between the insurgents and the troops, to prevent any further massacre. But the papal troops, regardless of the sacredness of the ambassador's person, and of the sacredness of his palace, protected by the French flag, fired and killed General Duphot, at Joseph's side. This young officer was soon to have been married to a daughter of Joseph Bonaparte.

This outrage summoned many others of the foreign ambassadors to the residence of the French embassy. Joseph

Bonaparte waited fourteen hours without sending notice of the event to France, that the papal government might have opportunity to make explanations. Receiving none, he demanded his passports. This was in December, 1797. The directory in Paris were exceedingly reluctant to array against themselves the papal government; for the Catholic religion was even then one of the mightiest powers in Europe, and the pope could rouse all the religious fury of the fanatical populace against France. After long deliberation it was decided to demand an apology. On the tenth of February, 1798, General Berthier, at the head of a sufficient French army, entered the gates of Rome. It was in vain for the pope to attempt any resistance. The republicans received Berthier with boundless exultation, and conducted him, with the pageantry of an old Roman triumph, to the capitol. In a tumultuous gathering, an ignorant and frantic mass of people gathered near the remains of the old Roman forum, and adopted, with shouts which rent the skies, an act declaring that the Roman people resumed its sovereignty, and constituted itself a republic.

The pope was alone, abandoned and helpless, in the Vatican. Messengers were sent demanding his abdication of the temporal sovereignty; but declaring that there was no intention of meddling with his spiritual authority. He persistently refused to abdicate. At night he was taken by the French, though scrupulously treated with the respect due to his station and his age, and was conveyed from the Vatican into Tuscany, where he was imprisoned in a convent. From thence he was conveyed to France, where he died, at Valence, in August, 1799.

There was thus a fourth republic established in Italy, called the Roman Republic. All Europe was alarmed; for all Europe was in danger of being thus revolutionized step by step. Naples was almost frantic with rage in seeing the principles of the French revolution advance thus, even to her very

doors. Austria and Spain were roused vehemently. And the applause with which the English *people* greeted these republics, and their clamor for parliamentary reform, so thoroughly alarmed the *English government*, that they adopted the secret resolve that, at every hazard, the republic must be put down in France, and the Bourbons restored to their despotic throne. It was manifest to the least discerning, that these increasing and growing republics were but the fruit which the French revolution was bearing.

In May, 1798, Napoleon had sailed for Egypt. England organized a new coalition for the restoration of the Bourbons. Austria, Russia, Turkey, and Naples were active powers in this coalition. Prussia and Spain were in cordial sympathy, and were prepared to join the allies so soon as the march of events might make it safe to do so. One of the first objects to be accomplished in assailing France, was to trample down these confederate Italian republics, and restore the old despotisms. Without any declaration of war, Naples commenced operations by sending an army to drive the French from the papal states. With an army of sixty thousand men, and aided by the fleet of Lord Nelson, the Neapolitans took possession of Rome. The French slowly retired, that they might have time to rally their forces; and then falling upon the Neapolitans, routed them in several battles with great slaughter, drove them out of Rome, to the great joy of the Roman people, and pursued the fugitive army into the kingdom of Naples. The populace of Naples now rose madly, like barbarians as they were, against the detested government, and the king, in dismay, seizing the most valuable movable treasures of hi crown, fled on board Lord Nelson's squadron, and was con veyed to the island of Sicily. The kingdom was plunged into a state of indescribable anarchy. The French took possession of the city of Naples and of the whole kingdom. The lazzaroni were disarmed, order was restored, and the kingdom was organized into a republic, called the Parthenopian republic.

The court of Turin, the capital of Sardinia, was hostile to France. But in Piedmont, as in every other state in Italy, there was a strong republican party. The French, assailed by all the monarchies of Europe, and not deeming it safe to leave a hostile government in possession of her communications with the Alps, compelled the king of Sardinia to abdicate the sovereignty of Piedmont, and retire to the island of Sardinia as his only realm. Thus, all of continental Italy passed under French influence; though all these freed states were nominally independent excepting Piedmont. It was thought not expedient to organize that province into a republic, but it was declared to be, until the conclusion of the war, under the provisional administration of France. This event took place in December, 1798.

Such remained the state of affairs in Italy in the spring of 1799, when the Austrians and Russians, with an army more than one hundred thousand strong, invaded the plains of Lombardy.

In the course of many and sanguinary battles, the French were entirely overpowered and driven out of Italy. The republics, with their free constitutions, were venomously destroyed, and the old despotisms reëstablished. All the friends of republicanism who had not succeeded in escaping to France were massacred with most revolting cruelty, or sent by sentence of court martial to the dungeon or the scaffold. No tongue can tell the enormities perpetrated by the partisans of of the king and the court in Naples. Lord Nelson brought back from Sicily in the British fleet, the king and queen of Naples, and took an active part in these most horrible scenes of cruelty and blood. The stain, thus left upon his memory, can never be effaced. The details of the carnage are too revolting for recital. Four thousand persons had capitulated. Nelson declared the capitulation null.

"Unfortunately," says Alison, "the English admiral, who had fallen under the fascinating influence of Lady Hamilton

(who shared in all the feelings of the court), was too much inclined to adopt the same principles. He instantly declared the capitulation null, as not having obtained the king's authority; and entering the harbor, at the head of his fleet, made all those who had issued from the castles, in virtue of the capitulation, prisoners, and had them chained two and two on board his own fleet. The king, who could not endure the sight of the punishments which were preparing, returned to Sicily, and left the administration of justice in the hands of the queen and Lady Hamilton. Numbers were immediately condemned and executed. The vengeance of the populace supplied what was wanting in the celerity of the criminal tribunals; neither age, nor sex, nor rank was spared. Women as well as men; youths of sixteen and gray headed men of seventy, were alike led out to the scaffold."

Nothing can more conclusively show, than the above, the bitterness of the passions engendered by this strife between aristocratic privilege and popular rights. France was terror-stricken. The directory had sunk into utter contempt. The army in Italy was nearly annihilated, and the remnants of the battalions, bleeding and starving, were seeking shelter upon the cliffs and among the defiles of the Alps. Armies amounting to three hundred thousand men were assailing France on the Rhinish frontier. Nearly all Europe was in arms against the republic. The English navy had swept French commerce from every sea, had wrested from France all her colonies, and was bombarding every French port which could be brought within range of her guns. France was threatened with immediate invasion, both on the side of the Alps and of the Rhine. The impotence of the directory was as manifest in the internal, as in the external administration of the government. Anarchy reigned throughout France. The treasury was hopelessly bankrupt. The soldiers, ragged and starving, were abandoning their colors, and retiring in despair to their

homes. The republic was on the eve of utter and remediless ruin.

Napoleon, apprised of these calamities, left Egypt, and landed in France on the ninth of October, 1799. Proceeding immediately to Paris, by a bloodless revolution he overthrew the directory, and established the consular government. He then appealed to England and Austria for peace. Contemptuously both powers rejected his proposal. He was told that France could never hope for peace until she abolished her free institutions and reëstablished the throne of the Bourbon.

Napoleon, sending Moreau, with the flower of the French troops, to repel the invaders on the Rhine, collected such an army as he could, of sixty-five thousand men, for the recovery of Italy. Suddenly concentrating them at Dijon, he led them across the Alpine pass of the Great St. Bernard, met the Austrians, vastly outnumbering him, upon the field of Marengo, and, in one of the fiercest battles ever fought, gained one of the most decisive victories ever won. He had just appealed to Austria, in vain, for peace. Upon the field of his victory, surrounded by the gory corpses of the slain, he wrote again, in the following terms:

"Sire! It is on the field of battle, amidst the sufferings of a multitude of wounded, and surrounded by fifteen thousand corpses, that I beseech your majesty to listen to the voice of humanity, and not to suffer two brave nations to cut each other's throats for interests not their own. It is my part to press this upon your majesty, being upon the very theater of war. Your majesty's heart can not feel it so keenly as does mine."

The appeal was long and earnest. It could be met but by one answer, and that was, "The stability of European thrones demands that, cost what it may, republicanism in Europe, under whatever form, must be put down." It was manifest, hence, that there could be no peace but in the entire overthrow of Napoleon, or in his becoming so strong as to render attack

hopeless. After the battle of Marengo, the remnants of the Austrian battalions were entirely at the mercy of the conqueror. He, however, allowed them to retire unmolested, they promising to abandon Italy. In triumph Napoleon entered Milan, where he was received with indescribable rejoicings by the liberated inhabitants. Though the Austrians refused to accede to peace, and continued the war upon the Rhine, one decisive battle had driven them from Italy. Napoleon, having thus protected his Alpine frontier from invasion, reorganized the Cisalpine and Ligurian republics, and returned to Paris.

Pope Pius VII. now occupied the pontifical chair. Again the allied army, having recruited its forces among the mountains of the Tyrol, invaded Italy by the valley of the Mincio. Ferdinand IV. of Naples, conscious of the execrations of his people, and that they would immediately rise against him if the Austrians were expelled from Italy, with almost superhuman exertions raised an army of eighty thousand men, and, marching through the papal states, entered Tuscany, rallying everywhere the partisans of the aristocracy beneath his banners. They were attacked, overwhelmed, and driven back like sheep before the patriots. Murat was then sent, by Napoleon, at the head of twenty-eight thousand men, to chastise the infamous court of Naples, and bring it to terms. The queen of Naples, terror-stricken, in mid-winter, undertook a journey to St. Petersburg, to implore the Czar of Russia to intercede with Napoleon in their behalf. He did so. The first consul, anxious to secure the friendship of the eccentric, yet powerful sovereign of Russia, granted all his wishes. Paul had recently, in disgust, abandoned the alliance against France, and was manifesting decided sympathies for Napoleon.

France and Russia soon united in the *continental system* so called, which was simply an effort to exclude all English goods from the continent of Europe, and to refuse to have any commercial transaction with the English whatever, until

the court of St. James would consent to make peace with republican France. The Bourbons of Naples were permitted to remain on the throne, they agreeing that all the ports of Naples and Sicily should be closed against English merchandise. But for the intercession of Russia, Napoleon would have driven the infamous Ferdinand IV., and his equally infamous wife, from Italy, and would have established a government of liberal principles in the kingdom of Naples. At the request of Paul he pardoned them, and left them on the throne which their despotism and crimes disgraced.

Austria, vanquished on the Rhine, as well as in Italy, was at length again compelled to make peace. By the treaty of Luneville, in February, 1801, Lombardy was erected into an independent state, with the Adige for the boundary between it, and the Austrian dominions. Venice was left in the possession of Austria. Modena was annexed to the Cisalpine republic, and its eastern boundary was extended to the Adige. Austria acknowledged the independence of the Cisalpine and Ligurian republics, declaring that their inhabitants should have the power of choosing whatever form of government they preferred. Piedmont remained incorporated with France as one of the departments of the republic.

The grand duchy of Tuscany had been ceded to Spain. It was in May, 1801, erected into a monarchy, under the title of the kingdom of Etruria, and the duke of Parma, who had married the daughter of Charles IV. of Spain, was placed over it as king. It was an independent kingdom in close alliance with Spain. This measure was adopted as an act of conciliation to the Spanish Bourbons, and with the hope that it would disarm them of their enmity against France.

In the month of May, 1804, Napoleon was declared emperor of France. It was thought that the adoption of monarchical forms might, in some degree, reconcile Europe to France, even while the principles of republican equality were maintained by the energies of the throne. It was also said

that the experiment had proved that the people of France, with but little intellectual culture, unskilled in governing, and surrounded by hostile monarchies, who were incessantly assailing them, were unable to maintain republican forms. Most of the surrounding monarchies expressed their gratification. England remained implacable. One of Napoleon's first acts, after his enthronement, was to write to the king of England in the following terms:

"Sire, my brother. Called to the throne by Providence, by the suffrages of the senate, of the people, and of the army, my first desire is for peace. France and England, abusing their prosperity, may contend for ages. But do their respective governments fulfill their most sacred duties in causing so much blood to be vainly shed, without the hope of advantage or prospect of cessation? I do not conceive that it can be dishonorable in me to make the first advances. I believe it has been sufficiently proved to the world that I dread none of the chances of war, which indeed offer nothing which I can fear. Though peace is the wish of my heart, war has never been adverse to my glory. I conjure your majesty, then, not to refuse the happiness of giving peace to the world. Delay not that grateful satisfaction, that it may be a legacy for your children; for never have arisen more favorable circumstances, nor a more propitious moment for calming every passion, and displaying the best feelings of humanity and reason.

"That moment once lost, what term shall we set to a struggle which all my efforts have been unable to terminate. In the space of ten years your majesty has gained more, in wealth and territory, than the extent of Europe comprehends. Your people have attained the height of prosperity. What, then, has your majesty to hope from war? The world is sufficiently extensive for two nations, and reason might assist us to discover the means of conciliating all, were both parties animated by a spirit of reconcilement. At all events, I have discharged a sacred duty and one dear to my heart. Your

majesty may rely upon the sincerity of the sentiments now expressed, and on my desire to afford your majesty every proof of that sincerity."

This appeal was like all the rest unavailing, and war still raged. The Cisalpine republic, influenced by the same considerations which had prevailed with the French republic, also judged it best to adopt monarchical forms; and conscious of their entire inability to repel their foes, but by the aid of France, they sent a deputation to Paris to consult Napoleon upon the proposed alteration in their form of government, and to solicit him to accept the crown of the kingdom of Italy. In reply Napoleon said:

"The separation of the crowns of France and Italy, will be necessary hereafter, but highly dangerous at present, surrounded, as we are, by powerful enemies and inconstant friends. The people of Italy have always been dear to me. For the love I bear them, I consent to take the additional burden and responsibility which their confidence has led them to impose upon me, at least until the interests of Italy shall permit me to place the crown on a younger head. My successor, animated by my spirit, and intent upon completing the work of regeneration, already so auspiciously commenced, shall be one who will be ever ready to sacrifice his personal interests, and, if necessary, his life, in behalf of the nation over which he shall be called by Providence, the constitution of the country, and my approbation, to reign."

Upon this occasion Napoleon said to his secretary, Bourrienne:—"In eight days I shall set out to assume the iron crown of Charlemagne. That, however, is but a stepping-stone to greater things which I design for Italy, which must become a kingdom, comprising all the transalpine country from Venice to the maritime Alps. The union of Italy with France can be but transient. For the present it is necessary, in order to accustom the Italians to live under common laws. The people of Genoa Piedmont, Milan, Venice, Tuscany, Rome,

and Naples, cordially detest each other, and none of them could be induced to admit their inferiority. Rome however, by her situation and historical associations, is the natural capital of Italy. To make it so in reality the power of the pope must be restricted to spiritual affairs. It would be impolitic to attempt the accomplishment of this just now; but if circumstances are favorable, there may be less difficulty here after.

"Since it would be impossible at once to unite Italy into a single power, yielding obedience to uniform laws, I shall commence by making her French. All the petty, worthless states into which she is divided, will thus acquire a habit of living under the dominion of the same laws, and, when this habit is formed, and local feuds and enmities become extinct, there will again be an Italy worthy of her olden renown. Twenty years are requisite, however, to accomplish this, and who can calculate with certainty upon the future?"

Napoleon and Josephine crossed the Alps together, accompanied by the pope, Pius VII. On the twenty-sixth of May, 1805, the iron crown of Charlemagne was placed upon Napoleon's brow in the cathedral at Milan. The petty jealousies, which were so strong in Italy, rendered the Genoese averse to be incorporated with the new Italian kingdom. As the liliputian Ligurian republic could by no means stand alone, and as such a kingdom would be a mere burlesque, the Genoese petitioned to be annexed to France. The incorporation was completed in October, 1805. Eugene Beauharnais, son of the empress Josephine, by her former husband, was entrusted with the vice-royalty of the kingdom of Italy.

In a new coalition, combined Europe was soon again on the march to crush Napoleon. An immense Austrian army, under the archduke Charles, entered Italy. Napoleon, leaving his lieutenants to repel them, marched, in person, directly upon Vienna, and in the renowned campaign of Austerlitz, again chastised the allies into peace. By the treaty of Pres-

burg which immediately ensued, December, 1805, the emperor Francis, of Austria, acknowledged the kingdom of Italy, and surrendered Venice to be united with it.

The perfidious court of Naples, deeming the destruction of Napoleon certain, when, in the wilds of Germany, more than a thousand miles from his capital, he was struggling against his banded foes, treacherously joined his enemies, and inviting the British fleet into their harbor, contributed fifty thousand troops to swell the ranks of the allies in assailing Napoleon in the rear. Just after the battle of Austerlitz, Napoleon received despatches informing him of this treachery. In the following proclamation to the army, he announced the crime of the court of Naples and their destined punishment:

"Soldiers! For the last ten years I have done every thing in my power to save the king of Naples. He has done every thing to destroy himself. After the battles of Dego, Mendovi, and Lodi, he could oppose to me but a feeble resistance. I relied upon the word of this prince, and was generous toward him. When the second coalition was dissolved at Marengo, the king of Naples, who had been the first to commence this unjust war, abandoned by his allies, remained single-handed and defenseless. He implored me. I pardoned him a second time. It is but a few months since you were at the gates of Naples. I had sufficiently powerful reasons for suspecting the treason in contemplation. I was still generous. I acknowledged the neutrality of Naples. I ordered you to evacuate the kingdom. For the third time the house of Naples was reëstablished and saved. Shall we forgive a fourth time? Shall we rely a fourth time on a court without faith, honor, or reason? No! No! *The dynasty of Naples has ceased to reign.* Its existence is incompatible with the honor of Europe and the repose of my crown."

In January, 1806, a French army, under Joseph Bonaparte, crossed the frontiers of the kingdom of Naples. The English immediately spread their sails and departed, taking

with them the impotent king and his haughty wife. With hardly the shadow of resistance, the Neapolitans threw open all their gates to the French, the advocates of popular equality receiving them there, as every where else, with unbounded enthusiasm. Joseph Bonaparte was crowned king of the Two Sicilies. It is the undisputed testimony of both friend and foe, that the reign of Joseph Bonaparte in Naples was the happiest period the kingdom had ever known.

"The brief reign of Joseph," says the *New York American*, "was a succession of benefits to a people who had been long degraded by a most oppressive despotism. He founded civil and military schools, some of which yet exist—overthrew feudal privilege—suppressed the convents—opened new roads —caused the lazzaroni of Naples to work and be paid—drained marshes, and every where animated with new life and hope a people long sunk in abject servitude."

Upon the dethronement of the Bourbons of Spain, Joseph Bonaparte was transferred to that throne, greatly to the regret of his Neapolitan subjects, and Murat, who had married Napoleon's sister Caroline, was declared king of Naples and Sicily. "He was received," says Alison, "with universal joy by the inconstant people, who seemed equally delighted with any sovereign sent to them by the great northern conqueror. His entry into Naples was as great a scene of triumph, felicitations, and enthusiasm, as that of Joseph had been."

Sir Hudson Lowe, who has gained unenviable notoriety for his inhumanity to his illustrious prisoner upon the island of St. Helena, was then with a British force holding the island of Capri. Murat fitted out an expedition and recaptured the island. The English garrison capitulated, and was sent to England.

Pius VII., the Roman pontiff, was exceedingly desirous for the restoration of his temporal power, that he might be recognized as a temporal prince, as well as the head of the church. He was ceaseless in his importunities with Napoleon to grant

him territorial aggrandizement. But Napoleon was decisive and explicit in refusal. It was essentially the old quarrel of investitures. Napoleon wrote to the pope:

"Your situation requires that you should pay me the same respect in *temporal*, which I do you in *spiritual* matters. You are sovereign of Rome, but I am its emperor."

Pius VII. replied, "Your majesty lays it down as a fundamental principle, that you are sovereign of Rome. The supreme pontiff recognizes no such authority, nor any power superior in temporal matters to his own."

The pope, claiming that he was an independent sovereign, claimed the right, powerless as he was, of throwing open his ports to the enemies of France. Napoleon, wishing earnestly to be on amicable terms with his holiness, proposed as the basis of an arrangement between the two governments: 1. That the ports of the papal states should be closed against English ships, when France and England were at war. 2. That when a hostile force had landed upon Italy, or were menacing the coast, the papal fortresses, having no power in themselves to resist the enemy, should be occupied by French troops. The pope peremptorily refused these terms. Napoleon wrote to Eugene the following letter, which he was requested to lay before the pope:

"So the pope persists in his refusal. He will open his eyes when it is too late. What would he have? What does he mean to do? Will he place my kingdoms under the spiritual interdict? Is he ignorant how much times are changed? Does he take me for a second Louis le Debonnaire, and does he believe that his excommunications will make the weapons fall from the hands of my soldiers? What would he say if I were to separate from Catholicism the greater part of Europe? I should have better reason for doing so than Henry the VIII. had. Let the pope think well of it. Do not let him force me to propose, and to enforce in France and elsewhere, a worship more rational than that of which he is the chief. This would

be less difficult than he thinks, in the present state of men's ideas, and when so many eyes have been opened, for half a century, to the iniquities and follies of his clergy."

It was one of the first principles of Napoleon that perfect freedom of conscience, in religious worsh should prevail ir every state over which he had any control. But the pope declared that the toleration of dissenters and Jews was a sin against God, and a disgrace to any Christian state. The pope refused to recognize the new sovereignty in Naples, affirming that the kingdom of Naples was in feudal dependence upon the papal see; refused to introduce the code of Napoleon into his states; refused to enter into an alliance offensive and defensive with France; refused to allow the free public exercise of all forms of worship. Such was the nature of the conflict. As the pope held his power by the permission of Napoleon, the emperor demanded the pope's coöperation in repelling his foes, and in promoting the regeneration of Europe.

In May, 1809, Napoleon issued a decree, declaring, that as the pope refused an alliance with France, and that as the safety of France demanded that an unfriendly power should not be left in Italy, the papal states were annexed, a part to the kingdom of Italy, and a part to the empire of France. The pope, thus deprived of his temporal power, was granted an annuity from France of four hundred thousand dollars a year, for his personal expenses. "The city of Rome," said this decree, "so interesting from its recollections as the first seat of Christianity, is declared an imperial and free city."

The pope immediately issued a bull of excommunication against the emperor. Napoleon was at this time struggling against his foes at Wagram. Murat sent from Naples a battalion of troops, seized the pope, and conveyed him a prisoner first to Savona, and then to the palace of Fontainebleau, in France. Here the pontiff remained in gorgeous captivity until the downfall of Napoleon in 1814. At St. Helena, Na-

poleon, in the following words, dictated to Count Montholon his intentions in reference to Italy:

"It was Napoleon's desire to raise up the Italian nation, and to reunite the Venetians, Milanese, Piedmontese, Genoese, Tuscans, Parmesans, Modenese, Romans, Neapolitans, Sicilians, and Sardinians into one independent nation, bounded by the Alps and the Adriatic, the Ionian and Mediterranean seas. Such was the immortal trophy he was raising to his glory. This great and powerful kingdom would have been, by land, a check to the house of Austria, while, at sea, its fleets, combined with those of Toulon, would have ruled the Mediterranean, and protected the old course of trade to India by the Red sea and Suez. Rome, the capital of this state, was the eternal city; covered by the three barriers, of the Alps, the Po, and the Apennines; nearer than any other, to the three great islands. But Napoleon had many obstacles to surmount. He said, at the council of Lyons, 'It will take me twenty years to establish the Italian nation.'"

CHAPTER XXIX.

ITALY UNDER NAPOLEON, AND UNDER THE AUSTRIANS.

FROM A. D. 1809 TO A. D. 1848.

FRENCH MEASURES IN ITALY.—CONDITION OF SICILY.—OF SARDINIA.—OF NAPLES.—JOSEPH BONAPARTE.—MURAT.—THE STATES OF THE CHURCH.—THE KINGDOM OF ITALY.—EUGENE BEAUHARNAIS.—ENCYCLOPEDIA AMERICANA UPON NAPOLEON.—THE FALL OF NAPOLEON.—ITS EFFECTS UPON ITALY.—THE AUSTRIAN SWAY IN ITALY.—EXECUTION OF MURAT.—INSURRECTIONS.—ENERGY OF AUSTRIA.—STRUGGLES OF THE YEAR 1820.—REVOLUTION OF 1830.—RUIN OF THE ITALIAN PATRIOTS.—ACCESSION OF LOUIS NAPOLEON.—REVIVAL OF THE ITALIAN STRUGGLE.

THE establishment of French power in Rome wrought immediate and wonderful results. They can not be better described than in the language of Alison:

"The immediate effects of the change," he says, "were in the highest degree beneficial on the city of Rome. Vast was the difference between the slumber of the cardinals and the energetic measures of Napoleon. Improvements, interesting alike to the antiquary and the citizen, were undertaken in every direction. The majestic monuments of ancient Rome, half concealed by the ruins and accumulations of fourteen hundred years, stood forth in renovated splendor; the stately columns of the Temple of Jupiter Tonans, relieved of the load of their displaced architrave, were restored to the perpendicular, from which they had swerved during their long decay; the beautiful pillars of that Jupiter Stator, half covered up with fragments of marbles, revealed their exquisite and now fully discovered proportions; the huge interior of the Coliseum, cleared of the rubbish which obstructed its base, again exhibited its wonders to the light; the channels which conducted the water for the aquatic exhibitions, the iron gates

which were opened to admit the hundreds of lions to the amphitheatre, the dens where their natural ferocity was augmented by artificial stimulants, the bronze rings to which the Christian martyrs were chained, again appeared to the wondering populace; the houses which deformed the center of the forum were cleared away; and piercing through a covering of eighteen feet in thickness, revealed the pavements of the ancient forum, the venerable blocks of the Via Sacra, still furrowed by the chariot marks of a hundred triumphs.

"Nor were more distant quarters or modern interests neglected. The temple of Vesta, near the Tiber, was cleared out. A hundred workmen, under the direction of Canova prosecuted their searches in the baths of Titus, where the Laocoon had been discovered; large sums were expended on the Quirinal palace, destined for the residence of the imperial family when at Rome. Severe laws, and an impartial execution of them, speedily repressed the hideous practice of private assassination, so long the disgrace of the papal states. A double row of shady trees led from the arch of Constantine to the Appian Way, and thence to the forum. Surveys were made with a view to the completion of the long neglected drainage of the Pontine Marshes; and preparations commenced for turning aside, for a season, the course of the Tiber, and discovering in its bed the inestimable treasures of art which were thrown into it during the terrors of the Gothic invasion."

It is a curious, but indisputable fact, that it is difficult for any one to suggest, even now, any measure for the improvement of Italy, which Napoleon had not both proposed and adopted measures to execute. From this time until the fall of Napoleon, in 1814, the political divisions of Italy did not meet with any important change. The English fleet held possession of the island of Sicily, and maintained upon the throne there the infamous king and queen Ferdinand and Caroline, who had fled from Naples to Sicily in the British fleet. The people were bitterly hostile to their detested sway, and the

British were hated for forcing, with their fleet and their bayonets, upon the Sicilians this execrable despotism. It was the harder to be borne, since Naples, regenerated, was in the enjoyment of institutions which were developing her resources as they had not been developed for a thousand years. The Sicilians were taxed beyond all endurance to sustain the extravagance of the court. Matters at length were in such a desperate state, that the British government, ashamed any longer to uphold, by their arms, such atrocities, compelled the queen to consent that her automaton husband should abdicate the throne in favor of his infant son, and that the British minister at Palermo, Sir William Bentinck, should be regent. Caroline resisted furiously, but was compelled to submit. She, however, soon forced her husband to attempt to regain his authority; upon which the British banished her from the island, and sent her to her Austrian home in Vienna, where the blood-stained and impenitent queen, chafing like a tigress, and with her soul crimsoned with life-long crimes, subsequently died.

The wretched Sicilians were still compelled to support an extravagant court, and to pay the expenses of the British troops who upheld that court. Discontent and misery reigned throughout the island.

The kingdom of Sardinia, having lost Savoy, Nice, and Piedmont, had dwindled down merely to the island of Sardinia. The king, Charles Emanuel, weary of the world, abdicated, and retired to monastic life in Rome, where, supported by a pension from Napoleon, he passed the gloomy remainder of his days a Jesuit, counting his beads. His brother, Victor Emanuel, who succeeded to the shriveled crown, was sustained upon the throne by the energies of the English fleet. The people, envying the new continental kingdoms, which were in a high state of prosperity, and in the enjoyment of that *equality of rights* which the human heart ever craves, were restless and insurrectionary.

Naples was nominally an independent kingdom. But in that day there was no such thing as real independence for any minor power. All Europe was divided into two parties, deadly hostile to each other—the friends of the liberal principles which the French revolution had introduced, and the friends of the old regimes. All of the one party followed the lead of France, for with France they stood or fell. All of the other party obeyed the call of England, Austria, Russia, and Prussia, for it was only by the combined energies of all these courts, that the *people* of Europe, every where clamoring for popular rights, could be prevented from overthrowing the aristocratic governments.

Joseph Bonaparte, at a sweep, had annulled all the feudal laws of Naples, and all the corrupt tribunals connected with them. Joachim Murat, following in his footsteps, and guided by the equitable principles of the Code Napoleon, which code is still the admiration of enlightened jurisprudence, established impartial tribunals of justice, in which the people had a fair representation; equalized all taxes; opened every post of emolument or honor alike to the competition of the rich and the poor, the high-born and the lowly-born; suppressed the convents, which had become nurseries of fanaticism, idleness, and licentiousness; established institutions for popular education; endowed colleges in every province, and a university at Naples, with the highest course of classical, mathematical, and philosophical studies; and devoted especial attention to the establishment in every province of seminaries for the education of females. "France," said Napoleon, "needs nothing so much as good mothers." This sentiment he enjoined upon all the governments over which he could exert an influence.

Agricultural societies were formed in every province; charitable institutions founded, a national institute was established, and a general board of direction of public works was organized, under whose vigorous superintendence the most important improvements were prosecuted all over the king

dom. The state revenues were augmented, the public credit completely established, and the enormous national debt so far liquidated as to amount, at the fall of Napoleon, to but six hundred thousand dollars.

The territory which had composed the states of the church had been entirely dismembered and reorganized. Some of the provinces had been annexed to France; others were annexed to the Italian kingdom, and others were organized into dukedoms, dependent upon and subservient to France. The French provinces in Italy were united into one general government, and placed under the administration of Louis Napoleon, brother of Napoleon I., and father of the present emperor of France. Afterward, upon his transfer to a more important post, the government was assigned to prince Borghese, an Italian nobleman, who had married Pauline, one of the emperor's sisters. These departments were under the same system of laws as those in France, and governed in the same manner. The people of the papal states were so intensely hostile to the ecclesiastical government under which they had groaned, that this change was hailed with general and cordial satisfaction. There is undisputed testimony that the papal states had never before been so prosperous or so happy.

The kingdom of Italy embracing in general Lombardy, Venice, that part of the Tyrol which forms the valley of the Adige, the Vattelline, the duchy of Modena, and the papal provinces of Ferrara, Bologna, Romagna, Urbino, Macerata, Camerino, and Ancona, embraced a population of six million seven hundred thousand. The realm, as thus constituted, embraced about thirty-six thousand square miles. The constitution was essentially the same as that of France. Eugene Beauharnais, the only son of Josephine, was but twenty-five years of age when appointed to the vice-royalty of this kingdom. He was a man of much administrative ability, and possessed his mother's characteristic magnanimity and ami-

bility. He was exceedingly beloved by his subjects, and to the present day, is spoken of with reverence and affection.

Nearly all the prominent offices of state were conferred upon native Italians. The famous road over the Simplon, was constructed by France and the kingdom of Italy united, at an expense of one million two hundred thousand dollars. Works of public utility were prosecuted vigorously all over the kingdom; general education was encouraged, and premiums unceasingly offered for improvements in the arts. Energy and emulation were everywhere diffused, and the strife between plebeians and patricians was broken down, as the humblest peasant rejoiced in the possession of equal rights with the most exalted noble, and saw all the avenues to wealth and power, as freely open to the child of the cottage as to the child of the castle. Even to the present day the Lombards love to speak of the glories of the "kingdom," and look back with regret to those days, which they pronounced to be the brightest which have ever shone upon Italy.

The Encyclopedia Americana, in a very able article upon Italy, says: "If the downfall of Napoleon is regretted in any quarter of the world, it is in Italy. This country had become destitute of every element of national life. Its commerce was fettered by numerous political divisions; its administration poisoned and vitiated to a degree of which none can have an idea except an eye witness; the cultivation of the ground impoverished, by the heavy rents which they had to pay to the landholders; science enslaved by the sway of the clergy; the noblemen, distrusted by the foreign governments, and not admitted to offices of importance, had lost energy and activity. In fact hardly anything could be said to flourish, with the exception of music, and, to a certain degree, other fine arts.

"Under Napoleon everything was changed. Italian armies were created which gave birth to a sense of military honor among the people; the organization of the judicial tribunals was improved, and justice much better administered; industry

was awakened and encouraged; schools received new attention, and the sciences were concentrated in large and effective learned societies. In short, a new life was awakened, and no Italian or German, who wishes well to his country, can read without deep interest the passage in Las Casas' Memorial, in which Napoleon's views on these two countries are given. His prophecy that Italy will one day be united, we hope will be fulfilled. Union has been the ardent wish of reflecting Italians for centuries, and the want of it is the great cause of the suffering of this beautiful and unfortunate country."

In the winter of 1812, the proudest army France has ever raised, perished among the snows of Russia. It was the signal for all the old monarchies of Europe again to combine to destroy Napoleon, the disturber of their thrones. He struggled against them with heroism which has excited the wonder of the world. One million two hundred thousand bayonets advanced upon exhausted France, and Napoleon fell; and with him fell, of course, all those liberal governments his genius had created, and his arm had upheld. The French constitution was trampled into the bloody mire, by the squadrons of England, Austria, Russia, Prussia, with all their innumerable allies, and the execrable despotism of the Bourbons was reëstablished over the subjugated French people. The enormous sum of three hundred and seven million five hundred thousand dollars, was extorted from the conquered French, to pay the allies for the expense of riveting upon them anew the chains of tyranny. One hundred and fifty thousand foreign troops, were stationed in all the most important fortresses of France, to keep the French people in subjection to Bourbon sway. Earth has witnessed many crimes, but never one on a more gigantic scale than this.

Italy encountered the same doom as France. Her constitutions were trampled in the dust, her liberal governments indignantly demolished, and the old, worn out regimes of priestly fanaticism and aristocratic tyranny unrelentingly re-

established. The triumphant allies met in congress at Vienna, to divide between them the spoil, and to map out Europe anew, in such a way, that the people should be effectually prevented from any farther attempts to establish free governments.

The emperor of Austria, Francis I., received all the former mainland territories of Venice, and the whole of Lombardy as far westward as the Ticino, and south to the Po. These extended realms he organized into a monarchy, which he called the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom. It contained seventeen thousand six hundred square miles, and four million one hundred and seventy-six thousand inhabitants. The emperor of Austria governed the realm through a viceroy at Milan.

The king of Sardinia, Charles Emanuel, who had for some time possessed only the island of Sardinia, received back Piedmont and Savoy; while, at the same time, all the provinces of Genoa were attached to his throne.

Modena, with some adjoined territory, was reconstructed into a dukedom, and was conferred upon Francis, son of the archduke Ferdinand, who was a brother of the emperor of Austria. It contained an area of two thousand and seventy-three square miles, and a population of about five hundred thousand. Its revenue was one million five hundred thousand dollars. Its standing army in time of peace was three thousand five hundred; when upon a war footing it consisted of nineteen thousand nine hundred and fifty-six.

Parma, also enlarged by the addition of Piacenza and Guastally, became again a duchy of very considerable extent, revenues, and power, and was conferred upon Maria Louisa, the daughter of the emperor of Austria, whom the allies forbade to follow her husband Napoleon to St. Helena. The duchy contained two thousand seven hundred and twelve square miles. Its standing army amounted to four thousand men, and its revenue to one million two hundred thousand dollars.

The grand duchy of Tuscany was assigned to the Austrian

archduke Ferdinand, whose son Francis reigned over the adjoining duchy of Modena. It contained eight thousand five hundred and eighty-six square miles, being a thousand square miles larger than Massachusetts. Its population was about one million five hundred thousand; its revenue amounted to about five million dollars, and its standing army consisted of seventeen thousand men.

The states of the church, extending to the south as far as the kingdom of Naples, and in the north reaching to the Po, and bounded on the west by the Mediterranean, Tuscany, and Modena, were restored to the pope. These states consist of nineteen departments, six of which are technically called Legations, and the remainder Delegations. Their total area consisted of seventeen thousand two hundred and ten square miles, —being about as large as the Sardinian kingdom, and the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom, and about half the size of the kingdom of Naples, exclusive of Sicily. The population of these states was a little over three million, and the standing army, with which the vicar of Christ kept his subjects in subjection, amounted to fifteen thousand two hundred and fifty-five infantry, and thirteen hundred and fifty cavalry. It is said that the revenue wrested from the subjects of the pope amounted to over fourteen million dollars annually.

The papal government is sufficiently peculiar to merit a few additional observations. The pope is an elected sovereign, chosen by the sacred college, which consists of the seventy cardinals. This number of cardinals is instituted in imitation of the evangelists sent out by our Saviour. When any vacancy occurs in the college it is filled by the appointment of the pope, who acts without control. When the pope dies, for nine days his body remains in state, during which time one of the cardinals, called the cardinal chamberlain, officiates as pope. The body is then buried, and the cardinals meet in a private room in the Vatican to choose, out of their number, a successor. A majority of two-thirds is essential to a choice.

The power of the pope is absolute. It is one of the leading principles of his government, that all the civil offices should be filled by priests.

Upon one of the mountains of the Apennines, surrounded entirely by the papal states, there is a diminutive realm of but thirty square miles, called the republic of San Marino. It is what we should call in America a township, six miles long and five miles broad. A stone mason in the fifth century established a hermitage there. His followers increased until they formed a community of some seven thousand persons, governed by their own laws. The insignificance of this hamlet has been its strength. No government has been willing to trample upon a people so sequestered, poor, and powerless, and thus the republic of San Marino has remained unchanged amidst the storms which for centuries have been desolating Italy.

The allies restored to Ferdinand, the old and infamous king of Naples, the realm which had so long been cursed by his tyranny. He reascended the throne with the title of Ferdinand I., king of the United Kingdom of the Two Sicilies. With both the continental portion and the island of Sicily, it embraced an area of about forty-two thousand square miles, being about as large as the state of Louisiana. Its population was about seven millions.

Such was the condition in which Italy was placed by the congress of the allied powers, convened after the overthrow of Napoleon. Every privilege which the Italian people had gained in the line of popular rights was taken from them; and they were delivered back, bound hand and foot, to their old masters. The whole peninsula became virtually but a province of Austria; nearly all its departments governed by Austrian princes, or by those who acknowledged their dependence upon Austrian armies to hold the restive people in subjection.

We must now endeavor to describe the condition of Italy, province by province, under the sway of these despotisms im-

posed upon the Italians by the allies. Let us commence with Naples. Ferdinand I., as one of the conditions of his reënthronement, entered into a secret treaty with the emperor of Austria, that "he would not introduce in his government, any principles irreconcilable with those adopted by his imperial majesty, in the government of his Italian provinces."

Murat made a desperate attempt to regain his kingdom, believing that the Neapolitans, with whom he had ever been very popular, would rise unanimously in his favor. He landed almost alone upon the coast of Calabria. Some of the soldiers of Ferdinand with but little difficulty seized him, and sent word of his arrest to the court at Naples. Orders immediately came back from Ferdinand, that he should, with the utmost promptness, be condemned to death by a military commission. "There shall be allowed to the condemned," said the dispatch, "but one half hour to receive the consolations of religion." He was condemned, and was informed that he was immediately to be led out to his execution In the following touching letter he took leave of his family:

"My dear Caroline! My last hour has arrived. In a few moments I shall cease to live. In a few moments you will no longer have a husband. Never forget me. I die innocent. My life has never been stained with any injustice. Adieu, my Achille! Adieu, my Lætitia! Adieu, my Lucien! Adieu, my Louise! Show yourselves to the world worthy of me. I leave you without a kingdom, without fortune, in the midst of my numerous enemies. Be constantly united! Show yourselves superior to misfortune. Think of what you are and of what you have been, and God will bless you. Never reproach my memory. Be assured that my greatest grief, in these last moments of my life, is to die far from my children. Receive the paternal benediction. Receive my embraces and my tears. Cherish always the memory of your unhappy father."

He was led out into the fosse of the prison of Pizzo. Twelve soldiers, with loaded muskets, were drawn up in a

line awaiting him. He walked up to his position until the muzzles of their guns nearly touched his breast. Looking serenely at the soldiers, with a smile upon his lips, he said:

"My friends, do not make me suffer by taking bad aim. The narrowness of the space obliges you almost to rest the muzzles of your pieces on my breast. Do not tremble. Spare the face; straight to the heart."

In his hand he held a little medallion containing portraits of his wife, Caroline, and his four little children. Gazing upon it he gave the signal and fell, pierced by twelve balls. Thus died Joachim Murat, on the thirteenth of October, 1815, in the forty-eighth year of his age.

The king, Ferdinand I., could not forget the old principles of Bourbon rule, and now that the people had enjoyed a short experience of liberal principles, the tyranny of the old regime seemed doubly execrable. The taxes were greatly increased; all the public works which the French had either planned or executed, were neglected or suffered to fall into decay; the education of the people was entirely abandoned; for the funds which had been appropriated for that measure were needed to supply the voluptuousness of the court. The discontent of the people rapidly increased, and, in defiance of dungeons and death, the murmurs were so loud that it was evident to attentive observers, that troubles were at hand. A secret society of patriots was organized, called the Carbonari. It spread throughout all Italy, and soon numbered six hundred and forty-two thousand persons, enrolling in its ranks nearly the whole genius, intelligence, and patriotism of the land.

On the second of July, 1820, an insurrection broke out at Avellino, an important post about fifty miles west of Naples. The people rose tumultuously, and the soldiers as eagerly joined them. The *emeute* was spreading like wildfire, and the tidings plunged the court of Naples into the utmost consternation. All the disposable force of the court was ordered to march immediately upon Avellino. But Carascosa, the roy-

alist general, found his own troops shouting, "The Constitution," and to prevent them from joining the ranks of the insurgents, he was compelled to lead them back to Naples. General Pepe, who was in command of the garrison, at Salerno, now placed himself at the head of the patriots, who consequently made Salerno their head-quarters. The court was powerless, whole regiments declaring for the constitution. The students, the professional men, the whole intelligent class were unanimous in the cry. The king thus terrified yielded, and took an oath, with all the solemnities of religion, to adopt and maintain a free constitution, founded upon the principles of the Code Napoleon, such as the Spanish people had recently extorted from their king.

A new ministry was organized, and the authority of the kingdom, by this bloodless revolution, passed into the hands of the patriots. Illuminations, the ringing of bells, and every demonstration of joy pervaded the kingdom. In Palermo, on the island of Sicily, an Englishman, General Church, was in in command of the troops who supported the power of Ferdinand. A bloody fight ensued. But the patriots with great slaughter overpowered the soldiers. The Sicilians made a feeble effort, to repeal the union and secure the independence of the island of Sicily. But the attempt was speedily quelled, and the whole kingdom remained united under one constitution. The constitution granted one representative in the legislature for every thirty thousand inhabitants.

The signal success of this enterprise, roused the people of the papal states. With shouts of "long live the republic," the populace sprang to arms in various places; but the troop proved true to discipline and mercilessly shot them down.

In Piedmont the insurrection was more serious. The people there, familiar with the French armies, had become highly intelligent. All of the most respectable portion of the community, including the merchants, the educated classes, and the officers of the army, were members of the Carbonari, and

were anxiously watching for an opportunity to overthrow the government of aristocratic privilege, and to introduce in its stead the Napoleonic government of equal rights. Some students, whose ardor and enthusiasm triumphed over their sense of prudence, put on the cap of liberty and raised the standard of rebellion in the small town of Andennes, in the district of Novarrais. The people rushed so eagerly to join them that it was found necessary to send four companies of the royal guard to arrest the movement. The whole kingdom was soon in a blaze, there seeming to be entire unanimity in the resolve to overthrow absolutism and establish a constitutional monarchy. Many noblemen joined in the enterprise. On the tenth of March, 1821, at a vast gathering of citizens and soldiers at Alessandria, the same constitution was adopted which had been adopted in Naples.

The tidings reached Turin, the capital of the Sardinian kingdom. The populace crowded the streets shouting, "Live the Constitution." The soldiers fraternized with them. There was no wish to overthrow the monarchical form of government. They only wished for the establishment of free institutions under this form. Monarchical England, not republican America, was the model which they wished to imitate. Scarcely an intelligent man could be found in Italy, who deemed the Italians prepared for a true republic. The demand was only for a constitution which should give the people a voice in the government, and which should limit the absolute and despotic power of the king. With one voice Turin rose and made this demand. The Austrian troops, left in garrison there to maintain the cause of absolutism, fled from the city. The tri-color floated over the bastions of Turin, and beneath the windows of the palace, the constitution was proclaimed by the shouts of the military and the people. The king was utterly bewildered. While anxiously deliberating with his council, three guns from the citadel announced that it had fallen into the hands of the constitutionalists.

Austria, in the meantime, had sent a demand that the Piedmontese troops should be disbanded, and the fortresses filled with Austrian troops. The king sent from his palace the prince of Carignan, heir apparent to the throne, to ascertain more definitely the wishes of the people, now triumphant.

The prince was received with every demonstration of respect, but the people were united and firm in their demand for the constitution. "Our hearts," said they, "are faithful to the king; but we must extricate him from his fatal councils. The situation of the country and the people demand the constitution."

To grant the constitution was inevitable war with Austria; for it was well known, that war to the last extremity would be waged by that despotic government, before it would allow free institutions to be established so near its capital. The king of Sardinia had also *pledged himself* to the emperor, to maintain absolutism, and to crush, with all the energies of fire and sword, any attempt of the people to encroach upon the assumptions of the crown. Austrian troops were quartered in Piedmont to aid the king in maintaining his despotic power, and to send the alarm instantly to Austria, should that power be menaced.

In this perplexity the king decided to abdicate. He transted the crown to his brother Felix, who was then at Modena, and appointing Charles Albert, prince of Carignan, regent, set out immediately for Nice. On the evening of the same day, April thirteenth, 1821, the prince regent found himself compelled to adopt the constitution, on condition, however, of the royal assent.

The "holy allies," Austria, Russia, and Prussia, met in congress at Laybach, to devise efficient measures to put down this spirit of liberty in Italy. The *British government* was in sympathy with the despots. The *British people* were in such warm sympathy with their Italian brethren struggling for their rights, that the *government* did not dare to join the "holy

allies." Lord Castlereagh, however, in the name of the British cabinet, sent a dispatch to the congress, stating that while England wished to remain neutral, it admitted this was a case in which the intervention of the northern monarchs, to arrest the progress of the people, was justifiable. The sentiments of the British court at that time are reflected, as in a mirror, in the representation which Sir Archibald Alison gives of these events. He is the *court* historian, and eloquently does he advocate their cause:

"Such," says Alison, "was the revolution of 1820. Commencing with military treason, it ended with robbery, massacre, and the insurrection of galley slaves. Nothing durable or beneficial was to be expected from such a commencement. It was characterized accordingly throughout by impassioned conception and ephemeral existence; violent change, disregard of former usage, inattention to national character, oblivion of the *general* national interests. Designed and carried into execution by an active and energetic, but limited and special class of the people, it exhibited, in all the countries where it was established, the well known features of class legislation; and by the establishment of class legislation of the very worst kind—universal suffrage—it insured at no distant period its own downfall."

Influenced by such views as the above, Russia, Austria, and Prussia sent their armies to extinguish the rising flame of liberty in Italy. Instructed by the tremendous energy with which France, emancipated from feudalism, had struggled against combined Europe, the allies sent forces strong enough to crush the Italian patriots at a blow. Russia put in immediate motion an army of one hundred thousand men. Nearly the whole military strength of Austria was, by forced marches, crowding down through the defiles of the Tyrol upon the plains of doomed Italy. A division of the Austrian army, amounting to fifty thousand men, speedily crossed the Po; and they were followed by solid battalions of Russian, Prus-

sian, and Austrian troops, extending back, in apparently interminable lines, even to the heart of Russia. The storm first fell upon Naples. It was resistless as the avalanche—desolating as the tornado. King Ferdinand had joined the allies in their congress at Laybach, and returned to Naples behind the guns of their resistless battalions. The banners of liberty were trampled in the dust—the constitution torn into shreds—the patriots shot, hanged, and sent to the galleys. England and the Bourbons of France, notwithstanding their assumed neutrality, sent fleets to the harbor of Naples, to protect the Bourbon monarch there, should he need their aid. Ferdinand I. issued a decree to all the friends of the old regime to rally in aid of the allies.

A few bloody and despairing conflicts terminated the strife. The same soldiers, who with their bayonets had replaced the Bourbons on the throne of France, now replaced another branch of the Bourbons on the throne of Naples, and reëstablished as execrable a despotism, as that under which any nation has ever groaned. On the twelfth of May the king entered his capital, surrounded by Austrian troops, who garrisoned the city and silenced every murmur of the people. A court martial was immediately established for the execution of military law upon all the known friends of a representative government. For months the court was busy in its sanguinary toil. Multitudes suffered the most cruel and ignominious punishments. Many of the purest spirits of Italy fled to other lands, and with loss of property wandered in exile and penury, until death came to their relief.

The revolution being thus repressed by Austrian bayonets, for the work was already accomplished before the Russian or Prussian troops had crossed the frontiers, vigorous measures were adopted to prevent the possibility of another effort for popular liberty. A general disarmament of the Neapolitans was ordered, and the fortresses were placed in the hands of the Austrian troops; a vigorous censorship of the press was

established, and all the books in circulation were carefully examined; a loan of five million dollars was raised; the taxes greatly increased, and an army of between fifty and sixty thousand Austrians, including seven thousand cavalry, remained in occupation of the Neapolitan kingdom to hold the people in subjection. The whole expense of this Austrian army was borne by the Neapolitans.

The Austrians now turned, with accumulated strength, toward the plains of Piedmont. They were so strong in numbers that they sent word to the Russian troops that they might halt where they were, as their coöperation probably would not be needed. The tempest of war burst terribly upon the little realm. The Austrians, in overpowering numbers, took possession of all the fortresses, and entered Turin in triumph. The new king, Felix, had joined the Austrians at Novara, and at the head of their columns, guided the attacks upon the Piedmont fortresses, and made his public entrance into Turin. The popular cause was crushed as effectually as in Naples, and the old, absolute, royal authority reëstablished. Confiscations and executions followed. Detachments of Austrians, amounting to twelve thousand men, were placed in possession of the four most important fortresses of the kingdom. The Piedmontese were compelled to support these foreign troops, at an expense in money of one hundred thousand dollars a month, and of thirteen thousand rations daily.

The silence and repose of the dungeon continued unbroken in Italy for several years. The taxes were everywhere so enormous, that the people were generally in a state of extreme misery. On the fifth of May, 1825, Ferdinand I., of Naples died, and his son, Francis I., ascended the throne. He reigned for five years, in perfect obedience to the emperor of Austria, who with Austrian troops held possession of his kingdom. He died the eighth of November 1830, being succeeded by his son Ferdinand II.

The revolution in France in 1830, by which the elder branch of the house of Bourbon was driven from the throne, and the scepter placed in the hands of Louis Philippe, convulsed Italy, from the Alps to the extremities of Calabria. But the Italians were bound hand and foot; their fortresses were in the hands of the Austrians, and the whole power of the Austrian empire was ready, at a day's warning, to march and quell any popular rising. There were a few desperate outbreaks, but the vigilance of the police, and the presence everywhere of an overpowering Austrian force, enabled the rulers to repress with rigor every movement of reform.

For a few years after the fall of Napoleon, at Waterloo, the French people had submitted in entire exhaustion and despair, to the *old regime* of the Bourbons, imposed upon them by allied Europe. But in the year 1830, they again rose and drove the Bourbons again from the throne. The remains of the great emperor were then mouldering beneath the sod at St. Helena. His only son, the duke of Reichstadt, had pined away and died in the palaces of Austria. All the members of the Napoleonic family had been banished from France. There was no one of the name with whom the French people were acquainted, or to whom they could appeal.

Under these circumstances they reluctantly consented to place upon the throne Louis Philippe, the duke of Orleans, a member of the house of Bourbon. Though it was known that his sympathies would be mainly with the nobles, it was deemed, that, on the whole, the appointment of Louis Philippe to the sovereignty, was the best arrangement which could then be made. Eight years passed away, while discontent rapidly increased as the government was becoming less and less favorable to popular liberty. Again the masses were roused. Louis Philippe was driven across the channel. Louis Napoleon presented himself in the streets of Paris. To the people he was a stranger. But he was the grandson of

Josephine, and his name was Bonaparte. He was the legitimate heir of that throne of the empire, which the popular voice had reared, and pronounced hereditary in the line of Napoleon.

Openly and earnestly Louis Napoleon avowed his adherence to those principles of popular sovereignty, and of equal rights, which had been the glory and the strength of the empire. Cautiously he was received, for he was a stranger, with no credentials, in the form of deeds achieved, to present in attestation of his worth or ability. He was first made a legislator, then president, then emperor. This astonishing revolution in France, shook every throne in Europe. The people everywhere were roused anew to shake off the detested yoke of aristocratic despotism. In every state of Italy there were strong indications of tumult, and of a general and desperate insurrection against the established powers. The pope, Pius IX., in his alarm, hoping to conciliate the people, adopted the unprecedented reform of establishing a new cabinet, composed of *ten laymen*, and but *three* ecclesiastics. He also promised the people a constitution, and permission to organize a national guard.

In Venice the agitation was intense and universal. The people all over the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom rose in such strength, that the Austrian garrisons did not venture to attack them. The Austrian force, at that time in Lombardy, amounted to eighty thousand, and yet General Zichy, who was in command, wrote to Vienna, that he should need, at least seventy thousand more to enable him to make headway against the people. The renowned Austrian general, Joseph Radetsky, was then commander-in-chief of all the Austrian forces in Italy.

In Milan, Radetsky first brought the Italian troops, eighteen thousand in number, to assail the Italian patriots, or *rebels*, as he deemed them. For six days the ferocious conflict raged, almost without intermission, through the streets

of the city. The women even, joined their husbands and fathers, in the fight against the detested Austrians. In every city in the vicinity, the flame of insurrection was blazing forth. At length the Austrians in Milan, discomfited, were compelled to retreat to Crema. All Italy raised a shout of exultation.

Charles Albert, who was then the king of Sardinia, thought this a favorable opportunity to deliver his kingdom from Austrian domination, and nobly resolved to espouse the popular cause, and to confer upon his subjects the blessings of a free constitution. He was in command of an army highly disciplined, amounting to seventy-five thousand men, and was thus prepared to assume the position of leader of the liberal party in Italy. He drew his sword against Austria, and throwing away the scabbard, marched to join the patriots at Milan.

The state of affairs thoughout the whole Neapolitan kingdom was essentially the same as in Piedmont, Lombardy, and Venice. Ferdinand II. despatched nine ships-of-war to bombard Palermo, and forty-eight hours the horrible storm of ruin and death fell upon the city. The king, at length appalled by the vigor of the defense, and by the insurrections bursting out in every important town of his kingdom, professed to yield to the demands of his people. He withdrew his soldiers from the conflict and promised his subjects the constitution of 1812. The announcement was placarded in the streets of Naples, exciting the citizens to the highest transports of joy. But it was soon found that the constitution the king was disposed to grant was very different from that which the people expected. As the basis of the new constitution the king proposed, first, that the Roman Catholic religion should be the religion of the state, and that *no other should be tolerated!* The civil war was speedily renewed; the Sicilians struggling to obtain entire release from Naples, and to establish the independence of their island. In Naples bar-

ricades were thrown up, and for eight hours a sanguinary conflict raged between the royal troops and the citizens. Eight thousand of the Neapolitans were slain, and the victory of the king was complete. Martial law was established, and the most unrelenting despotism reigned.

In Sicily, however, the constitutionalists were triumphant. A parliament was summoned; the king was declared dethroned; Charles Albert, second son of the king of Sardinia, wa elected king of Sicily; and the infant kingdom joined the Italian league for the independence of Italy. Ferdinand II. sent fourteen thousand troops, with a powerful train of artillery, to reconquer the island. On the third of September, 1848, the bombardment of Messina commenced. For several days the horrible storm of shot and shells fell upon the city. The gutters ran with blood, and the streets were filled with the mangled bodies of the slain. A large part of the city was in ruins, and the ammunition of the citizens had failed. It was no longer a battle, but a massacre. Messina fell in one loud wail of woe, and the banners of Ferdinand II., of Naples, again floated over the smoldering walls.

CHAPTER XXX.

AUSTRIAN TRIUMPHS AND DISCOMFITURE.

FROM A. D. 1848 TO A. D. 1860.

CONFLICT BETWEEN AUSTRIA AND SARDINIA.—AUSTRIA TRIUMPHANT.—CONCENTRATION OF THE PATRIOTS IN ROME.—RUIN OF THE POPULAR PARTY IN PIEDMONT.—HEROISM OF GARIBALDI.—RENEWAL OF THE WAR BETWEEN SARDINIA AND AUSTRIA.—INTERVENTION OF FRANCE.—PROCLAMATIONS.—BATTLES OF MONTEBELLO, PALESTRO, AND MAGENTA.—SARDINIA AND LOMBARDY REGAINED.—PRESENT STATE OF ITALY.

ALL Italy, now, from the Tyrolese Alps to the southern shores of Sicily, was in a blaze of insurrection. Venice and Lombardy were in arms. The king of Sardinia, leading the hosts of freedom, was strongly intrenched on the banks of the Mincio. A large body of volunteers, from the papal states, asking no permission of the pope, marched and joined them. The tumult in Rome was fearful, the populace surrounding the palace, and demanding that war should be declared by the papal government against Austria, and in favor of Italian independence. This sentiment was so universal, with the soldiers as well as the civilians, that the pope was compelled to yield. The grand duke of Tuscany followed in the same line, issuing a proclamation in which he promised his subjects representative institutions.

The Austrian army was concentrated upon the Adige, about twenty-five miles east of the Mincio. From all parts of Italy volunteers were crowding to the banners of Charles Albert. From all the fortresses of Austria, the veteran legions of the emperor were hastening down to swell the imperial ranks marshaled beneath the walls of Verona. It would be uninteresting to follow the incidents of the campaign

which ensued, through sanguinary skirmishes, weary maneuvers, and bloody battles. Armies nearly one hundred and thirty thousand strong, on either side, struggled month after month, with almost equal success. The Italians were enthusiastic, young volunteers; the Austrians, veteran soldiers. Venetian Lombardy was finally regained by the Austrians. As the imperial banner was again unfurled from the battlements of Milan, the Austrian field marshal announced, in an order of the day, "There is no longer an enemy on Lombard ground." The anguish and dismay of the Italians were dreadful. The king of Sardinia, thoroughly disabled, withdrew from the conflict, agreeing to an armistice of six weeks, to negotiate for peace.

Still there were a few Italians, who, with the energies of despair, resolved to persevere in the struggle against the overwhelming power of Austria. Mazzini, an illustrious leader of the patriots, issued a proclamation, saying, "The war of the kings has terminated; that of the people is about to commence." Garibaldi, another hero of indomitable courage, was gathering volunteers at Genoa. The British *government* had not regarded with any sympathy this movement of the Italians to regain their independence. Alison expresses their views in saying that the British government, "which had from the outset disapproved of the treacherous advantage taken by the Piedmontese government of the revolution at Milan, and earnestly dissuaded from the war, was now earnest in its endeavors to mediate between the contending parties."

Italy was swept by the Austrians in all directions; Garibaldi was driven into the Alps, and Austrian sway was established. Still all Italy was in a ferment; and it was evident that there was a lull only in the storm; that it had not ceased. Charles Albert, in the pathetic proclamation he issued, said:

"The throbs of my heart were ever for Italian independence; *but Italy has not yet shown to the world that she can conquer alone.*"

VICTOR EMANUEL

Italy.

any terms of peace which might be proposed; for a triumphant army of Austrians, already in possession of one of the most powerful fortresses of his realm, was prepared to sweep his territories in all directions. Austria was inexorable. She demanded fifty millions of dollars in cash, permission to garrison the Sardinian territory, between the Ticino and the Sesia, with Austrian troops; the mutual occupancy, with the Piedmontese, of the fortresses of Alessandria, and the disbanding of nearly all the Piedmontese troops. The king was compelled to submit to these terms, slightly modified, while the people were in almost a frenzy of rage and despair.

The ruin of the popular party in Piedmont, was the signal for its overthrow all over Italy. Sicily was swept as with a billow of blood, and the infamous Ferdinand II. regained his whole territory. Mazzini and Garibaldi were still, however, at the head of formidable insurrectionary forces, and after having performed prodigies of valor, driven from post to post, they had retreated to Rome, where they had been joined by the remnants of the revolutionary bands. Under these circumstances it was evident that Austria would immediately take possession of Rome, and, with the aid of Naples, restore the pope to his throne, and thus attain supremacy over the whole peninsula. France was alarmed at this vast increase of a power, in heart as hostile to French as to Italian liberty. Taking advantage of an invitation addressed to the cabinets of Paris, St. Petersburg, Naples, and Berlin, to coöperate for the restoration of the temporal power of the pope, France sent an army of twenty-eight thousand men and ninety pieces of cannon, under General Oudinot, and after a short siege, which the defenders conducted with great heroism, took possession of the city. It was impossible that Rome should remain independent. The only question to be decided was, whether France should be dominant within its walls, or surrender Rome, with all the rest of the Italian peninsula, to the Austrians.

Garibaldi, with five thousand men, escaped from the city by night. Austrian columns pursued him through the mountains of Tuscany. His force was soon disbanded. His wife, who had nobly shared all his dangers, expired of exhaustion in one of the passes of the mountains. After many hair-breadth escapes and much suffering, he reached Genoa, and embarked for America. The government of the pope was thus reinstated over the papal states.

The only state in Italy which now maintained even a semblance of independence was Sardinia. This kingdom enjoyed a representative legislature; and, with steady current, all its measures were flowing in the direction of popular rights. England, apprehensive of the intervention of France in behalf of the Italians, which would greatly strengthen the power of the new French emperor, by giving him all Italy as an ally, urged Austria to abandon her Lombardo-Venetian kingdom to independence; allowing it to select its own sovereign; the Italian kingdom only paying an annual tax to Austria of five millions of dollars. This would deprive France of all excuse for intervention. But Austria would not listen to the proposal. With an eagle eye the Austrian emperor watched Sardinia, fully conscious that a free constitutional state, existing so near his kingdoms, was a constant protest against his tyranny, and tended continually to excite his subjects to revolt. It soon became evident that Sardinia must be brought into subjection to Austria, and her free institutions abolished, or Venetian Lombardy would strike again for freedom. Austria commenced her menace by multiplying her military resources, and strengthening her fortresses on the Sardinian frontier. Large masses of men, under the ablest generals, were poured into Italy. Sardinia, taking the alarm, began also to arm. Austria ordered Sardinia to disband the corps she was raising, and to place her army on a peace footing. Sardinia replied:

"Austria, which increases its army on our frontiers, and

threatens to invade our territory, because liberty here reigns with order, because the cries of suffering, of oppressed Italy here finds a hearing,—Austria dares to intimate to us, armed only in defense, that we are to lay down our arms, and put ourselves in her power."

Sardinia had applied, in this great emergency, to France for sympathy and aid. Louis Napoleon, conscious that Sardinia was the only kingdom in Europe in cordial sympathy with the French empire, and the only one to which he could look for alliance in case there should be another coalition of the European powers against the rights of the French people to choose their own form of government, informed Austria, through his ambassador in Vienna, that he could not look with indifference upon the invasion of Sardinia by the Austrian troops. Regardless of this menace, Austria accumulated two hundred and fifty thousand soldiers upon the frontiers of Sardinia; and then ordered them to cross the Ticino and march directly for Turin.

Louis Napoleon was prepared for the emergence. He issued the following manifesto:

"Austria in causing her army to enter the territories of the king of Sardinia, our ally, declares war against us. She thus violates treaties and justice, and menaces our frontiers. All the great powers protested against this aggression. Piedmont, having accepted the conditions which ought to have insured peace, one asks what can be the reason of this sudden invasion? Is it that Austria has brought matters to this extremity, that she must either rule up to the Alps, or Italy must be free to the shores of the Adriatic; for in this country every corner of territory which remains independent endangers her power?

"Hitherto moderation has been the rule of my conduct. Let France arm, and resolutely tell Europe, 'I desire not conquest; but I desire firmly to maintain my national and traditional policy. I observe the treaties, on condition that

stitutional monarchy, which shall take its stand amidst the leading powers of the earth.

It was a question anxiously discussed, whether it were better that regenerated Italy should consist of a confederation of independent states, somewhat after the model of Germany, or of a consolidated kingdom like that of France. The French government took the ground that this question was to be left entirely to the decision of the Italian people, without any foreign interference. Thus far the decision has been emphatically in favor of consolidation and unity. The question of confederated states, or a united government, was submitted to the popular vote of the duchies of Tuscany, Modena, Parma, and the papal province of Romagna, where the people had expelled their Austrian rulers. Every male beyond the age of twenty-one was allowed to vote.

In Tuscany the vote stood three hundred and sixty-six thousand five hundred and seventy-one for united Italy, and fourteen thousand nine hundred and twenty-five for a confederacy of states. In Romagna there were two hundred thousand six hundred and fifty-nine for annexation, and two hundred and twenty-four for a separate kingdom. Four-fifths of the people of these states voted for annexation to Sardinia, under Victor Emanuel, as one kingdom. When the result of this vote was presented to the Sardinian monarch, he said:

"I accept the solemn vote, and henceforth will be proud to call them my people. In uniting to my ancestral provinces, not only the states of Tuscany, Modena, and Parma, but also the Romagna, which has already separated itself from the papal government, I do not intend to fail in my deep devotedness to the head of the church."

The provinces of Savoy and Nice both lie on the French side of the Alps. Their inhabitants speak the French language, and are, in character, as well as in geographical position, French rather than Italians. The formidable barrier of the Alps separates them from Italy. The narrow stream of

the Guier, spanned by the bridge Beauvoisin, separates the plains of Savoy from the plains of France. The question was submitted to these people with which nation they would prefer to be incorporated. With great unanimity they chose France.

That the sympathies of the British *government*, in this conflict, was with the Austrians, is as undeniable as that the sympathies of the *people* were with the Sardinians. In the celebrated speech made by Kossuth in the London tavern, May twentieth, 1859, the Lord Mayor being in the chair, he said:

"Now, my lord, I do not remember to have heard of one single official or semi-official declaration which has left the impression on my mind, that, if her majesty's government were not to remain neutral, they would side with Sardinia and France against Austria. But I have heard of many declarations, forcibly leading to the inference, that the alternative was either neutrality or the support of Austria.

"We have been told that if a French fleet should enter the Adriatic, it might be the interest of England to oppose it. We have been told, on high authority too, that if Trieste were to be attacked, it might be the interest of England to defend it. Nay, the inspired ministerial candidate for the West Riding of Yorkshire, even told the electors that it might be the interest of England to protect Venice. From what? Of course from the great misfortune of getting emancipated from Austria. Thus, turn it as we may, the alternative is this—either England remains neutral, or else she will be brought to support Austria."

Had England coöperated with France, Austria might have been definitely expelled from Italy, and the long hoped for Italian nationality established. But the British government not only refused to coöperate, but menaced France, with both fleet and army, if she pursued the discomfited Austrians into Venetia. Had England then been in sympathy with Sardinia, the Italian question might have been settled. It is now un-

settled. It must recur again and again, until Italy is emancipated from Austrian domination. The thorough humiliation of Austria, by expulsion from Italy, would have opened the door for Hungarian emancipation. One can not; without emotion, read Kossuth's imploring cry, that the British government would not interpose in behalf of Austria:

"I love," exclaims the noble Hungarian, "my fatherland more than myself; more than anything on earth. And inspired by this love, I ask one boon—only one boon from England; and that is that she should not support Austria. England has not interfered for liberty; let her not interfere for the worst of despotisms—that of Austria."

The cabinet of St. James turned a deaf ear to this cry. The armies of France and Sardinia were arrested in their career of liberation. Venetians and Hungarians, plunged in despair, still gnawed their chains.

Italy now consisted of essentially four portions. There is Sardinia, free and independent, with a government founded upon the basis of equal rights for all men, and leading forward nobly in the cause of education and all national improvements. The eyes of all Italians are now directed to this state, as the nucleus around which Italy is to rally in the organization of one great constitutional monarchy. In a letter from Father Gavazzi, dated August fourth, 1860, he says:

"We fight now for the sole purpose of uniting all Italy under the constitutional scepter of Victor Emanuel. Let Englishmen repudiate the idea that there it anything republican in the present movement; since even the most ardent advocates of republicanism, have sacrificed their views to the great cause of our independence, unity, and constitutional liberties. Be sure that if there is no intervention in our fightings, we shall arrive to crown in the capital our dear Victor Emanuel, as the constitutional king of one Italy."

Venetia remained in the hands of Austria. France was compelled to leave her there, notwithstanding the expressed

wish of the emperor, that "Italy might be free to the Adriatic." The anguish of disappointment which the Venetians felt, in being thus abandoned to their enemies, after the emancipation of their brethren of Lombardy, can never be told. This anguish, so intense, would not admit of repose. The Venetians were watching for an opportunity to strike again for freedom. When that hour should come, it could not be doubted that their brethren of Lombardy and Piedmont, now in such cordial sympathy with them, would rush to their aid.

The pope was truly a "sick man." Europe had outgrown the temporal papacy. The papal government, like the Turkish, was rapidly crumbling to pieces. It had no vital energies of its own. The moment the foreign troops should abandon the "eternal city," the temporal sway of the pope would cease. Whether the inhabitants of the Papal States were sufficiently intelligent to lay aside local prejudices in favor of united Italy, time alone could tell. But the current of events was now manifestly in that direction.

There remained only the kingdom of Naples. Ferdinand II. had died a few months before, universally execrated. He had acquired the *sobriquet* of Bomba, from the eagerness and mercilessness with which he bombarded the insurgent cities of his empire. Francis II., who succeeded him, had not developed a single good quality; while, on the other hand, he had secured the contempt and detestation, not only of his own subjects, but of all Europe. Modern Christendom has witnessed no government so unmitigatedly bad as that of Naples. The history of the kingdom for the last half century is but the history of its insurrections, — of the desperate struggles of a people goaded to madness.

It would require a volume to record the insurrections which have agitated the island of Sicily during the last half century. Four times within that period have the Sicilians made the most heroic efforts to throw off the yoke of the

king of Naples. In 1848, the populace rose in Palermo. Ten thousand peasants crowded into the city to join them. Even the priests and the capuchins from the convents blessed the banners of the patriots, distributing among them arms and ammunition. Messina and all the other large towns speedily united in the movement. The Neapolitan troops were driven from all the central points. A provisional government was formed, headed by Ruggiero Settimo, a distinguished military officer, and by the duke of Serra di Falco, an illustrious scholar and antiquary.

Lord Minto was then in Italy on a mission from the British government. He endeavored to mediate between the contending parties; and induced the king to make important concessions to his revolted subjects. But the Sicilians, familiar with the perfidy of the king of Naples, refused to listen to his terms, though Lord Palmerston urged them to do so.

"Sicily," said Lord Palmerston, "though a fine island, full of natural resources, and inhabited by a highly gifted people, is, nevertheless, not large enough to be, in the present state of the world, a really independent country; and were it entirely separated from Naples, it would run the risk of becoming an object of contest for foreign influence, and of sinking at last into the condition of satellite to some of the more powerful states of Europe."

The Sicilians, urged by England, at last consented to accept the constitution, and parliamentary representation proffered by the king. They, however, insisted upon the condition that the Neapolitan troops should be withdrawn from the island. To this the king refused his consent, declaring that the English were only intriguing to secure the island for themselves, and that it was necessary to keep an army in Sicily to guard against the English. The Sicilian parliament, summoned by the provisional government was in session, when the tidings came of the overthrow of Louis Philippe, and of the establishment of the French republic. The parliament, with

enthusiam, decreed the deposition of Ferdinand, of Bourbon. England promptly recognized the independence of Sicily, and advised the election of the duke of Genoa, a Sardinian prince, to the throne.

Ferdinand, in a rage, sent an army of twenty-four thousand men to reduce the island. Messina, after a frightful bombardment, was taken by storm. City after city was thus bombarded and taken; and the scene of horror and cruelty became so revolting, that the English and French admirals imperatively demanded a cessation of hostilities, and interposed so effectually that Ferdinand was compelled to grant the island a separate legislature, though he garrisoned it strongly with mercenary troops. Then, utterly regardless of his pledge, he treated the island as a conquered province, and reëstablished, in all its rigor, the ancient despotism. The promised constitution was thrown aside; new burdens were imposed; fifteen hundred patriots were either shot or immured in dungeons; a police, composed of the vilest of mankind was instituted, from whom accusation was deemed proof of guilt, and no man was safe. Thus, under the form of law, the most atrocious crimes which ever sullied any government were daily committed.

This state of things existed but little more than a year, when, stung to madness, on the twenty-seventh of January, 1850, the citizens of Palermo again grasped their arms. They were shot down without mercy. Awful vengeance was taken by the king, and again the Sicilians, with their fetters riveted anew, bowed down beneath the yoke.

"It is a strange and touching fact," remarks a lady traveling in Italy, "that every peasant's song is in the minor key One never hears an exception; and their voices are so sonorous, subdued, and patient, that the sound comes forth like that of a soul complaining to itself of something it is determined to bear."

On the eleventh of May, 1860, the heroic Garibaldi, who,

on the plains of Lombardy, had performed deeds of romantic valor in the war for Sardinian independence, landed on the shores of Sicily. With two small steamers, under the Sardinian flag, he entered the harbor of Marsala, on the extreme western coast of the island. Quietly fourteen hundred men, well armed, stepped from their boats upon the beach, and, forming into line, marched unresisted into the town. Garibaldi immediately raised the banner of Sicilian independence, and in the name of Victor Emanuel, "King of Italy," took possession of the island.

The people of Sicily, in a frenzy of enthusiasm, rushed to the standard of the liberator. The next morning, at five o'clock, Garibaldi marched in the direction of Palermo, where there was a royalist fleet, and also a strong garrison of royalist troops. The mountaineers and the peasantry rallied around him so rapidly that he soon found himself at the head of an army four thousand strong. On the fifteenth of May he encountered thirty-five hundred royalist troops sent to oppose him. Garibaldi fell upon them impetuously. They broke and fled. He pursued them to Palermo, and on the twenty-seventh took the city by storm. All the energies of war were called into requisition, in this short, bloody, decisive battle. The populace of Palermo, within the walls, joined their friends without, hurling down upon the royalists, from the roofs of houses, furniture, and missiles of every kind. The city was compelled to capitulate, and Garibaldi remained master of Palermo.

The patriots, with accumulated numbers, marched upon Messina. The troops of Francis II., did not venture to await their attack, but abandoned the island, and retired to the main land.

Sicily was now free. Garibaldi, with his heroic army of patriots, was about to land on the Neapolitan shores. The king trembled in the midst of the mercenary bayonets with which he was surrounded. Thousands of the Neapolitans were anxiously waiting the arrival of the liberators, to join their standards.

The patriots of the Papal States were impatient, and could scarcely be restrained as they grasped their arms and listened to the blast of Garibaldi's bugles. The eyes of all Europe and America were turned to Italy. The popular sympathies all over the world were with the Italian patriots.

After many severe conflicts, Garibaldi, on the 8th of September, 1860, at the head of his staff, entered Naples in triumph. The whole population rose *en masse* to welcome him. His army of thirty thousand troops followed him in easy marches, everywhere welcomed by the most hearty acclaim of the Neapolitan population.

The king, Francis II., upon the approach of Garibaldi, fled, taking with him thirty thousand mercenary troops, to Gaëta, a seaport about sixty miles north-west of Naples. Nearly the whole Neapolitan fleet, with an immense amount of military stores, and a large quantity of money in the treasury, fell into the hands of Garibaldi. He immediately organized a provisional government, and proclaimed Victor Emanuel king of Italy.

The greatest panic prevailed at Rome. Insurrections were everywhere developing themselves throughout the Papal States. The pope had enlisted in his army a large number of foreign soldiers to hold the native Italians in subjection. But there were French troops in Rome protecting the pope. This French intervention requires a chapter.

CHAPTER XXXI.

FRENCH INTERVENTION.

From A. D. 1860 to A. D. 1870.

Birth and Early History of the Pope. — His Spirit of Reform. — Assassination of Count Rossi. — Insurrection in Rome. — Flight of the Pope. — Intervention of Austria, Naples, and Spain. — Recklessness of the Insurgents. — French Intervention. — The Moderate Republicans and the Reds. — Views of the French Government. — The Capture of Rome. — Insurrection in Paris. — Disappointment of the French Government.

IN this chapter it will be necessary to turn back a few pages in the volume of history, that we may give our readers a consecutive narrative of the causes and results of the intervention of France in behalf of the States of the Church. It is a question upon which the minds of men are greatly divided; the Catholic community being with great unanimity on one side, the Protestant on the other. The writer will content himself in giving simply the historical facts, — facts which well-informed men of both parties will admit to be true. From these facts, each reader can deduce such conclusions as may be in accordance with his predilections.

The pope, Giovanni Mastai, was the second son of Count Mastai Ferretti. His parents were wealthy, and resided in the ancient town of Sinigallia, on the Adriatic, where Giovanni was born on the 13th of May, 1792. As his elder brother inherited the title and the estate, Giovanni entered the army, and became a member of the Pope's Guard. At Rome he fell in love with a beautiful girl named Chiara Colonna. She refused his addresses. His chagrin was so great, that he renounced the world, and entered the church.

He soon became distinguished for his apostolic virtues, his gentleness, and his unbounded charities.*

One of the first acts of the pope, upon the commencement of his reign in 1846, was to issue an act of general amnesty for all political offences. This opened the prison-doors to nearly three thousand captives, many of whom were of distinguished rank. These released captives, in a dense crowd, with their friends, repaired to the Palace of the Quirinal to express their gratitude. The pope appeared upon the balcony to give his blessing to the multitude. Illuminations blazed, and rejoicings were diffused, throughout the whole city. This was on the 18th of July, 1846.

Count Rossi, a man distinguished for his virtues and abilities, was prime-minister of the pope. On the 15th of November, 1848, as he was on his way to the Chamber, a band of assassins, belonging to the Revolutionary party, in broad day, surrounded him, and plunged their daggers into his heart. The papal government was so weak, that this one assassination seems to have annihilated it. The deputies in the Chamber, each thinking that he was marked for assassination, fled in dismay. The triumphant revolutionary clubs in Rome, taking advantage of the consternation, prepared to force a revolutionary government upon the pope.

The pontifical territory then consisted of nineteen States, embracing seventeen thousand square miles, and a population of about three millions. A few hundred adventurers in Rome, armed to the teeth, without consulting these millions, endeavored to force their views of government upon them.

The day after the assassination, several hundred of these desperadoes, followed by an immense crowd, marched to the Palace of the Quirinal with a list of several of their partisans, whom they demanded that the pope should appoint as his ministers. The Swiss Guard, one hundred in number, closed the gates against them. With cannon and musketry the gates were blown open, and a prelate was shot in the ante-

* Italy and the War of 1859, p. 266.

chamber of the pope. The delegation broke into the chamber of the pontiff, and, with loud menaces, compelled him to sign their appointments.

The pope was now a prisoner in his palace, and powerless. Through the assistance of the Bavarian minister, Count Spaur, he effected his escape. The count obtained passports for two fictitious personages, — Dr. Kann and lady from Munich. The pope represented the doctor; the countess assumed to be the doctor's wife; while the count himself mounted the box as a servant. Under this guise, in the carriage of the Bavarian minister, the fugitives reached Gaëta, the first town on the Neapolitan frontier. Rome was thus left in the hands of the revolutionists. These events took place in November, 1848, one month before the election of Louis Napoleon as President of the French Republic. General Cavaignac was at that time dictator of France.

It was manifest to all reflecting men that the revolutionists were acting insanely, even upon the admission that their motives were right, and that the results at which they aimed would be beneficial if accomplished. Count Rossi, whom they had assassinated, was the sincere friend of reform. He knew perfectly well, that, even if there were entire unanimity in the Papal States in favor of reform, Austria would instantly send in an army, and crush out every vestige of revolution. What could three millions do to resist thirty millions? Moreover, it was not improbable that the friends of revolution, even in Italy, were decidedly in the minority. In an earnest appeal to the insurgents, Count Rossi said, —

"What do you propose to yourselves by your incessant provocations against Austria? It is not threatening you. It confines itself to the limits which the treaties have assigned. Is it a war of independence which you would invoke? Let us, then, calculate your forces. You have sixty thousand regular troops in Piedmont,* and not a man more You speak of the enthusiasm of the Italian populations. I

* It is to be remembered that this was before the emancipation of Sardinia by the aid of France. The insurgents probably hoped the patriots all over Italy would rise against Austria.

know them. Traverse the provinces from end to end: see if a heart beats, if a man moves, if an arm is ready to commence the fight. The Piedmontese once beaten, the Austrians may go from Reggio to Calabria without meeting a single Italian.

"I understand you: you will apply to France! A fine result, truly, of the war of independence, — to bring foreign armies upon your soil! The Austrians and the French fighting on Italian soil! — is not that your eternal, your lamentable history? You would be independent? France is so already. France is not a corporal in the service of Italy. She makes war when and for whom she pleases. She neither puts her standards nor her battalions at the disposal of any one else." *

The impulsive revolutionists did not need this warning. It was alarmingly manifest to General Cavaignac and the dictatorial government in France that Austria would instantly intervene, not to aid the Romans in the establishment of a republic, but to reseat the pope upon his throne, and to surround him with such influences as to render any essential popular reform hereafter impossible. The pope, being thus under supreme obligation to the Austrians, regaining and holding his power under the protection of the Austrian armies, would be the intimate ally of Austria in enforcing absolutist principles throughout Europe, and in frowning down every movement for popular reform.

Thus the papal power, which is decidedly the greatest moral power in the world, controlling the consciences of two hundred millions of people, would be held in entire subservience to Austria. France, struggling to throw off the fetters of the old *régimes*, could not but regard this immense ascendency of Austria with alarm. It was certain that Austria would thus move. She was already marshalling her armies with that intent. All the Catholics in Rome, friends of the pope, would welcome these troops as deliverers. The result could not be doubtful.

Under these circumstances, General Cavaignac, as dictator,

* D'Hausonville, vol. ii. p. 521.

acting in behalf of Catholic France, immediately despatched three steam-frigates to Civita Vecchia to take the holy father under the protection of the French government. It was a political movement, in order that the papal government might be brought under the influence of the liberal policy of France, rather than under the domination of the absolutism of Austria. The commander of the expedition was left much to his own discretion in reference to the detail of operations; while he was authorized to rescue the pope, and to convey him to France if he would accept French hospitality.

Though General Cavaignac was at this time dictator, France was nominally a republic, and measures were in progress for the organization of a new government on the principles of republicanism. Still, in the republican ranks, there were two parties, — the Moderates, and the Radicals, or Reds, — who were bitterly hostile to each other. The Reds hoped that this military expedition would exert all its influence to establish a republic in Rome. The Moderates feared that this decisive action would alarm all the courts in Europe; that it would be regarded as a proclamation that the French republic was devoting itself to the propagation of revolutionary principles, seeking the overthrow of every throne; and that this would array, as in the days of Napoleon I., all the monarchies of Europe against republican France. On a debate upon this question in the French Chambers, M. Barrot said, —

"If we allow Austria time to go to the Eternal City, it will be, in the first place, a very serious injury to French influence in Italy. It will also insure the re-establishment of absolutism at Rome as in the time of Gregory XVI. Let us, then, intervene ourselves, that the cabinet of Vienna may not acquire an undue influence in Italy, and that we may prove a safeguard to Roman liberty." *

Protestants generally are not aware of the degree of veneration with which the pope is regarded by members of the Roman-Catholic Church. The Abbé J. H. Mignon writes, —

* MM. Gallix et Guy, p. 197.

"There is one name which my lips never pronounce but with profound veneration. It recalls to me in my mature years, as in my more tender youth, the power and the goodness of Christ visibly represented on earth; and the day in which that name shall fall upon my ear, without awakening in me filial respect, I shall believe that an impious thought has come to succeed in the depths of my soul that pure faith which I have imbibed with my mother's milk. This name is that of the pope." *

It is estimated that the Catholic communion in Europe numbers over two hundred millions. The government of a Catholic country which should ignore a sentiment so profound and so widely disseminated would be insane.

Soon after this, France, with great unanimity, elected Louis Napoleon — the grandson of Josephine, and the son of Louis Bonaparte and of Hortense — president of the newly-formed republic. The difficulties and embarrassments which surrounded the new government were of the most formidable kind.

"It was true that Louis Napoleon had many a stormy element to encounter; had to pass all the quicksands and shoals of Parisian capriciousness; to set upon and subdue the boisterous, bloody mountain; to bring order out of the chaos of revolution; to quiet the minds of the people of France, and re-assure them that there was sufficient stability, conservatism, and virtue in society to preserve it. He managed this so steadily as to elicit confidence, excite hope, and rally around himself those who desired domestic peace, the preservation of property, and the protection of life. His name, amid all the wild tumults of the two-years' presidency, loomed up as a landmark of safety, breakwater against the angry waves of discord, a symbol of future solidity and rest." †

At the time that Louis Napoleon was elected president, the pope was still a fugitive at Gaëta, and the French steamers had accomplished nothing. The pope had transferred

* Projet de Solution de la Question Romaine, par l'Abbe J. H. Mignon.
† Italy and the War of 1859, p. 89.

his court from Rome to Gaëta. The pontifical government was still recognized by all Europe, and the ambassadors of all the foreign courts had followed the pontiff to his retreat. The leaders of the insurrection in Rome were generally avowed unbelievers in Christianity, revilers of all religion. As such, they were very obnoxious to the Catholics throughout Europe. It was denied that they represented the opinions of the Roman people, but that they and their followers were desperate men, who from all parts of Europe had flocked to Rome, allured by the attractions of that license and plunder which revolutions ever afford. Austria had already gathered a powerful army, which was just ready to move to replace the pope upon his throne in the Vatican.

The president of the French republic immediately sent General Oudinot, with a detachment of three thousand five hundred men, to Civita Vecchia. The expedition sailed from Toulon, and entered the harbor of Civita Vecchia on the 25th of April, 1849. As the troops disembarked, General Oudinot issued the following proclamation: —

"Inhabitants of the Roman States! a French army corps has landed upon your territory. It is not its object to exercise an oppressive influence, or to impose upon you a government not conformed to your wishes. The corps comes only to preserve you from the greatest misfortunes, and to facilitate, if it can, the establishment of a *régime* equally separated from the abuses forever destroyed by the illustrious Pius IX., and from the anarchy of these last times."

The revolutionary assembly at Rome feared that the expedition imperilled the revolutionary government which it had adopted, and that the restoration of the pope would prove the overthrow of the republic. It called that government a republic which was established without any appeal to the suffrages of the people of the Roman States, and probably in opposition to their wishes. The revolutionary government accordingly closed the gates of Rome, manned the forts and ramparts, and opened fire upon the approaching columns of Oudinot. After a pretty severe battle, the

French were driven back with considerable loss. Re-enforcements were immediately despatched to General Oudinot; and in a letter to him, dated the 8th of May, 1849, the president wrote, —

"The intelligence announcing the unforeseen resistance you have met under the walls of Rome has given me much pain. I had expected that the inhabitants of Rome, opening their eyes to evident reason, would receive with joy an army that came amongst them to accomplish a benevolent and disinterested mission."

In the first message of the president of the French republic to the Corps Législatif we find the following statement of the motives which led to the intervention: —

"At Rome, a revolution has been effected which deeply moved the Catholic and the liberal world. During the last two years, we have seen in the Holy See a pontiff who has taken the initiative in useful reforms, and whose name, repeated in hymns of gratitude from one end of Italy to another, was the symbol of liberty, and the pledge of all hopes; when suddenly it was heard with astonishment, that that sovereign, lately the idol of his people, had been constrained to fly furtively from his capitol.

"The acts of aggression which compelled Pius IX. to leave Rome, appear, in the eyes of Europe, to be the work of a conspiracy, rather than the spontaneous movement of a people who could not, in a moment, have passed from the most lively enthusiasm to the most afflictive ingratitude. The Catholic powers sent ambassadors to Gaëta to deliberate upon the important interests of the papacy. France was represented there. She listened to all parties without taking sides. Austria, in concert with Naples, responding to an appeal from the Holy Father, notified the French government that these two powers had decided to march upon Rome, to re-establish there unconditionally the authority of the pope.

"Being thus obliged to take some action, there were but three courses which we could pursue, — either to oppose by

arms all intervention (and in that case we should break with all Catholic Europe) for the sole interest of the Roman republic, which we have not recognized; or to leave the three coalesced powers * to re-establish at their pleasure, and unconditionally, the papal authority; or to exercise, of our own accord, direct and independent action.

"The government of the republic adopted the latter course. It seemed to us easy to satisfy the Romans; that, pressed on all sides, they had no chance of safety but from us; that, if our presence had for its result the return of Pius IX., that sovereign, faithful to himself, would take back with him reconciliation and liberty; that we, being once at Rome, would guarantee the integrity of the territory by taking away from Austria all pretext for entering Romagna. We even hoped that our flag, planted without resistance in the centre of Italy, would have extended its protective influence over the whole of the peninsula, to none of whose griefs can we ever be indifferent.

"Our expeditionary corps, small in numbers, since serious resistance had not been anticipated, disembarked at Civita Vecchia; and the government is instructed, that if, on the same day, it could have arrived at Rome, the gates would have been thrown open with joy. But, while General Oudinot was notifying the government at Rome of his arrival, Garibaldi entered there at the head of troops formed of refugees from all parts of Italy, and even from the rest of Europe. His presence, as may be imagined, increased suddenly the force of the party of resistance.

"On the 30th of April, six thousand of our soldiers presented themselves before the walls of Rome. They were received with cannon-shot. Some even, drawn into a snare, were taken prisoners. We all must mourn over the blood shed on that sad day.† That unexpected conflict, without

* Austria, Naples, and Spain which had also joined the coalition.

† "In this untoward affair, the French lost four officers and one hundred and eighty men killed, eleven officers and four hundred men wounded, and eleven officers and five hundred and sixty men made prisoners; while the entire loss on the side of the Romans was only three hundred and twenty." — *Ann Hist.*, 1849. p. 628.

changing the final accomplishment of our enterprise, has paralyzed our kind intentions, and rendered vain the efforts of our negotiators.

General Oudinot repaired to Palos to await re-enforcements. Soon eight regiments of infantry, one of cavalry, and a train of artillery, reached him. In the mean time, a united army of Austrians, Neapolitans, and Spaniards, fifteen thousand in number, were advancing upon Rome. General Oudinot declining any co-operation with these forces, and being then at the head of twenty-eight thousand men with ninety pieces of artillery, marched to Rome, and, on the 2d of June, commenced the siege of the city. The assault was conducted in such a way as not to imperil the inestimable treasures of art with which the city abounded. In the instructions sent to General Oudinot, there was written, —

"The President wishes that the monuments of Rome, which are the admiration of all civilized people, should be honored and protected. Act so that art and history may not have occasion to deplore the ravages inseparable from a siege. If you are forced to carry the city by assault, remind your soldiers that they are not at war with the inhabitants of Rome, but with their oppressors and their enemies. Burn more powder if necessary. Put off the capture of the city a day or two to spare the blood of our brave soldiers."

The executive government at Rome consisted essentially of three men, — Mazzini, Annelini, and Saffi. Before commencing the siege, the French government sent a commission to the triumvirate, stating that, should France withdraw, Austria would inevitably and immediately occupy Rome; that French protection would secure equal rights for all; and that Austrian domination would inevitably doom Italy to civil and ecclesiastical absolutism.

These representations produced no apparent effect upon the revolutionary party at Rome. They strengthened the fortifications, mounted heavy pieces of artillery, and prepared for a vigorous defence. There were twenty thousand

armed men within the walls, with two hundred pieces of artillery and an ample supply of ammunition. It was hoped, that, by prolonging the defence until fall, the malaria of the Campagna would prove more fatal than bullet or sword, and would either destroy the besiegers, or put them to flight.

Early in June, General Oudinot, at the head of twenty-eight thousand men, and with ninety pieces of artillery, again approached the walls of Rome. The siege and the defence were conducted alike with great energy. The French were embarrassed in their operations by their great desire to avoid injuring any of the monuments of antiquity with which the city abounded. The siege commenced on the 2d of June. On the 2d of July, a practical breach was made. At three o'clock in the morning an advance bastion was carried by assault, and the French were in possession of the city. They immediately proclaimed the re-establishment of the papal authority under the protection of France. The triumvirate, with five thousand men, fled from the city at midnight, after having issued the following proclamation:—

"Romans! in the darkness of the night, by means of treason, the enemy has set foot on the breach. Arise, ye people, in your might! Destroy him! Fill the breach with his carcasses! Blast the enemy, the accursed of God, who dare touch the sacred walls of Rome! While Oudinot resorts to this infamous act, France rises up, and recalls its troops from this work of invasion. One more effort, Romans, and your country is saved forever. Rome, by its constancy, regenerates all Europe. In the name of your fathers, in the name of your future hopes, arise, and give battle! Arise, and conquer! One prayer to the God of battles, one thought to your faithful brethren, one hand to your arms! Every man becomes a hero. This day decides the fate of Rome and of the republic. "MAZZINI, ANNELINI, SAFFI."

It will be noticed, that in this spirited proclamation, scarcely appropriate, indeed, for men under full flight, there was the declaration that "France rises up, and recalls her troops

from this invasion." Though the republic was established in France, there was a class, more radically democratic, who were violently opposed to its moderate measures; who insisted upon a government more thoroughly democratic; and that France, with her armies, should immediately proclaim war against every throne, and engage in the propagandism of revolutionary principles throughout all Europe. In the preamble to the French constitution which the Assembly had drawn up, it was declared, —

"The republic respects all foreign nationalities in the same manner as she expects her own to be respected. She undertakes no war with the idea of personal aggrandizement, and will never employ her strength against the liberty of any nation."

This declaration was exceedingly offensive to the "Red Republicans," as they were called. They endeavored in every way to promote insurrection in Paris, hoping to overthrow the republic, to establish the reign of radical democracy in France, and then to aid vigorously in establishing a similar government in Rome and in all the capitals of Europe. These radical democrats were divided into many antagonistic parties, but all united in a common sentiment of hostility to the existing republic. The clubs and the opposition newspapers in Paris were loud in their condemnation of French intervention in favor of the reigning pontiff.

"The minister," exclaimed Ledru Rollin in the Assembly, "who ordered an expedition to Rome, and who did not direct it to act for the interest of the Roman republic, shall henceforth bear a mark of blood on his forehead."

While the leaders of the clubs were striving to excite insurrection in the streets of Paris, M. Ledru Rollin presented in the Assembly, on the 10th of June, an act of accusation against the president and the ministry. But this very Assembly had voted to send the expedition to Rome, and to furnish the supplies. The act was promptly rejected by a large majority. The conspirators then resorted to the terrors of insurrection.

On the morning of the 13th of June, 1849, an immense concourse, composed of the lowest classes and the most desperate characters in Paris, began to gather on the boulevard near the Château d'Eau. The throng soon assumed so menacing an aspect, that all Paris was thrown into a state of alarm. It was observed that the whole body of the socialists, marching from their various clubs, were in the ranks. As in a tumultuous throng, armed with all sorts of weapons, they advanced towards the Chamber of Deputies, they shouted, "We are going to finish with Bonaparte and the National Assembly!" The following placard was posted throughout the streets: —

"The president of the republic, and the ministers, are without the pale of the constitution. That part of the Assembly which, by voting, has rendered itself their accomplice, is also without the pale of the constitution. National Guards, arise! Let the workshops be closed! Our brethren of the army remember that you are citizens, and, as such, that your first duty is to defend the constitution. Let the entire people rise!" *

General Changarnier, who was in command of the military force of Paris, quietly took his station with five regiments of infantry and cavalry in the Rue de Richelieu. When about one-half of the column of the insurgents had passed along the boulevards, he issued from his retreat, and, falling upon the flank of the struggling mass, easily cut it in two. Then wheeling to the right and left, with his troops rapidly coming up from the rear, he advanced in both directions at the *pas de charge*. The insurgents, terror-stricken, fled in all directions. Not a bullet was fired; not a sabre was crimsoned with blood. In a few moments, the streets were cleared. It was so adroitly done, that shouts of derisive laughter echoed through the streets of Paris at the expense of the discomfited insurgents.

The conspirators were so sure that they should succeed in

* Histoire Politique et Populaire du Prince Louis Napoléon. par Émile Marco de St. Hilaire, p. 280.

dispersing the Assembly, and in overthrowing the government, that their leaders had met, twenty-five in number, with Ledru Rollin at their head, in the Conservatoire des Arts et des Métiers, in the Rue St. Martin, to organize a provisional government. When they learned that the mob was dispersed, and that the troops were near the door, they leaped from the windows, and fled in all directions. Ledru Rollin succeeded in escaping to England.*

At four o'clock in the afternoon no vestiges of the *émeute* could anywhere be found. The president, with his staff, rode along the whole length of the boulevards, loudly cheered by the people, who were rejoiced in being thus easily rescued from the horrors of insurrection.

This utter failure of the socialistic and radical democratic factions to overthrow the government greatly strengthened the arm of legitimate power. Though the success of the French army at Rome re-established the authority of Pius IX., he did not immediately return to the city, but intrusted the government to three cardinals. These ecclesiastics were all strong advocates of the old civil and religious despotism. With their passions roused by the outrages committed by the insurgents, they immediately introduced measures of antagonism to all those reforms which the pope had inaugurated. When the president of the French republic was informed of this, he sent the following despatch to Colonel Ney, his orderly-officer at Rome: —

"The French republic has not sent an army to Rome to smother Italian liberty, but, on the contrary, to regulate it by defending it from its own excesses, and to give it a solid basis by restoring to the pontifical throne the prince who had boldly placed himself at the head of all useful reform. I learn with pain that the intentions of the holy father, and our own action, remain sterile in the presence of hostile passions and influences. As a basis for the pope's return, there are those who wish for proscription and tyranny. Say

* Moniteur, June 14, 1849.

to General Rostolan from me, that he is to allow no action to be performed, under the shadow of the tricolor, that could distort the nature of our intervention. I thus sum up the re-establishment of the temporal power of the pope, — *general amnesty, secularization of the administration, Code Napoléon, and liberal government.*"

The pope, Pius IX., exasperated by the rude treatment he had received from the Revolutionary party, many of whom were the open revilers of all religion, had thoroughly renounced the liberal opinions which he had formerly advocated, and was turning to Austrian despotism for sympathy and support.

The pontiff was, by universal admission, naturally a sincere, kind-hearted man, honestly seeking to promote the welfare of his realms. "Mild and affectionate in disposition, averse to violence, having a horror of blood, he aspired only to make himself loved; and he thought that all the objects of social reform might be attained by this blessed influence.

"His information, both in regard to his own and neighboring countries, was considerable; and he was animated with a sincere desire to bring up Italy, by pacific means, to a level with those countries which had recently so much outstripped it in liberty, literature, and social progress. Unfortunately, he wanted one quality which rendered all the rest of no avail, or rather rendered them the instruments of evil: he was destitute of firmness, and, like most ecclesiastics, had no acquaintance with mankind.

"He thought he would succeed in ruling men, and directing the social movement which he saw was inevitable, by appealing only to the humane and generous feeling; forgetting that the violent and selfish are incessantly acting, and that, unless they are firmly restrained, the movement will soon be perverted to objects of rapine and spoliation. Experience soon taught him this; and, in consequence, he was forced into the hands of the other party, became the opponent of progress, and acquired the character of vacilla-

tion and inconsistency. Kind and benevolent, but weak and inexperienced, he was the man of all others best fitted to inaugurate, and least to direct or restrain, a revolution." *

The emperor of the French, having rescued the pope from revolutionary violence, and replaced him upon his throne, was much disappointed to find him turning against those reforms for the promotion of which France had interposed in his favor. The emperor wrote to the pope, urging him to grant those reforms which the welfare of his States so imperiously demanded.

"I entreat your holiness," wrote the emperor, "to listen to the voice of a devoted son of the church, but who comprehends the necessities of his epoch, and who perceives that brutal force is not sufficient to resolve questions and to remove difficulties. I see in the decisions of your holiness either the germ of a future of glory and of tranquillity, or the sure continuance of violence and calamity."

The priestly court of Rome was not at all disposed to co-operate with the emperor of the French in his endeavors to popularize the papal government. It opposed all reform. The Austrian princes, whom the treaties of 1815 had imposed upon the people of the dismembered Italian States, had fled before the uprising of the people. The question of Italian confederacy, or of Italian unity, was everywhere agitated. The pope still retained his throne. He was maintained there by French troops. All the Catholic powers, and apparently all the leading Catholic laymen, in Europe, like Thiers, were agreed in the opinion, that it would not be consistent with the interests of Europe that Victor Emanuel, or Francis Joseph, or any other sovereign, should be permitted to annex the papal territory to his dominions, and thus compel the holy father to become his subject.

"The only possible security for the independence of the pope," said M. Thiers, "is the temporal sovereignty."

A very able writer, in a pamphlet entitled "Le Pape et le

* History of Europe, by Sir Archibald Alison, vol. viii. p. 205.

Congrès," says, "In a political point of view, it is necessary that the chief of two hundred millions of Catholics should not belong to any person; that he should not be subordinate to any power; and that the august hand which governs souls, not being bound by any dependence, should be able to raise itself above all human passions.

"If the pope were not an independent sovereign, he would be a Frenchman, an Austrian, a Spaniard, an Italian; and the title of his nationality would take from him his character of universal pontiff. The Holy See would be nothing but the support of a throne at Paris, at Vienna, at Madrid."

Thus the Roman question became one of the most embarrassing which had as yet arisen in Europe. How could there be a united Italy, cut in two by the Papal States, with Rome, the natural capital of Italy, the metropolis of the realms of the pope? By what right could Sardinia, Naples, and Venetia seize upon the realms of the pope, and annex them to their united realms? The possessions of the pope were sanctified by centuries. No one denied that he had as good a title to his throne as any other sovereign whatever. The fact that he was the head of the Catholic Church no more interfered with his temporal rights as a sovereign, it was said, than Queen Victoria's rights are annulled by her being the head of the Church of England, or than the rights of the Czar of Russia are impaired by his being the recognized head of the Greek Church. And again it was asked, "How is it possible to deprive the pope of his possessions, and thus of his legitimate revenues, without sinking him into subserviency to a master, and thus destroying all possibility of independent action?" Thus it will be seen that the Roman question became one of exceeding difficulty and delicacy.

CHAPTER XXXII.

ITALIAN UNITY.

Striking Views of Napoleon I. — Object of the Congress of Vienna. — The Carbonari. — Letter to the Pope. — Louis Napoleon in Italy. — His Narrow Escape. — Letter from Mr. Morse. — Insurrections quelled. — Magenta and Solferino. — Peace of Villafranca. — Venetia not liberated; and why. — Views of M. Thiers. — Fidelity of Louis Napoleon to the Italians. — Address to the Corps Législatif. — The Papal States. — Difficulty of the Question. — Speech of Prince Napoleon. — Views of the Emperor. — Important Letter from the Emperor.

THE following record of historical facts will give the reader an idea of the complications and perplexities with which the question of Italian unity has been surrounded; a question which still agitates Catholics and Protestants alike, and which threatens the peace of Europe. The writer will endeavor to make an impartial presentation of facts, sustained beyond all doubt by documentary evidence.

Las Casas reports the Emperor Napoleon I. as saying to him at St. Helena on the eleventh day of November, 1816, "One of my great plans was the rejoining, the concentration, of those same geographical nations which have been disunited and parcelled out by revolution and policy. There are dispersed in Europe upwards of thirty millions of French, fifteen millions of Spaniards, fifteen millions of Italians, and thirty millions of Germans. It was my intention to incorporate these several millions of peoples each into one nation. It would have been a noble thing to have advanced into posterity with such a train, and attended by the blessings of future ages. I felt myself worthy of this glory.

"In this state of things, there would have been some chance of establishing in every country a unity of codes

of principles, of opinions, of sentiments, of views and interests. Then perhaps, by the universal diffusion of knowledge, one might have thought of attempting, in the great European family, the application of the American Congress, or of the Amphictyons of Greece. What a perspective of power, grandeur, happiness, and prosperity, would thus have appeared!

"The concentration of thirty or forty millions of Frenchmen was completed and perfected; that of fifteen millions of Spaniards was nearly accomplished. Three or four years would have restored the Spaniards to profound peace and brilliant prosperity. They would have become a compact nation: and I should have well deserved their gratitude; for I should have saved them from the tyranny with which they are now oppressed, and from the terrible agitations which await them.

"With regard to the fifteen millions of Italians, their concentration was already far advanced. We only wanted maturity. The people were daily becoming more established in the unity of principles and of legislation, and also in the unity of thought and feeling, that certain and infallible cement of human concentration. The union of Piedmont to France, and the junction of Parma, Tuscany, and Rome, were, in my mind, only temporary measures, intended merely to guarantee and promote the national education of the Italians.

"All the south of Europe would soon have been rendered compact in point of locality, views, opinions, sentiments, and interests. The concentration of the Germans must have been effected more gradually; and therefore I had done no more than simplify their monstrous complication. How happens it that no German prince has yet formed a just notion of the spirit of his nation, and turned it to good account? Certainly, if Heaven had made me a prince of Germany, I should infallibly have governed the thirty millions of Germans combined.

"*At all events, this concentration will certainly be brought*

about, sooner or later, by the very force of events. The impulse is given; and I think, that since my fall, and the destruction of my system, no grand equilibrium can possibly be established in Europe, except by the concentration of the *principal nationalities.* The sovereign who, in the first great conflict, shall sincerely embrace the cause of the people, will find himself at the head of all Europe, and may attempt whatever he pleases." *

The great object of the Congress of Vienna, upon the downfall of Napoleon in 1815, was so to dismember and reconstruct Europe as to hold its peoples in entire subjection to the feudal kings. Italy was, therefore, by the allies, cut up into fragments, and so parcelled out as to render any rising of the people in favor of popular rights almost impossible.

I have already given an account of the manner in which the kingdom of Italy, as organized by the first Napoleon, was dismembered by the allies at the Congress of Vienna, and parcelled out among the princes of Austria.

The whole of Italy, with the exception of Sardinia, was virtually cut up into provinces of the Austrian Empire.

The Italian people were exasperated in being thus handed over, bound hand and foot, to Austria. A secret society was organized, called the Carbonari, to rescue Italy from Austrian sway. The society spread with unprecedented rapidity. It is said that during the month of March, 1820, six hundred and fifty thousand members were admitted.† In the month of July, 1820, the insurrection burst forth in Naples, and almost simultaneously in the Papal States, in Sardinia, and in other parts of Italy.

Austria, Russia, and Prussia had entered into a "holy alliance" to march their armies to crush any uprising of the people in either of their realms, — "a convention," writes Lord Brougham, "for the enslavement of mankind under the mask of piety and religion."

* Napoleon at St. Helena, by John S. C. Abbott, pp. 272, 273.

† See Enc. Am., article "Carbonari;" also Alison's Hist. of Eu., vol. ii. p. 183.

The whole military force of these three monarchies was immediately put in motion for the re-enslavement of Italy. The tempest of war burst first upon Naples. The banners of liberty were speedily trampled in the dust; the bands of freedom were bloodily annihilated; and the leading patriots were sent to the galleys, shot, or hanged. In Sardinia, the same scenes of blood and woe were enacted. Throughout Italy, the popular cause was utterly crushed. Terrible scenes of confiscations and executions ensued. Forty thousand Austrian troops were garrisoned in Sardinia to hold the little realm in subjection.

Still the members of the Carbonari were active. For ten years the volcanic fires were gathering for a new irruption. The overthrow of Charles X., and the enthronement of Louis Philippe, aroused the popular party all over Europe. Louis Napoleon, then a young man twenty-two years of age, residing with his mother at Arenemberg, in Switzerland, had, with his elder brother, joined the Carbonari. He attended a secret meeting in Rome to consult for the liberation of Italy. The pontifical government, dreading his name and influence, arrested him, and sent him, under an escort of mounted troops, out of the papal dominions.

He repaired to Florence, where he met his elder brother, who was residing with his father there. Both of the young men joined the patriots. Hortense, well aware of the power of Austria, and trembling for the safety of her sons, wrote to them, entreating them not to engage in so hopeless a cause. In Louis Napoleon's reply to his mother, he wrote, —

"Your affectionate heart will understand our determination. We have contracted engagements which we cannot break. Can we remain deaf to the voice of the unfortunate who call to us? We bear a name which obliges us to listen."

The armies of Austria, Russia, and Prussia, were immediately on the move. The name which Louis Napoleon bore, his rank, and the reputation he had already acquired as a man of ability, gave him a commanding position in the

patriot ranks. Under these circumstances, he wrote a letter to the pope.

The importance of this letter — the light which it throws upon the nature of the conflict at that time, and upon the views of the writer, whose subsequent career has arrested the attention of the whole civilized world — demands its insertion in full. This letter was written from the camp of the revolted States, at Terni, in the spring of 1831. It was sent to the then reigning pontiff, Gregory XVI., by the hands of M. le Baron de Stoelting. The baron was returning to Rome, having brought the young prince a letter from his uncle Jerome, then residing in the Holy City, and who had endeavored to persuade his nephews to withdraw from the conflict.

"Very Holy Father, — M. the Baron of Stoelting, who has brought to me at Terni a letter from my uncle, Prince Jerome, will inform your holiness of the true situation of things here. He has told me that you were grieved to learn that we were in the midst of those who have revolted against the temporal power of the court of Rome. I take the liberty to write a word to your holiness to open to him my heart, and to enable him to hear language to which he is not accustomed; for I am sure that the true state of things is concealed from him. Since I have found myself in the midst of the revolted States, I have been able to assure myself of the feeling which animates all hearts. The people desire laws and a national representation; they desire to be on a level with the other nations of Europe, — to be equal to the epoch.

"They fear anarchy, and it will not appear; for every one, even to the humblest workman, is fully persuaded that there is no more happiness for men under the reign of anarchy than under the reign of despotism and oppression.

"If all the sovereign pontiffs had been animated with the evangelical spirit which they assure me would have guided your holiness if he had been elected in a tranquil period,

the people, less oppressed, less suffering, would not, perhaps, have been united with those enlightened parties, who, for a long time, have cast eyes of envy upon the condition of France and England.

"Religion is everywhere respected. The priests, the monks even, have nothing to fear. The Romagnols especially are intoxicated with liberty. They arrived this evening at Terni; and I render them this justice, that in the cries which they continually raise there is never one against the person of the chief of religion. This is due to the chiefs, who are everywhere men the most highly esteemed, and who on all occasions express their attachment for religion with as much force as their desire for a change in the temporal government.

"The kindness of your holiness to my family constrains me to inform him, and I can assure him upon my honor, that the forces organized, which are advancing upon Rome, are invincible.* The chiefs and soldiers are well appointed; but they are far from wishing to do any thing which is dishonorable. I shall be too happy if your holiness will deign to reply to me.

"It is bold in me, since I am nothing, to dare to write to your holiness; but I hope to be useful to him. It is the manifest and decided wish that the temporal power should be separated from the spiritual. But your holiness is beloved; and it is generally believed that your holiness would consent to remain at Rome, with his riches, his Swiss, the Vatican, and permit a provisional government to be formed for temporal affairs.

"I declare the truth upon my oath; and I entreat your holiness to believe that I have no ambitious view. My heart could not remain insensible in view of the people, in view of the prisoners released from Civita Castellana, who were everywhere embraced and covered with tears

* This was true so far as the papal government had any powers of resistance; but the armies of the Holy Alliance poured into Italy, sweeping all opposition before them.

of joy. The unhappy creatures! Many of them almost died of joy, so much were they enfeebled, so much have they been maltreated; but that was not under the pontificate of your holiness.

"It only remains for me to assure your holiness that all my efforts are directed towards the general good. I know not what reports have been made to your holiness: but I can give the assurance that I have heard nearly all the young people say, even the least moderate, that, if Gregory XVI. would renounce the temporal sovereignty, they would adore him; that they would themselves become the most firm supporters of a religion purified by a great hope, and which has for its foundation the book, the most liberal that exists, — the Divine Gospel.

"Louis Napoleon Bonaparte." *

The Austrian armies, with the armies of Russia and Prussia hastening to re-enforce them, again swept resistlessly over Italy; and the patriot bands were slaughtered mercilessly. The Austrian authorities eagerly sought for the two princes who bore the name of Bonaparte. A price was placed upon their heads. Hortense, with a mother's love, hastened to the rescue of her sons. She found the eldest dead at Forli from the fatigues of the campaign. Louis Napoleon was also dangerously sick with a burning fever. Hortense, disguising her only surviving son as a servant, succeeded in effecting his escape through a thousand perils to France, and thence to England. Thus terminated the second attempt for the emancipation of Italy.

Our distinguished fellow-countryman, Samuel F. B. Morse, chanced to be in Italy at this time. He has kindly furnished me with the following account of his personal acquaintance with some of those scenes which I am here recording: —

"It was in the spring of 1831 that I left Rome for Flor-

* Le Gouvernement Temporal des Papes, juge par la Diplomatie Française, pp. 151, 152.

ence, in the midst of the attempted Italian revolution of that year. My companions, besides two English gentlemen, were two Americans, — Lieutenant Williams of the army, afterwards an aide to General Scott, and killed at Monterey in our war with Mexico; and Mr. Cranch, son of Judge Cranch of Washington. Both of them, as well as I, had been students of art in Rome.

"The day we left Rome was an exciting and eventful one to us. In the morning, we were at the headquarters of the papal army at Civita Castellana; and in the evening, having passed over the interval between the two armies, we arrived at the headquarters of the Bolognese or Revolutionary army at Terni. We arrived at dark at the post-house, which was the headquarters of General Cercognani, who, being apprised that a party of Americans had arrived from Rome, invited us to share the accommodations of the post-house with him and his staff.

"While at supper, the general introduced us to a courteous gentleman as the Baron Stettin, who, speaking English fluently, and having travelled extensively in the United States, made our evening pass very pleasantly. After conversing on a great variety of subjects, he said to me, —

"'You are perhaps surprised to find me here at the headquarters of a revolutionary general.'

"I replied, that, knowing his antecedents, there certainly was some mystery in the fact.

"'Well,' said he, 'I will tell you why I am here. The two sons of the late king of Holland, Louis Bonaparte, are here; and their friends, anxious lest they should compromise their position, have sent me to persuade them to return.'

"I, of course, manifested the surprise I felt in common with my companions. We could not but applaud the devotion and daring of the noble young men for a cause which appealed so strongly to all our sympathies for the long-oppressed Italians; and we could not but secretly hope that our courteous friend the baron might not be successful in his mission. So strongly were our sympathies aroused in

favor of the Italian uprising, that our enthusiastic military companion, Lieutenant Williams, proposed to leave us to pursue our journey to Florence alone, while he offered his services to the commanding-general; and it was with difficulty that he was reasoned out of his determination, so suddenly formed from the impulse of a brave and generous heart.

"We left in the morning; and, on our arrival at Florence, we found that our intercourse at the headquarters at Terni had compromised us with the authorities, and we were peremptorily ordered to quit Florence in twenty-four hours. After much vexatious negotiation with our consul, we were found to be harmless artists, intent on study and the arts of peace, and not on revolution. We were then permitted to stay some months under close surveillance. It is needless to say that this attempt at revolution very speedily succumbed to the overwhelming force of Austrian intervention.

"While in Florence, passing one day by the Church of the Trinity, I was attracted by the funeral decorations of the exterior of the church, and, entering, found a lofty and splendid catafalco, upon which were the mortal remains of some distinguished person. On inquiry, I learned that the funeral solemnities were in honor of one of the noble brothers, — the young Bonapartes. The other lives to see his earliest efforts for oppressed Italy crowned with success, and he himself occupying the most brilliant throne in Europe, justly admired for his largeness of soul, and the unsurpassed wisdom of his prosperous administration." *

Queen Hortense, on her heroic journey for the rescue of her sons, met General Amandi, minister of war of the Italian provisional government. He said to her, —

"Your majesty has indeed reason to be proud of being the mother of two such sons. Their whole conduct under these sad circumstances has been a series of noble and courageous actions; and history will remember it."

* This communication was written three years before the disasters of the Franco-Prussian War.

Eighteen years more of grinding oppression passed sadly away until 1848, when the French again rose, and, driving Louis Philippe from the throne and the kingdom, established the republic. These events roused anew the liberal party throughout all Europe. Charles Albert, then king of Sardinia, was the only ruler in Italy who had even the semblance of independence of Austria. Emboldened by the example of France, which had constituted a republic on the basis of universal suffrage and of equal rights for all, he ventured cautiously to commence introducing popular reforms into his kingdom. All over Italy the revolutionary movement burst forth. Again the armies of Austria were on the move, and, in a series of terrible battles, swept the whole Peninsula with billows of fire and blood. Charles Albert, as he fled from the disastrous field of Novara, where his forces had been utterly routed on the 22d of March, 1849, said to General Durando, —

"This is my last day. I have sacrificed myself to the Italian cause. For it I have exposed my life, that of my children, and my throne. I have failed in my object. Since I in vain sought death, I will give myself up as a last sacrifice to my country. I lay down my crown, and abdicate in favor of Victor Emanuel."

Thus ended the third attempt at a popular uprising in Italy. Charles Albert soon died of a broken heart. Two more years passed away, when the empire was re-established in France, and became a power which all Europe was constrained to respect. Count Cavour was prime-minister of Victor Emanuel.

The Sardinian court, after a few years, applied to the imperial government in France to learn if France would aid Sardinia against Austria, should Sardinia enter upon the work of popular reform. The pledge was promptly given. Sardinia cautiously commenced introducing enactments of liberty. Austria remonstrated, declaring that liberty in Sardinia would excite discontent in other parts of Italy. Two hundred and fifty thousand Austrian troops were moved to

the Sardinian frontier. The ambassador of imperial France immediately informed the Austrian court that "France could not look with indifference upon the invasion of Sardinia."

Unintimidated by this menace, the Austrian army, in April, 1859, crossed the Ticino, and commenced its march upon Turin.

It was under these circumstances, as we have already described, that the armies of France were sent to the aid of the Italians. In the great victories of Magenta and Solferino, the Austrians were driven from Sardinia and from Lombardy. And here will the reader pardon me for a little repetition, as I endeavor to present in chronological sequence the efforts which have been made for the emancipation of Italy?

All Italy, in one general burst of enthusiasm, rose against the Austrians, and were flocking to the banners of France and Sardinia.

Dynastic Europe was alarmed. The spirit of the French Revolution of 1789 had risen from its grave. Hungarians and Polanders were grasping their arms. Ireland was exultant that her hour of opportunity had come. Sardinia and France were now pushing triumphantly forward for the liberation of Venetia, that Italy might be free to the Adriatic; that united Italy might be organized into a kingdom upon the basis of universal suffrage and of equal rights for all men.

Under these circumstances, England joined Prussia, as we have mentioned, in an alliance with Austria, to prevent the liberation of Venetia and the unification of Italy. France and Sardinia were informed, that unless they immediately arrested the march of their victorious armies, and left Venetia in the hands of Austria, in accordance with the treaties of 1815, all the military power of both Prussia and England should be brought forward to the aid of Austria. This was an appalling menace. It was certain that all Europe would thus be involved in the most sanguinary of wars. Thus the

liberating army was arrested. The peace of Villafranca, which recognized the liberation of all the rest of Italy, left Venetia in chains.

This intervention and coalition of the dynasties against Italian liberation compelled the French army to return across the Alps, leaving its work but partially accomplished. We have already given the glowing protest of Kossuth against this action on the part of the British government.

The leaders in this Italian revolution were willing, in order that they might disarm monarchical Europe of its hostility, to relinquish the idea of a republic, and to accept monarchical forms imbued with republican institutions. Father Gavazzi, in a letter addressed to the British cabinet, dated Aug. 4, 1860, wrote, —

"We fight for the sole purpose of uniting all Italy under the constitutional sceptre of Victor Emanuel. Let Englishmen repudiate the idea that there is any thing republican in the present movement; since the most ardent advocates of republicanism have sacrificed their views to the great cause of our independence, unity, and constitutional liberties. Be sure, that, if there is no intervention in our fightings, we shall arrive to crown in our capital our dear Victor Emanuel king of Italy."

M. Thiers, and the party which he led in France in opposition to the imperial government, were bitterly opposed to the sympathy which the emperor manifested for struggling Italy. In the celebrated speech of M. Thiers in opposition to both Italian and German unification, before the Corps Législatif, in March, 1867, he said, —

"As for me, when distinguished Italians have spoken to me of unity, I have said to them, 'No, no, never! for my part, I will never consent to it:' and if, at the time when that question came up, I had had the honor to hold in my hands the affairs of France, I would not have consented to it. I will say to you even, that, upon that question (pardon me for being personal), the friendship, very ardent and sin-

cere, which existed between Monsieur Cavour and me, has been interrupted." *

In reference to this subject, an editorial in "The London Times" of December, 1866, says, —

"The Italians have been often unjust to the emperor of the French. They have been hard of belief, impatient, uncharitable. They may henceforth be better disposed to do him justice. They must acknowledge in him their greatest, most unwearied, most generous benefactor. Whatever he may have been to other nations, and to the French themselves, to the Italians the emperor has always been that Louis Napoleon who took up arms for Italy, and against the temporal power, five and thirty years ago. It seems as if some vow made at the bedside of his brother, dying in his arms at Forli at that juncture, swayed Napoleon's mind through life, and bade him go firmly, however slowly, to his goal. In all other measures, in any other home or foreign policy, the emperor had friends and opponents. Of any other good or evil that he may have done, others may share the praise or blame: but the Italian game was played by him single-handed; and the game is won. Throughout all France, in the emperor's cabinet, in his household, Italy had only one friend, — a friend in need, and a friend indeed."

By the peace of Villafranca, which took place in the summer of 1859, all the fragmentary provinces of Italy, excepting Venetia and the States of the Church, were united in one kingdom under Victor Emanuel. The emperor of France had been absent from St. Cloud, upon this Italian campaign, but sixty-seven days. By the general voice of Europe, Napoleon was recognized as the liberator of Italy. But for his aid, Sardinia would have been inevitably crushed by the Austrians. The emperor was greatly disappointed in being compelled to leave Venetia still in the hands of her oppressor. Two days after his return to France, the emperor said, in an address to the great bodies of the state, —

"When, after a prosperous campaign of two months, the

* Moniteur, March 16, 1867.

French and Sardinian army arrived beneath the walls of Verona, the struggle had inevitably changed its nature, both in its military and its political aspects. I was fatally obliged to attack in front an enemy intrenched behind great fortresses, protected against diversion upon his flanks by the neutrality of the territories which surrounded him. And, in commencing the long and sterile war of sieges, I found Europe before me in arms, ready, it might be, to dispute our success; it might be, to aggravate our reverses.

"Nevertheless, the difficulty of the enterprise would not have shaken my resolution if the efforts required had not been out of proportion with the results to be expected. It would have been necessary to resolve boldly to break through the barriers presented by neutral territories, and then to accept the struggle upon the Rhine as well as upon the Adige. It would have been necessary for us to avail ourselves everywhere, openly, of the resources of revolution. It would have been necessary to shed still more of that precious blood which had already too freely flown. In a word, to triumph, it would have been necessary to risk that which it is not permitted for a sovereign to put at hazard, except for the independence of his country.

"If I arrested my steps, it was not in consequence of weariness or exhaustion, nor from an abandonment of the noble cause which I wished to serve, but because in my heart something spoke louder still, — the interests of France.

"Can you, then, believe that it did not cost me something to strike off openly, before Europe, from my programme, the territory which extends from the Mincio to the Adriatic?

"Can you believe that it did not cost me something to see in honest hearts noble illusions destroyed, patriotic hopes dispelled?

"In order to serve Italian independence, I have made war against the will of Europe. As soon as the destinies of my country were imperilled, I made peace.

"Can it now be said that our efforts and our sacrifices have been in mere waste? No! As I said in adieu to my

soldiers, we have right to be proud of our short campaign. In four combats and two battles, a numerous army, which yields not to any organization in bravery, has been vanquished. The king of Piedmont, of old called the 'Guardian of the Alps,' has seen his country delivered from invasion, and the frontiers of his States extended from the Ticino to the Mincio. The idea of Italian nationality has been admitted by those who have most strenuously contended against it. All the sovereigns of the Peninsula comprehend, at length, the imperious necessity for salutary reforms.

"Thus, after having given a new proof of the military power of France, the peace which I have concluded will be fruitful in happy results (the future will more fully reveal them every day) for the happiness of Italy, the influence of France, the repose of Europe." *

When the shrewd Bismarck had matured his ambitious plan of creating in the heart of Europe an immense German empire, with the sceptre in the hands of the king of Prussia, it was essential that German territory should be wrested by war from the dominion of Austria. But this power was stronger in arms than Prussia. Bismarck needed help. Though, under a different policy, he had previously prevented the liberation of Venetia, he now informed Victor Emanuel, that if he would attack Austria upon the south, while Prussia attacked her on the north, Venetia might easily be wrested from Austria, and annexed to Italy. It was purely a selfish policy. It did not pretend to be any thing else. Italy so understood it.

Austria, attacked so fiercely by Prussia in the campaign which was terminated by the awful defeat of Sadowa, found it necessary to withdraw her troops from Venetia. She surrendered the province to France, by whom it was immediately transferred to Italy, which was now free to the Adriatic, with the exception of the States of the Church

* La Politique Impériale, p. 304.

The question was earnestly discussed, whether it were better for Italy to be united in a centralized government like that of England and France, or in a confederacy of States, each independent in its local affairs, but with a national bond of union somewhat similar to that of the United States or of the German confederation. The emperor, while willing to leave the decision of this question entirely to the Italians themselves, freely expressed his opinion that a confederacy would be better for Italy for a time, until the States should be somewhat accustomed to acting together, and until local jealousies and rivalries should be appeased. Lamartine also earnestly advocated this view.*

The princes whom the treaties of 1815 had placed over the several States of dismembered Italy had fled before the uprising of the people, who were now preparing for the new organization of United Italy, either as a confederacy of States, or as a consolidated, centralized kingdom.

The question respecting the *Papal States* now became exceedingly embarrassing, and difficult of solution. There was no monarch in Europe who was better entitled to his realms than the pope. There was no sovereignty more solemnly hallowed by time, and by the recognition, for centuries, of all the courts in Europe, than the papal sovereignty. Neither Victoria nor Alexander nor Francis Joseph could present a more indubitable claim to the crown which each of them wore. The question arose, "What right have Sardinia and Lombardy and Naples and Tuscany and other minor States to unite, and, by the power of their combined armies, seize upon the possessions of the pope, and annex them to their realms? The pope had neither made nor menaced any aggression against them. He had done nothing whatever to warrant the hostile invasion of his territory."

And again: the enormous wealth expended in rearing the magnificent Cathedral of St. Peter, innumerable other churches, the gorgeous pile of the Vatican, and in filling

* Le Cabinet Anglais, l'Italie et le Congrès, par Lord Normanby, p. 29.

them with the treasures of art, belonged, not to the city of Rome, but to the universal Catholic Church, of which the pope was the recognized head. It would be difficult to count the money-value of these treasures of architecture and of art. The sum amounted to millions upon millions, obtained by gifts from devout Catholics through many centuries, and from all the Catholic world. "What right," it was asked, "have surrounding kingdoms and duchies to unite, and, by the might of their resistless armies, to grasp these treasures?" The pope was the recognized spiritual head of two hundred millions of subjects in Europe. This was their property, which they had entrusted to the keeping of the temporal and spiritual sovereign of the States in the midst of which this property was deposited.

Again: it was asserted that it was essential to the welfare of Europe that the pope should enjoy so much of temporal sovereignty as should render him independent. The moral power, swayed by the pope, was immense almost beyond comprehension. It was not consistent with the safety of Europe that the king of Italy, or the king of Austria, or any other sovereign, should be permitted to annex the Papal States to his dominions, and thus compel the holy father to become his subject.

There was still another obstacle to be encountered. While the radical reformers of Paris and Rome would gladly see the pope driven from his throne, and his territory annexed to Italy, there was another party, not small in numbers or powerless in influence, who were *radical absolutist* friends of the old *régime*. These were found in France and all over Europe. They consisted of most of the crowned heads, the ancient nobility, the dukes and princes, with their families and adherents. These men were bitterly hostile to the liberal policy of the French emperor; and they urged the pope to persevere in arresting the progress of that democracy which they both hated and feared.

Numerous deputations from France, composed of noblemen of the highest rank and other distinguished men devoted to

the ancient *régime*, visited the pope with expressions of sympathy and words of encouragement, assuring him that they regarded their allegiance to the holy father as superior to that which they owed to their own government.

Thus there arose one of the most perplexing questions which ever embarrassed diplomacy. The pope exercised almost supernatural power over the consciences of two hundred millions of men. No statesman could ignore that fact. It was essential to the repose of Europe that the pope should be independent, not the subject of any king. "There is no possible independence for the pope," says M. Thiers, "but in the temporal sovereignty." And yet, if the pope, as a temporal king, held the States of the Church, and the city of Rome, the natural capital of Italy, it seemed fatally to destroy the idea of Italian unity. The apparently insoluble question was, "How can the independence of the pope be preserved when he is shorn of his temporal sovereignty, and sinks down to a mere subject?"

Prince Napoleon made a very able speech upon this subject before the French Senate on the 1st of March, 1861. This speech probably expressed the views of the imperial government; and, as Prince Napoleon is son-in-law of Victor Emanuel, it is reasonable to suppose that his opinions were in harmony with those of the Italian court.

"There remains," said the prince, "the question of the abdication of the papal power. I recognize the necessity of a certain independence in the spiritual chief; that he ought not to be the subject of any sovereign whatever. Hence the difficulty in settling the question in respect to Rome. Still it does not appear to me insoluble. We can here only sketch the great features of the solution.

"Rome! — this is the question. It is to leave the pope an incontestable spiritual sovereign, with that liberty of action which assures his temporal independence. This does not appear to me impossible.

"Cast your eyes upon a plan of Rome. The Tiber dividing that city, you see upon the right bank the Catholic city,

the Vatican, St. Peter's. Upon the left you see the city of the ancient Cæsars; you see Mount Aventine; indeed, all the grand souvenirs of imperial Rome. On the right bank is the Rome in which the most vital part of Catholicism has in modern times taken refuge. There might be a possibility, I will not say to force the pope, but to induce him to comprehend the necessity of restricting him there. There may be a possibility of guaranteeing to him his temporal independence in those limits. Catholic countries might assure him an income suitable to the splendor of religion, and might furnish him with a garrison.

"You cannot make any thing human immutable. But it is evident that an income from the Catholic community, when guaranteed by all the Catholic powers, would be as secure as any thing can be. It would be ever, more than now, the revenue of the Holy See. I think that the independence of the pope might thus exist, surrounded by higher and more honorable sanctions. There might be left to him a mixed and contested jurisdiction in special cases. He could have his flag. All the houses in that part of the city could be assigned to him in property (*en toute propriété*).

"History gives us an example of this neutrality in Washington, that federal city which has so long been the object of the respect of the whole American continent. You will thus have an oasis of Catholicism in the midst of the tempests of the world. This may be regarded as a chimera. But how many things, treated at first as chimeras, have been realized!" *

There were at this time, and still are, three parties upon this Roman question, quite distinctly defined. The first represented the old absolutist party, opposed to all reforms or innovations, adhering to civil and ecclesiastical absolutism. This party included the ancient nobility, the cardinals, the ecclesiastics generally, and the most ignorant and fanatic

* Question Italienne: Discours prononcée au Senat par S. A. I. le Prince Napoléon dans le Séance du 1e mai, 1861, pp. 151, 152.

of the people. The second consisted of those who revered Catholicism as one of the most ancient and venerable branches of the Christian Church. They were sincere Catholics; but they wished to see Catholicism conform to the progressive spirit of the times, to contribute to popular enlightenment, and to welcome the approaches of civil and ecclesiastical liberty. Then came the third party of ultra democrats and infidels, the revilers of all religion. They would pay no respect to any prescriptive rights, but would gladly drive pope and priest alike out of Europe, confiscate all church-property, and establish revolutionary government, to be controlled by the most violent and reckless of men.

The preceding pages show that the emperor of the French belonged to the intermediate party. He had been born and educated a Catholic; he was a sincere believer in the Christian religion as held by that branch of the church: but he was also an advocate of entire freedom of conscience and of worship; and the two fundamental principles of his political creed were, that government should be founded on the will of the people as expressed by *universal suffrage*, and should maintain *equal rights for all men*.

Still the years passed away, during which the Roman question continued to agitate all Europe. The emperor of the French, ever anxious to avoid war, and yet conscious that the spirit of the times imperatively demanded some modification of the assumptions of the papacy, presented various measures to Victor Emanuel and to the pope for the reconstruction of Italy under a federation, with the pope elected as president; which proposition was scornfully rejected by the Vatican. He then urged, but in vain, the assembling of a congress of the European sovereigns to settle in friendly deliberation this and other questions then threatening to deluge Europe in those surges of blood which have now swept over the continent.*

* "The emperor proposed a federation of all the independent States, of which Rome should be the centre, and the pope the chief. We, who have had the honor to exhibit this programme, know better than any one else with what sarcasms

The views of the emperor upon this question were in accordance with the expressed opinions of Lord Brougham. In opposition to the attempt to *consolidate* Italy into one nation, he wrote, "Italy has never been one country, one nation. In reality, the unity of its different States has never continued for the space of a single hour."

Lamartine, unfriendly as he was to the emperor, earnestly advocated this proposal. Lord Normanby, in a very able pamphlet upon this subject, writes, —

"It is worthy of remark, that the Emperor Napoleon and M. de Lamartine stood upon the same platform as to the future of Italy. When two eminent men, who were but little accustomed to act in harmony, were of the same opinion, it is well to recall to mind that these two men understood Italy better than any one else; and they have neither flattered nor cajoled her." *

The following admirable letter from the emperor to his minister of foreign affairs is full of interest. It contains more information upon this all-important subject than can anywhere else be found within the same compass. It was dated, —

"TUILERIES, May 20, 1862.

"MONSIEUR LE MINISTRE, — Since I have been at the head of the government in France, my policy has always been the same in reference to Italy, — to favor the national aspirations, and to induce the pope to become the support of them rather than the adversary; in a word, to consecrate the alliance of religion and liberty.

"Since the year 1849, in which the expedition to Rome was decided upon, all my letters, all my discourses, all my despatches to the ministers, have invariably manifested this

and abuse it was received by the party whose influence directed the Vatican. Subsequently, eyes were opened; and the idea of Italian federation, under the presidency of the pope, commanded the support of those who had repelled it with the most energy and the least reflection." — *La France, Rome, et l'Italie*, par A. de la Guéronnière, p. 31.

* Le Cabinet Anglais, l'Italie et le Congrès, par Lord Normanby, p. 29.

tendency. My efforts, I confess, are now broken to pieces against resistances of all kinds, in presence of two parties diametrically opposed, absolute in their hatreds as in their convictions, deaf to counsels inspired by the single desire of good. Is this a reason no longer to persevere, and to abandon a cause great in the eyes of all, and which ought to be useful in benefits for humanity?

"It is important that the Roman question should receive a definite solution: for it is not only in Italy that it troubles the mind; everywhere it produces the same moral disorder, because it relates to that which man has most at heart, — religion and political faith.

"Each party substitutes for the true principles of equity and justice its exclusive opinion. Thus some, forgetting the recognized rights of a power which has continued for ten centuries, proclaim, without regard to a consecration so ancient, the forfeiture of the pope. Others, careless of the claims of the legitimate rights of the people, condemn without scruple a part of Italy to immobility and eternal oppression. Thus the one party disposes of a power still existing, as if it were overthrown; and the other party disposes of people who demand to live, as if they were dead.

"Still it is the duty of statesmen to study the means of reconciling two causes, which passions alone present as irreconcilable. Even in case of failure, the attempt will not be without a certain glory. And, in any event, there is an advantage in declaring loudly the end towards which we tend. That end is, to arrive at a combination by which the pope will adopt that which is grand in the thought of a people who aspire to become a nation; and, on the other hand, that the people should recognize that which is salutary in a power whose influence extends over the whole world.

"At the first view, in considering the prejudices and the animosities equally, one despairs of a favorable result. But if, after having examined to the bottom of affairs, we appeal to reason and common sense, we love to persuade ourselves

that truth, that divine light, will, in the end, pervade all minds, and show clearly the supreme and vital interest which invites, which obliges, the parties of the two opposing causes to listen to each other, and to be reconciled.

"Italy, as a new State, has against her all those who cling to the traditions of the past. As a State which has called revolution to her aid, she inspires with suspicion all the men of order. They doubt her ability to repress anarchical tendencies, and hesitate to believe that a society can strengthen itself with the same elements which have overturned so many others. In fine, she has at her gates a formidable enemy, whose arms and ill-will, easy to be understood, will still, for a long time, constitute an imminent danger.

"These antagonisms, already so serious, will become still more so in supporting themselves upon the interests of the Catholic faith. The religious question aggravates the situation very much, and multiplies the adversaries of the new order of things established beyond the Alps. A little while ago, it was the absolutist party alone which was opposed to it. To-day the greater part of the Catholic populations of Europe are its enemies; and this hostility embarrasses not only the benevolent intentions of governments attached by their faith to the Holy See, but it arrests the favorable dispositions of Protestant or schismatic governments, who have also a considerable portion of their subjects of the same faith. Thus everywhere it is the religious idea which chills the public sentiment for Italy. Her reconciliation with the pope would greatly smooth down these obstacles, and relieve her of millions of adversaries.

"On the other hand, the Holy See has an equal interest, if not a stronger one, in this reconciliation; for, if the Holy See has zealous supporters among all fervent Catholics, it has against it all the liberal party in Europe. It is regarded as in politics the representative of the prejudices of the ancient *régime;* and by Italy it is deemed the enemy of her independence, — the most devoted partisan of re-action.

Thus the Holy See is surrounded by the most excited adherents of the fallen dynasties; and this support is not calculated to augment in its favor the sympathies of the peoples who have overthrown these dynasties.

"Nevertheless, this state of things injures less the sovereign than the chief of religion. In those Catholic countries where modern ideas have great influence, men even the most sincerely attached to their faith find their consciences troubled, and doubts entering their minds, uncertain whether they can reconcile their political convictions with those religious principles which seem to condemn modern civilization. If this situation, full of perils, should be prolonged, political dissent would be in danger of introducing regrettable dissent into the Christian faith.

"The interests of the Holy See, as also those of religion, require, then, that the pope should be reconciled with Italy; for that will be to be reconciled with modern ideas, to retain within the bosom of the Church two hundred millions of Catholics, and to give to religion a new lustre in exhibiting the faith as favoring the progress of humanity.

"But upon what foundation can a work so desirable be established? The pope, brought back to a correct appreciation of the true state of affairs, will comprehend the necessity of accepting all that which connects him again with Italy; and Italy, yielding to the counsels of a wise policy, will not refuse to adopt those guaranties which are necessary for the independence of the sovereign pontiff, and for the free exercise of his power.

"This double end will be attained by a combination, which, maintaining the pope master of himself, shall break down the barriers which now separate his States from the rest of Italy. That he may be master of himself, independence must be assured to him, and his power must be accepted freely by his subjects. It is to be hoped that this will be so on the one side, when the Italian government shall engage in co-operation with France to recognize the States of the Church and their admitted boundaries; and, on the other,

when the government of the Holy See, coming back from ancient traditions, shall consecrate the privileges of the municipalities and the provinces in such a manner, that they shall, so to speak, administer themselves; for then the power of the pope, soaring in a sphere elevated above the secondary interests of society, shall extricate itself from that responsibility, always weighty, and which a strong government alone can support.

"These general indications are not an *ultimatum* which I have the pretension to impose upon the two parties at disagreement, but the basis of a policy which I think it a duty to seek to promote by our legitimate influence and our disinterested counsels.

"Whereupon I pray that God may have you in his holy keeping. "NAPOLEON." *

* La Politique Impériale Exposée par les Discours et Proclamation de l'Empereur Napoléon, iii. pp. 367–373.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE SEIZURE OF ROME

NICE AND SAVOY. — THE DEPUTATION AND THE EMPEROR. — THE STATES OF THE CHURCH. — THE EMBARRASSING QUESTION. — PARTIES IN ITALY. — RESULTS OF SEDAN. — AGITATION IN ITALY. — DIPLOMATIC MEASURES. — MESSAGE TO THE POPE. — THE REPLY. — PROCLAMATION OF VICTOR EMANUEL. — THE MILITARY MOVEMENT. — THE CAPTURE OF ROME. — THE LEONINE CITY. — REMONSTRANCE OF THE CATHOLICS.

MUCH has been said respecting the annexation of Nice and Savoy to France. These were two small countries upon the French side of the Alps; the one containing about one hundred thousand inhabitants, and the other five hundred thousand. They spoke the French language, and were French in all their tastes, manners, and customs, industrial pursuits, and commercial relations. By the treaties of 1815, Savoy and Nice were taken from France, and annexed to Sardinia. As Italy was now being re-organized by the absorption of all its fragmentary provinces into one kingdom, the inhabitants of Nice and Savoy were anxious to return to France. As they geographically belonged to France (being on the French side of the Alps, and ethnologically were Frenchmen), Victor Emanuel, respecting the doctrine of nationalities, gave his ready assent. Napoleon III., true to his principle of popular suffrage, had the question submitted to the vote of the people, whether they would remain with Italy, or return to France. The question was decided by an overwhelming majority in favor of re-union with France.

On the 21st of March, 1860, a deputation from Savoy and Nice had an interview with the emperor in the Palace of the Tuileries. In reply to their address, the emperor said, —

"I thank you for the sentiments which you have expressed to me, and I receive you with pleasure. The king of Sardinia having acceded to the principle of the union of Savoy and of the county of Nice to France, I can, without failing in any international duty, testify to you my sympathy, and accept the expression of your wishes. The circumstances under which this rectification of our frontiers has been effected are so unusual, that, in responding to legitimate interests, no principle is wounded, and consequently no dangerous precedent is established.

"Indeed, it is neither by conquest nor insurrection that Savoy and Nice will be re-united to France, but by the free consent of the legitimate sovereign, supported by popular adhesion. Thus all that there is in Europe which does not cling to the antagonistic spirit of another epoch regards as natural and equitable this annexation of territory. The response made to the communications addressed by my government to the powers represented in the Congress of Verona authorizes a reasonable hope that the subject will receive from them a favorable examination." *

As I have mentioned, the States of the Church extended entirely across the breadth of Italy, from the Tuscan to the Adriatic Sea. It is generally supposed that the majority of the inhabitants were in favor of annexation to the newly-formed kingdom of Italy; though this is denied by some of the warm friends of the pope. It is very certain that the inhabitants of the Italian peninsula, in general, had awakened to an intense yearning for the unification of Italy, with Rome for its capital. But Victor Emanuel was not in favor of seizing upon the States of the Church simply by the right of might; and he was well aware that the Catholic world might enter a very vehement protest against an act of unprovoked aggression. The emperor of France also, while renouncing all disposition to dictate to the king of Sardinia, counselled him to respect the historic rights of the Holy See." †

* La Politique Impériale, p. 824. † Ibid., p. 828.

But Victor Emanuel found himself in a very embarrassing situation. There was a strong democratic and infidel party in Italy, led by such men as Garibaldi and Mazzini, who were ripe for any measures of violence in reference to the pope. They would gladly hurl him from his spiritual as well as from his temporal throne, and confiscate all the property of the Church. These men formed the nucleus of a strong opposition to the constitutional monarchy of Victor Emanuel. They wished to overthrow his throne, and to establish the government of a radical democracy. With great efficiency, they raised the popular cry of "United Italy, with Rome for its capital." The Journal "Italie" of Sept. 15, 1870, says, —

"The Italian democracy has seen in the question of the capital too good a pretext to perpetuate agitation to permit it to escape them."

By the disaster at Sedan on the 2d of September, 1870, the emperor of France was taken captive. The mob in Paris rose, and also in several other large cities, and declared the empire abolished. Provisional governments were established, which were called republics. The French troops were recalled from Rome. This revolution in France so roused the Italian democracy, that the government of Victor Emanuel felt compelled to take the lead of the popular impulse, which had become so strong, that it threatened to sweep them from power. To save the monarchy, it was deemed essential to seize upon Rome; for, unless the government should do it, the revolutionists would rise *en masse*, and proclaim a republic in the captured city. Apparently, the only way to baffle the intrigues of the revolutionists was to anticipate them in the movement.*

The news of the disaster at Sedan reached Florence, the then capital of Italy, on the 4th of September. It was on this day that the democracy in Paris declared the empire

* The confirmation of these views will be found in an able article in the American Church Review, written by a gentleman who was in Florence at that time.

abolished, and proclaimed the so-called republic. This government of a democratic committee in Paris was in favor of the overthrow of all thrones, and of the establishment of a universal republic. The agitation in Italy became so great, that the government of Victor Emanuel was impressed with the necessity of immediate action. Both of the leading journals in Florence, on the 7th, published rousing articles, entitled "To Rome," in which they declared that the time had come when the temporal power of the pope must cease. A fortnight of intense agitation passed away. There were enthusiastic meetings all over Italy, — in Milan, Turin, Verona, Venice, Naples, Palermo, — calling for the seizure of the territories of the pope, and the appropriation of Rome as the capital of Italy. The enthusiasm was so general, that those who were in the opposition found it expedient to keep silent.

"Indeed," writes a gentleman who was then in Florence, "no ministry, not the monarchy itself, could for one day have resisted the popular will. A wand could as soon have resisted the spring-flood of the Arno at mid-course as the government have told the Italian people at this time that they could not go to Rome."

The papal government, confessedly the worst in Europe, being a combination of both secular and ecclesiastical absolutism, was inveterately inimical to the constitutional monarchy of Victor Emanuel. On the 7th of September, the Italian minister of foreign affairs, in Florence, issued a circular to the cabinets of Europe, in which he stated that the *interests of the Italian monarchy* demanded immediate action in taking possession of the States of the Church. "The security of Italy," he wrote, "renders it essential that an end should be put to a state of things which maintains in the heart of the peninsula a theocratical government in open hostility to Italy, and which, by its own confession, can only subsist by means of foreign intervention, and whose territory offers a base of operations to all the elements of disorder."

Several of the most distinguished statesmen of Italy were

summoned to Florence to confer with the government upon the difficult affair. It was universally admitted that no monarch in Europe had a better title to his throne than Pio Nino. It was, consequently, necessary to devise some plausible excuse for wresting his realms from him.

The court at Florence sent a letter to the pope by an eminent nobleman of Sardinia, — Count Ponza di San Martino. This document, which was very deferentially worded, announced to the holy father the determination of the Italian government to take possession of the States of the Church, and to constitute Rome the capital of United Italy. The pope was assured of the profound respect with which the Italian government would still regard his spiritual power. But he was informed that it was one of the necessities of the times that he would be deprived of his temporal power; and he was entreated to submit to the inevitable with as good a grace as possible.

The reply of the pope, which was a very laconic and emphatic refusal, was given in a formal audience which was granted the ambassador on the 10th of September, 1870. The very next day, — Sunday, Sept. 11, — the troops of Victor Emanuel crossed the frontier, and entered the States of the Church at three points.

General Cardona, with the principal army, marched from Terni directly upon Rome. General Bixio, with another division, advanced from Orvieto upon Civita Vecchia. General Angioletti, with another force, advancing from the south-east, invaded the papal territory by the way of Frosinone and Anagni. These military bands were so strong as to render any effectual resistance on the part of the pope impossible.

The next day, the 12th, the Italian court issued a proclamation to the Catholic bishops, announcing that the pope's *independence* would be respected, and his spiritual power supported; but that

"The clergy will not be permitted by any act or discourse, or in any other manner whatever, to stir up disobedience to

the measures of the public authority by censuring the institutions or laws of the State; and all offenders will be proceeded against with all the rigor of the law."

The ecclesiastical influence of Italy was generally strongly in favor of the pope. The next morning, the three leading journals of Northern Italy — one at Turin, one at Milan, and one at Bologna — were suppressed by the Italian government for containing articles unfriendly to the movements in progress. In the mean time, the armies of invasion pressed rapidly on, the feeble forces of the pope retiring before them. The pope, conscious that any resistance would be unavailing, commanded that there should be only such show of force at the gates of Rome as to prove to the world that his realms were wrested from him by military violence.

At half-past five o'clock on Tuesday morning, Sept. 20, the Sardinian troops, having arrived before the walls of the city, opened fire upon the Porta Pia and upon the Porta Salavia. At half-past eight, a breach was effected at the Porta Pia; and at half-past nine it was carried by storm. At ten o'clock, two divisions of General Cardona's army entered Rome, and took possession of the city; and the struggle ceased.

Rome is divided by the Tiber. On the left bank of the river are found the Palace of the Cæsars, the Forum, and nearly all the mouldering remains of the "lone mother of dead empires." On the right bank are found the Vatican, St. Peter's, and nearly all the monumental and artistic wealth which the Catholic Church has accumulated there during a period of more than a thousand years. This ecclesiastical portion of the world-renowned metropolis is often called *the Leonine city*, from the immense improvements made in it by Pope Leo X. about the middle of the ninth century.

The Leonine city was respected by the invaders. A regiment of Italian troops was sent to encamp under the windows of the Vatican for the protection of the pope. General Mari was placed in charge of the captured metropolis. On the 2d of October the question was submitted to the

suffrages of the people of Rome, whether they would renounce their temporal allegiance to the pope, and become the subjects of United Italy. The vote was almost unanimous in favor of the change. But the clerical party refused to vote, affirming that they were overawed by sixty thousand bayonets, and that the pretended appeal to the ballot-box was a mere farce.

On the 1st of November, the Italian government issued the following decree: "All the political authority of the pope and the Holy See is abolished, and will remain so. The pope will be entirely free in the exercise of his ecclesiastical rights which he now possesses as the supreme chief of Catholicism, and will enjoy all the honors and liberties which constitute sovereign prerogative. The appanage of his holiness and his court shall be furnished by Italy, which also assumes the debts hitherto contracted by the Pontifical States."

I have written the above narrative, not in the interests of Catholicism or of Protestantism, but in the interests of historical verity. The intelligent American reader wishes to know the facts just as they are; and he is abundantly capable of drawing from them his own inferences. I have endeavored to be perfectly impartial. The Protestant world, with great unanimity, commends the seizure of the Papal States and the occupation of Rome: the Catholic world, with at least equal unanimity, condemns those measures. What the final result will be, it is impossible to foresee. The agitation caused by these transactions is rapidly on the increase. An intense feeling of indignation is roused among the Catholics throughout the world by the occupation of the city of Rome by the Italian troops, and the deposition of the pope from his temporal sovereignty. The following resolutions, drawn up by the Right Rev. Bishop McFarland, Bishop of Hartford, and adopted by all the churches in his diocese on Sunday, March 12, 1871, will give the Protestant reader an idea of the view which the Catholics take of this all-

important question. We give the resolutions, with the circular letter addressed by the bishop to the pastors of the various churches.

PROVIDENCE, March 6, 1871.

REV. AND DEAR SIR, — The following resolutions of sympathy for the holy father were adopted last night by a very large meeting, held in our cathedral, in this city.

I wish to have similar meetings called in all the churches of our diocese, on next Sunday or the Sunday following. You will please inform me of the action taken by your congregation, that I may be able to convey information of the same to his holiness.

Very truly, yours in Christ,

F. P. MCFARLAND,
Bishop of Hartford

1. *Resolved*, That, in the name of the two hundred thousand Catholics in this diocese, we desire to express our deep and heartfelt sympathy with our holy father, Pope Pius IX., in his present distress, and our reprobation of the unmerited wrongs which have been inflicted on him.

2. *Resolved*, That the invasion of Rome by Victor Emanuel, in violation of solemn treaties, and without any pretence of a *casus belli*, was a flagrant breach of the laws of nations, and that acquiescence in such iniquity must endanger the security of nations, and end in international anarchy.

3. *Resolved*, That, besides the violation of justice and faith, we condemn this act of the government of Florence as a sacrilege against the person of the vicar of Jesus Christ, who has been exposed to insult, and held as a prisoner in his own palace; and also against the Church, whose patrimony has been plundered, and given over to the hand of the spoiler.

4. *Resolved*, That these sacrilegious outrages have inflicted injury on all countries having Catholic subjects or citizens, as every such nation is deeply interested in the complete

freedom and independence of the head of the Catholic Church.

5. *Resolved*, That, while we insist on the necessity of the freedom of the Holy See from the control of any and every civil government, we also demand the right for ourselves of approaching the holy father, and of communicating with him, without let or hinderance from any other civil ruler whatever.

6. *Resolved*, That we will use all the means in our power to console and support the holy father in this the day of his affliction, and will endeavor by every lawful means to hasten the hour when he will be restored to his rights.

7. *Resolved*, That we hold the independence of the sovereign pontiff to be essential to the freedom of conscience from secular control.

8. *Resolved*, That, in the present condition of civil society, we consider the temporal sovereignty of the pope to be the surest guaranty of his independence, and of his free action in the government of the church.

9. *Resolved*, That the government of Pius IX., during his long and glorious pontificate, has entitled him to the love and fidelity of his subjects, and to the approval and support of all Catholics.

10. *Resolved*, That, as men prompted by a sense of justice, we protest against the seizure of Rome as a violation of right; that as American citizens, bound to uphold the supremacy of law and of the rights of property, we protest against the act of robbing the weak by the strong; that as Catholics, prompted by devotion to the Church, we protest against this crime as a violation of the rights of the Catholic world, to which the Christian monuments of Rome belong.

No one can doubt the sincerity of these men. Every friend of humanity must long for the advent of that day when we shall all see eye to eye, and when these painful antagonisms shall be no more. But for six thousand years the generations have come and gone, each spending its brief

existence on this globe in contention, tumult, and deadly strife. The prospect of an immediate brighter day is not very encouraging. Still it is manifest that the world is making progress; and the voice of prophecy cheers us with the assurance that the time will ultimately come when the desert shall blossom as the rose, and when the lion and the lamb shall lie down together.

APPENDIX.

LATER HISTORY.

THE AUTHOR'S DEATH. — NEW CHAPTER BY ANOTHER HAND. — EFFORTS TO CONCILIATE THE PAPACY. — PERPLEXING QUESTIONS. — LOYALTY OF THE KING TO FREE INSTITUTIONS. — PAPAL GUARANTYS. — THE RELIGIOUS CORPORATIONS. — RELIGION AND THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS. — DEATH OF VICTOR EMANUEL, AND ACCESSION OF HUMBERT IV. — DEATH OF PIUS IX., AND ACCESSION OF LEO XIII. — ATTITUDE OF THE NEW POPE. — THE SUFFRAGE QUESTION. — FIRST NATIONAL EXPOSITION. — GREAT RELIGIOUS CHANGES. — DEATH OF GARIBALDI.

THE preceding chapter, which was the last that Mr. Abbott wrote, records the seizure of Rome by the Italian army and the overthrow of the temporal power of the pope. The call for a new edition of the work, after the lapse of more than ten years, during which period the author died, devolves upon another the duty of preparing a new chapter, bringing the history down to a later date.

Rome was entered by the Italian army in September, 1870; but it did not practically become the capital of Italy till the beginning of July, 1871. Victor Emanuel, when he received at Florence the deputation sent to inform him of the adoption of the *plebiscitum* by which the people of Rome declared it to be their will that the city should become the seat of the Government of United Italy, was deeply moved. "At last," he said, "our arduous task is accomplished, and our country is reconstructed. The name of Rome, which is the grandest name uttered by the mouths of men, is joined with the name of Italy, the name which is dearest to my heart." He also took occasion to proclaim his loyalty to the Church of Rome. "As a king and as a Catholic," he said, "while

I here proclaim the unity of Italy, I remain constant to my resolve to guarantee the liberty of the Church and the independence of the Supreme Pontiff." The declaration was, no doubt, made in good faith; but whether or not it has been fulfilled is a controverted question.

Before entering the Eternal City in state, the king sent a private message to the pope, expressing his personal attachment to the Church and his devotion to the Holy See. Gen. Viale was deputed to present himself at the Vatican, and, in the name of the king, to congratulate the pope upon having held his pontificate beyond the space of a quarter of a century, allotted by legend to St. Peter. The pope, however, refused to receive the visit of the envoy; and other similar overtures from the Quirinal to the Vatican were treated in the same way. That this was a great disappointment to the king there can be no doubt; for he was exceedingly anxious to be reconciled to the papacy, and for that purpose prepared to make almost any sacrifice consistent with the welfare of United Italy. In defying the anger of the pope, rather than jeopardize his country and his throne, he evinced a high degree of courage.

The kingdom has enjoyed uninterrupted peace during the last twelve years. Its relations with foreign powers have presented, from time to time, very embarrassing questions, requiring skillful diplomacy on the part of the king and his ministers; but every danger from this source was safely passed. Questions of internal administration have been even more perplexing. The inexperience of the Italians in constitutional government, the conflicts arising from local and personal interests, the ignorance and indifference of large masses of the people degraded by long submission to despotic authority, the conspiracies and plots engendered by an unwise and impatient radicalism that demanded a harvest while yet the seed had not had time to germinate, and the presence of a wily and powerful sacerdotalism resting upon

centuries of prejudice and superstition, — these and other causes have made the task of governing United Italy one of great and peculiar embarrassment.

Victor Emanuel, it must in all fairness be conceded, bore himself well in the midst of all these difficulties, to the end of his career; and his successor has followed his example. It is doubtful if the king felt any strong attachment to constitutional government in itself considered; but his common sense enabled him to see, that, as Italy could only have achieved independence and unity under free institutions, so, if his throne was to endure, the constitutional character of the government must be maintained. Though he was a man of strong opinions, he chose his ministers in accordance with the votes of Parliament, and loyally supported the policy recommended by them. If constitutional government is now well established in the Peninsula, as it certainly seems to be, the credit for this result is due to the wise moderation and firmness of Victor Emanuel.

The footing on which the dethroned pontiff is allowed to reside at the Vatican, and to exercise his spiritual authority unhindered and under the protection of the government, was defined in the bill of "Papal Guarantys," enacted by Parliament in May, 1871. The person of the pope is therein declared to be "sacred and inviolable," and offenses against him are punishable in the same manner as offenses against the king. It is decreed that he shall be received by the civil authorities with royal honors, and given the same rights of precedence that are accorded to him and his representatives in other Catholic countries. The law allows him as many guards as he thinks necessary to protect his person and palace. His annual allowance from the government was fixed at 3,225,000 *lire*, free from all rates and taxes. He was to remain in possession of the Vatican, the Lateran, and Castel-Gondolfo, with all their outbuildings, furniture, etc.; and both the libraries and picture-galleries contained in them

were to be inalienable. No official or other government agent was to be allowed to enter any of the papal palaces, even in the discharge of his public duty, without the pope's permission; and the same rule was to apply to buildings where a conclave or council should be assembled. The pope was to be left free to correspond with the bishops and the whole of the Catholic world without interference on the part of the Italian Government. He was to have postal and telegraphic service of his own for each of his palaces; and all the papal seminaries, academies, universities, and colleges in Rome and the suburban dioceses were to be solely under his control. The government relinquished the privilege it had previously enjoyed of presenting and nominating persons to offices or benefices in the Church, on the condition that Italian subjects only should be appointed; and the bishops were exempted from taking the oath of allegiance to the king.

These conditions show that the government meant to be conciliatory toward the Church in all save the denial to it of temporal power. Victor Emanuel, in opening the first parliament held in Rome, manifested a conciliatory spirit. "The work to which," he said, "we have consecrated our life, is completed: after long expiatory trials, Italy is restored to herself and to Rome. Here, where our people, after the dispersion of many centuries, finds itself for the first time assembled in the majesty of its representatives; here, where we recognize the country of our thoughts, — every thing speaks to us of greatness, but every thing at the same time reminds us of our duties: we shall not forget them in the joys of this day. Regenerated by liberty, we shall seek in liberty and order the secret of strength, and a reconciliation between the Church and the State. Having recognized the absolute independence of the spiritual authority, we may be certain that Rome, as the capital of Italy, will continue to be the peaceful and respected seat of the pontificate."

At the very hour when Victor Emanuel was uttering these words in the presence of the representatives of the people of Italy, the pope, addressing his partisans, spoke in a far different strain. In the words of his official organ, "he condescended to speak of that conciliation blated forth by the impious, who had even ventured to foreshadow it by allusive pictures, — that so-called conciliation by which the enemies of God hope to conquer our noble resistance and disarm our holier rights; and here, raising his voice, he protested solemnly that no 'conciliation' would ever be possible between Christ and Belial, between light and darkness, between truth and falsehood: then, with eyes and arms uplifted to heaven, he prayed the Omnipotent to sustain the force of his vicar in the hard struggle, and fortify by divine aid his constancy, offering to sacrifice his life sooner than yield to the insane devices of triumphant iniquity."

"What," he asked on another occasion, "are certain governments? They are like a pyramid, of which the apex is dependent on a cabinet, which is dependent on an assembly, which in its turn is dependent on a thousand demons who have chosen it. All are slaves of sin: the angel of God pursues them, and threatens them with a naked sword."

On a subsequent occasion, Pius IX., addressing the College of Cardinals, in reference to the action of the government in taking possession of the convents, repudiated every thought of a conciliation with the Italian Kingdom. In November, 1873, in an encyclical letter, he declared that Rome had "passed under the sway of men who despise law, who are enemies of religion, who confound all things, human and divine." He insisted that the especial object of the Italian Government was the subversion of the pontifical authority, and the destruction, if possible, of the Catholic religion itself.

In May, 1873, a bill was passed by the Chambers, and accepted by the Senate without modification, in regard to the religious corporations of Rome and the former Papal States.

The government was anxious to avoid an open breach between itself and the papacy. The minister for foreign affairs, in introducing the bill, urged that Italy must recognize the cosmopolitan character of the pope's spiritual government, and must leave him the necessary machinery of his rule. If the heads of the Clerical party did not find this machinery, they would be able to show that they had a distinct grievance, and had been violently prevented from doing in the sphere of spiritual affairs what the interests of the Church required. This would give them an advantage in their warfare against the new order of things. The party of the Left was sternly opposed to every concession, insisting that the ministers should cause all traces of theocratic rule to vanish. The bill provided in general for the application to Rome itself of the statutes by which convent property throughout the rest of Italy had already been subjected to the laws of mortmain, and taken by the State for purposes of charitable and educational endowment. Special exception was made, however, on behalf of the establishments belonging to the heads of orders, generals, and superiors of religious associations, having branches in foreign countries. It was felt that to cut off these generalships would inflict a blow at the pope, which his peculiar position at Rome rendered it decent and merciful and also politic to avoid. The government, therefore, conceived that these "generals" should receive a pension from the State as the pope received his, and that they should be allowed to retain at least a few apartments in the houses where they had so long had their residences. This proposition was sternly opposed, not only by the party of the Left, but by some of the supporters of the government: and eventually a compromise was effected, by which it was settled that the "generals" should receive a pension from the State, amounting, for the whole of them, to four hundred thousand francs yearly, and that they should continue to occupy part of their present residences; but this provision was restricted

in its application to the present "heads" during their lifetime and their continuance in office. The bill passed in the Chambers by a very large majority; and in the Senate not a single protest was made against it, though the measure was denounced at the Vatican as a spoliation and a sacrilege. On the day that the bill passed the Senate, the pope, in an address to the College of Cardinals, protested against it as an iniquity, and also against the previous occupation of the Papal States, and repudiated every thought of a reconciliation with the Italian Kingdom. A few months later, the government began to enforce the law with firmness, but in a way to give as little offense as possible to the representatives of the Church.

In 1874 the Parliament undertook to provide for the elementary instruction of the young. The Church regarded this as an invasion of her special prerogative. The great difficulty was, to dispose of the religious question as connected with the schools. It was proposed that the State should assume control of public instruction, but that there should be unlimited freedom for private schools, and that the ecclesiastical and monastic institutions, which formerly monopolized the training of Italian youth, should be reckoned in the latter category. The State itself proclaimed neutrality in all matters connected with creed and worship, professing to give no religious instruction of any kind. This was the inevitable logic of a separation between the Church and the State: but, with a view to exonerate the schools from the charge of being immoral and godless, it was provided, that "in all elementary schools, together with the earliest notions respecting the institutions of the State, should be taught the maxims of social justice and morality on which those institutions are founded; and for that purpose a little manual, approved by the government upon the advice of the superior council of public instruction, shall be drawn up, and rendered obligatory throughout the kingdom." Finally, the Assembly, while

approving the clause concerning the introduction of this moral manual into the public schools, threw the responsibility of dealing with the religious question upon the local authorities, the Communes to have the power of suppressing religious instruction in the schools.

On March 23, 1874, the twenty-fifth anniversary of Victor Emanuel's accession to the throne was observed as a national holiday, and celebrated with great enthusiasm. The attachment of the people to their sovereign, and their gratitude to him for his successful efforts to secure the unity of the country and to redeem it from ecclesiastical rule, found expression in a great variety of ways. In the following year there was great excitement, and, in some quarters, not a little fear of disturbance, on account of the presence of Gen. Garibaldi in Rome, he having come to take his seat in Parliament. His moderate and patriotic course, however, disappointed the expectations of his enemies; and the government was strengthened by his influence. His address to the workingmen of Rome was noble, inspiring them with thoughts of peace and loyalty. In 1876, Cardinal Antonelli, the pope's secretary of state, died, and was succeeded by Cardinal Simeoni.

On the 9th of January, 1878, Victor Emanuel died. As the hour of death approached, the king was anxious to receive the last rites of the Church; but, as he was an excommunicated person, his private chaplain hesitated to comply with his wish, and would not do so until authority was received from the Vatican. The pope himself, notwithstanding his frequent denunciations of the monarch as a sacrilegious usurper, expressed his regret that his infirmities would not permit him to visit the Quirinal on this solemn occasion. The king's death created a profound sensation in every part of the country, and elicited universal demonstrations of respect and sorrow.

The Prince of Piedmont, son of Victor Emanuel, succeeded to the throne as Humbert IV. In taking the place

of his lamented father, the young monarch expressed himself in language which was received by the people with great satisfaction. "At this moment," he said, "there is but one consolation possible; namely, to show ourselves worthy of him, — I by following in his footsteps, you by remaining devoted to those civic virtues by the aid of which he succeeded in accomplishing the difficult task of rendering Italy great and united. I shall be mindful of the grand example he gave me of devotion to our country, love of progress, and faith in liberal institutions, which are the pride of my house. My sole ambition will be to deserve the love of my people." The ceremonies in Rome attending the accession of the new king were imposing; and the manifestations of popular feeling throughout the country were such as gave assurance that a great crisis had been safely passed, and that the government was strong in the affections of the people.

The death of the king was followed within a month by that of the pope. He died Feb. 7, 1878. In the Basilica of St. Peter his body lay in state for three days, during which time it was visited by crowds of people. Clad in the pontifical habiliments, it reposed upon a crimson bed, surmounted by twelve large candelabra, and so placed that the feet of the deceased pontiff extended beyond the altar-rails of the chapel in which the bed stood, so that the faithful, according to custom, might be able to kiss them.

Cardinal Pecci succeeded to the pontifical throne as Leo XIII. The coronation ceremonies took place March 3 in the Sistine Chapel. Cardinal Simeoni was succeeded by Cardinal Franchi as the pope's secretary of state. The accession of the new pope has wrought no essential change in the attitude of the Church toward the government of Italy. Leo XIII., no more than Pius IX., is willing to acquiesce in the loss of the temporal power as irrevocable. It is believed by multitudes that the former has really no

expectation that that power will ever be restored, but that he is constrained by his official advisers to persist in the plea that without it his spiritual authority can not be freely exerted. The pretense that the pontiff is a prisoner in the halls of the Vatican is still kept up as a means of exciting the sympathies of the Catholic world; but not one of the Catholic powers betrays any disposition to interfere in his behalf, and the great body of Catholics in Italy appears to be satisfied with the separation of the Church from the State. The new pope is a little more moderate in his language than his predecessor was, but in other respects the situation is unchanged. The new pope refuses to acknowledge, even indirectly, the authority of the government. He repudiates the modern doctrines of religious toleration, and believes himself commissioned of God to forbid, in the States once under papal rule, the exercise of every form of religion except that of which he is the representative. And yet when King Humbert, in 1878, narrowly escaped death at the hand of an assassin, this same pope sent a telegram expressing his congratulations. "I pray God," he said, "for the preservation of your majesty's health."

The terror of Italy is an ignorant suffrage, combined with the indifference to public questions of a vast proportion of those who have the right to vote. For many years, voting was restricted to those who paid taxes to the amount of forty *lire*. In 1879 Garibaldi came to Rome to start a legal agitation for manhood suffrage. He said that those who obeyed the laws ought to make them; that those who are obliged to fight in defense of their country should have the right to elect their representatives in Parliament. It is hard to deny such postulates as these, which are all but self-evident; nevertheless many of the sincerest friends of universal liberty believe it would be dangerous to go so far. This question, combined with those of taxation and a depreciated currency, has been a source of great embarrassment to the

Italian Government. At present, we believe, the tax qualification for voters is only ten francs; but every voter must be able to read and write. How this will work remains to be seen. Pius IX. at first forbade the faithful to take any part in the elections, but he afterwards removed the restriction; and the Church party has won some victories in the municipalities. What complications may hereafter arise from this source nobody can foresee; but it is believed that the foundations of the government are strong, and that the restoration of the temporal power will prove to be impossible.

In the summer of 1881 the First National Exposition of the Art and Industry of United Italy took place in Milan. The results astonished, not only foreigners, but the Italians themselves. The country, under the influence of free institutions, is making rapid advances in material wealth. Agriculture and manufactures are being stimulated by the air of freedom. In short, Italy, since achieving her political independence, has set herself resolutely to achieve her emancipation from dependence upon foreign industry, and to prove, that, in natural productions and native manufactures, she intends to be second to none, and unrivalled in more than one department.

The religious changes that have taken place in Italy since the destruction of the temporal power and the introduction of free institutions are so clearly described in a letter written by the Rev. Dr. S. F. Smith, an eminent Baptist divine, after careful observation during the year 1882, that it is deemed proper to insert it here.

"The religious condition of Italy is full of interest, and the Christian work carried on within its limits is full of promise. A careful observer has recently remarked that the whole kingdom is honey combed with evangelizing influences. With the loss of temporal power, the religion of the Roman Catholic Church has also lost much of its significance and

prestige. As the pope can no longer control armies and the police, so he can no longer hold the minds of men in subjection; and they are more and more sliding away from him. The prefect of Rome has recently said publicly that the people would rather see the imperial city laid in ashes than reduced again under the power of the Supreme Pontiff. The latter, in every recent allocution, confesses the waning of popery, and bewails his inability to resist its decline. The childish sport of the carnival in Rome, the present year, is said to have been a great falling-off from former like occasions. Some of the newspapers pronounced it a total failure. It is to be hoped the minds of the people are becoming educated to higher things. There are said to be hundreds of priests who are convinced of the error and folly of the superstitions they teach, and who would abandon the Romish Church at once if they could be assured of any method of getting a living. Many of the churches are but sparingly visited by the people. Almost the entire population devote themselves on the sabbath and on feast-days to an abundance of recreation, but the religious element of the sabbath and the saints' days is very generally held in abeyance. Many, especially of the better-educated classes, have sunk into a thoughtless indifferentism: some have fallen into atheism. A few, with tender spirit, not knowing what is truth, still blindly follow their blind leaders, endeavoring to extract consolation from the empty forms of the faith which they have inherited, and which they have been taught to accept with unthinking submission.

"Such is the field which the gospel of Protestantism and of the New Testament is entering. It is now, happily, an open field, so far as legal restrictions are concerned; although converts to the gospel of Christ, undoubtedly, have to meet much private persecution. But the whole country is opened to evangelical effort, and at many points the word of God is taking effect. It might not be prudent to record for pub-

lic information all that could be said. It is enough to know that the scriptures have found their way into thousands of families; that hundreds of children are taught in Christian schools; that the gospel is preached every sabbath day, openly, in many centers of population and influence; and churches of Christ have been organized. Several of the Christian denominations are interested in the work of Italian evangelization, and have planted their banners on the ramparts, where they propose to hold the fort till He whose right it is shall reign without a rival, and all His enemies be subdued under His feet.

"This is what I found of Protestant effort in the imperial city of Rome. The English Wesleyans; the American Methodists; the Southern Baptist Convention of the United States; the English Baptists under Mr. Wall, and a second congregation where Mr. Grassi preaches to a large audience; the American and English Episcopal congregations; the Italian Free Church, under Gavazzi, with schools for children, and a theological seminary under a Scotch professor; the Scotch Presbyterian Church; and a young ladies' school of more than a hundred pupils, — constitute the advanced guard of the army of the Lord of hosts, going forth to the conquest of this ancient and classic land. To these are to be added various schools, mothers' meetings, weekly conferences and lectures, hospital work, beggars' meetings and other institutions, Bible-readers, colporteurs, etc. Mr. Wall has a printing-office in connection with his work, and is able to sell Italian Testaments, well printed and bound, for the sum of six cents. I found Bibles and Testaments among the books for sale by the street-peddlers. He has a church in Rome of more than a hundred converted Italians, men and women, and frequent baptisms."

As we close this chapter, news reaches us of the death, on June 2, 1882, of the great Italian patriot and hero, Giuseppe Garibaldi, aged seventy-six. His death, like that of Maz-

zini ten years before, has deeply stirred the hearts of the Italian people. His faults were many, but he endeared himself to his country by his self-sacrificing devotion to her welfare; and his will be one of the great names in Italian history.

SECOND APPENDIX.

HISTORY SINCE THE YEAR 1882.

ITALY JOINS THE TRIPLE ALLIANCE.—SCHEMES OF COLONIZATION, ASSAB BAY, ERETRIA, MASSOWAH.—BATTLES OF DOGALI AND ADOWAH.—REFORM OF FRANCHISE.—OTHER LEGISLATION.—IRREDENTISM.—AGRARIAN TROUBLES.—SICILIAN REVOLUTION.—CHOLERA.—EARTHQUAKE.—MISUNDERSTANDING WITH FRANCE ABOUT TUNIS.—THE BANK SCANDALS.—CHURCH AND STATE.—PRESENT CONDITION OF THE ITALIAN PEOPLE.—CONCLUSION.

THE year of Garibaldi's death, recorded in the last chapter, was also the year when Italy entered upon a new era in her relations with foreign powers. Although no record of the fact was published, it was subsequently known that Italy entered into an alliance with Germany and Austria-Hungary concerning the attitude to be assumed toward France and Russia. Connected with this event was the colonization policy pursued for the next fourteen years by the government, which sent expedition after expedition to Abyssinia and Western Africa. This will be noticed later. The formation of the Triple Alliance, though it would bring to Italy the help of two powerful nations in case of war with France, was strongly opposed by a large popular party, the Irredentists. The results of this treaty have been in some respects very unfortunate for Italy. By the terms of the agreement all the contracting parties to the treaty were obliged to maintain large standing armies. The year 1882, also, saw fresh activities in the building up of the navy. The great expense of this military and naval enterprise has had the result of so increasing the taxes in Italy as to be almost intol-

erable to the middle class and peasantry, and has naturally driven enormous numbers of the people to emigrate to France, where the price of labor was higher, and particularly to the United States of America. The Triple Alliance was not published until 1888. The German government was then forced to reveal the text of its treaty with Austria, which formed part of the alliance, in order to quiet the public apprehension as to the apparently warlike and menacing attitude of Russia. The text of the treaty with Italy was not made public even at that time, but it was understood that if France should attack Italy or Germany she would find them both allied against her. If Russia and France should join to make war upon any one of the three parties to the Triple Alliance, the former coalition would be obliged to deal with Germany, Italy and Austria combined.

Much of the interest in the history of Italy since 1882 centers in her unfortunate African policy of colonization. In 1869 an Italian steamship company bought the bay of Assab in the Red Sea to the east of Abyssinia. In 1882 the Italian government succeeded in getting certain rights defined, concerning the country surrounding the bay, and in getting the privilege of constructing fortifications there to protect the Italian colony which had sprung up. Assab was made a free port, and the government could concede land to companies. In 1885 an expedition, military and naval, was sent to the west shore of the Red Sea to found a colony there between the port of Massowah and the French colony at Obock. Italy's aim was thereby to gain a footing in Africa, which she thought would be, as many colonies are and all should be, a source of wealth. It would tend to divert the stream of emigration into lands within the sphere of Italian influence. England at the same time agreed to help Italy found

colonies on the west coast of Africa, as well as stand by her in case any trouble arose between Tripoli and Italy. In return for this, Italy was to side with England in her enterprises in Egypt. The expedition occupied Massowah, and, though immediately questioned by Turkey as to what were their intentions on the Red Sea, succeeded in showing that there was nothing unprecedented in occupying the port in a commercial spirit and not as conquering.

In 1886 another expedition was sent under Count Giupietro Porro, and met with a disastrous fate at the hands of the Abyssinian natives. His mission, though really one of peace, was, on account of its too military appearance, misunderstood by the emir of the district of Harrar in which the Italians had settled some years before. The whole force of Count Porro was accordingly surrounded in a narrow pass, separated from the protection of the coast, and massacred.

In 1887 Count Salimbeni conducted a scientific mission into the interior of Abyssinia. His plans were frustrated by a military demonstration in Massowah on the part of the Italian troops there. This irritated the natives, who captured the count and demanded the immediate evacuation of Massowah. A few days later the battle of Dogali took place, which cost the Italians 23 officers and 407 soldiers.

In the following year Italy found herself on the verge of a disagreement with France over a brush between the consuls in Massowah concerning the tax which had been imposed on foreigners by the Italian government. Bad news also came that another Italian force had been destroyed by an Abyssinian leader, and that the Sultan of Zanzibar was in a quarrelsome mood.

The year 1889 was marked by the treaty between King Menelek of Shoa, a division of Abyssinia, and the Italian representative; the treaty, among other pro-

visions, defining the boundary between the Italian colony and Abyssinia. In the following year this colony was, by a royal decree, given the name of Eretria, and in 1891 an agreement was signed by the English representative in Rome, Lord Dufferin, and the Italian prime minister defining the Italian sphere in Abyssinia.

In 1894 Colonel Baratieri defeated a large force of dervishes at Kassala, their chief stronghold in Eastern Soudan; and in the following year severely defeated Ras Mangascia, who had attacked him with a large force of dervishes, a victory which was repeated in a few months at another place. These victories were to a certain extent offset by the victorious onslaught of the Shoan army, in December of the same year, under King Menelek, upon a force of Italians and allied natives.

Italy was destined, however, to receive a severe blow in her East African possessions, in the defeat of the troops of General Baratieri at Adowa. Baratieri was but newly made a general, and the rules of the Italian army made it impossible for him to continue any longer than necessary in command of so large an army as had been assembled in Italian East Africa. There were 44,000 men, including the allies levied from the natives. General Baldissera had been sent from Italy to take command. Baratieri, realizing that his chance of making a great victory all his own would, upon the arrival of the other general, be gone, resolved to attack the Abyssinians under Menelek. They were 80,000 strong and well armed. Prudence, which should have counseled him to wait for a better opportunity, was overcome by the thought of possible glory. On March 1, 1896, Baratieri advanced against the Shoans, but met with a terrible repulse. Fifteen hundred Italians were taken prisoners, two generals were killed. After this disaster, however, a treaty of peace was arranged with

Menelek which liberated all prisoners, assured the freedom of Ethiopia, and called for an amicable settlement of the boundaries. General Baratieri was tried by court-martial and acquitted of every charge except that he committed a grave error of judgment.

The flower of the Italian army had been crushed, and the news of this calamity had a bad effect upon popular feeling toward the government. At Milan, Turin, and other large cities, the sentiment against the colonial policy, which had terminated so disastrously, rose to such a pitch that troops destined for the relief of the army in Africa had to be sent off from the Italian garrisons during the night, so as to attract as little attention as possible. The Crispi ministry fell, and Rudini was again called to take the Ministry of the Interior. In 1897 the new Italian boundary was proposed by Menelek, and, although it diminished the area of the Italian possessions, it was nevertheless accepted by Italy. Kassala, won in 1894, was given up. Such is the unhappy outcome of the policy of colonization on the part of the Italian government.

In 1882 the question of reform in the franchise was taken up and a bill was introduced into the parliament to confer the privilege of voting upon all Italians of the age of twenty-one years and over who knew how to read and write. In addition to these conditions, they had to show that they had received the lawful amount of elementary education; unless they were members of academies of sciences, letters or arts; members of chambers of commerce or of agricultural societies; professors or instructors in any branch of learning; possessors of university degrees, and many other professions which it would here be tedious to mention. These exceptions further included the army and entire civil service and railroad employés. In addition to the above, the franchise was given to all those who paid taxes to the amount

of 19.80 lire (= about $3.80). The bill became a law on April 28, 1882. In 1883 a series of new laws was adopted giving autonomy to the Italian universities and handing over secondary education to provincial authorities; reserving, however, to the state the complete control of all primary education. But legislation in Italy, as in other constitutional monarchies, suffers in the National Assemblies from the opposition of its many political parties. The power to make laws in Italy is given to the king, assisted by two parliaments, the Senate and the Chamber of Deputies, the former consisting of members appointed for life by the king, and of princes of the royal house. The Senators are not limited. The Chamber of Deputies is re-elected every five years by the suffrage known as *scrutin de liste*. In this chamber every 57,000 people in Italy are represented by one deputy. The two chief political parties in the Chamber of Deputies are the Ministerial Left and the Opposition Left or Pentarchy, which has been weakened by discords between the deputies composing it so that the ministerial party has usually had the majority and the controlling voice in the legislation. To Signor Depretis, who died in 1887, is due in large part the firmness of the ministerial position, and his successors have endeavored to carry out his principles. The plans of the ministerial party are often hindered and delayed by the demonstrations of a popular party by the name of Irredentists.

Irredentism, or the political sentiment which favors *Italia Irredenta*, or "unredeemed Italy," is directed against the alliance with Austria and Germany, particularly the former, on account of feelings of hatred aroused in the war with that country. The Irredentists, in addition to their opposition to the Triple Alliance, have a great desire to regain for Italy the Italian-speaking provinces which were taken from her in the

last war by Austria, and even the district of Ticino, which has not belonged to Italy for hundreds of years, and is now a canton of Switzerland, situated to the south of the Alps, and extending from the St. Gotthard Pass almost to Como. It should be said, however, that the inhabitants of Ticino, though they speak the language of Italy, are in no wise anxious to return to her. The Irredentists on the other hand, who look upon this part of the country with longing eyes, are a strong party in Italy and are numerous in Ticino. Trieste is another province that the Irredentists would like to see returned to Italy. The Italians in this part of the Austrian territory are in the majority of the population only on the seacoast. In 1889 the estate of an Italian who died in Trieste was taken possession of by the Austrian officials. This caused extreme jealousy on the part of the Irredentists in that city, and was followed by much more stringent measures of repression against them, taken by the Austria-Hungarian government.

The foreign policy of Italy, during the period under review in this appendix, has been directed not alone to the colonization of parts of Africa, but to the strengthening of Italy's interests in Tunis. France had agreed in 1884 that the relations between Italy and the Bey of Tunis should remain unaltered even after the withdrawal of privileges of consulship in that country. The death of a Tunisian general, Hussein Pasha, in Florence, was followed by the French consul's presuming to take possession of his papers. A Tunisian lawyer was named by the authorities in Florence to receive them, but the French consul would not give them up. The lawyer in his turn got the help of the police, forced his way into the house of the French consul and appropriated the documents. This incident recalled the occupation of Tunis by the French and their pushing the

Italians out of the country. The question of international law immediately arose whether the documents in question really belonged to the custody of the French consul, and whether the rights of France as a nation were not infringed by the action of the Italian magistrate and lawyer.

Italy has suffered less, however, at the hands of other nations than from the unfortunate management of her internal affairs. Even if her colonies in Africa were not as prosperous there as could be wished she certainly got a foothold.

But when looking at her internal history we see that Italy has been visited during the period now under consideration by numerous calamities for which she deserves the commiseration of the civilized world. Important among the misfortunes of the Italian peasantry is the agrarian trouble. In 1885 the northern provinces suffered from a famine, and uprisings of the starving peasants were with difficulty suppressed. Particularly was this the case in Mantua and in Lombardy, where the field laborers struck and were incited by socialists to commit violent acts. A report upon the agricultural state of the country, ordered by the parliament in 1877, had shown that the profits of farming were steadily declining and that the difficulties of successful agriculture were increasing. Disease of silk worms contributed to render the production of silk small, and blight had fallen upon the fruits and vines. Importation of silk and rice had lowered the prices of these commodities. Harder than all this to bear was the enormous taxation upon land. Twenty-two different kinds of taxes were levied upon land, and these were, in northern Italy, more than could be borne, the chief burden being the municipal tax, sometimes nearly ten times as much as the State tax. In the province of Cremona an instance of excessive taxation showed an

assessment of more than one-half the revenue of the property. Bread riots occurred in Milan in 1886, and much damage was done to shops and other buildings by workmen, who thus protested against the new *octroi* duties. In the same year the land-tax was subjected to a complete reconstruction, although the finances of the nation were and remained in an unfortunately low condition. New disturbances arose in Pavia over the strike of laborers. In 1889 Lombardy was the scene of still greater rioting on the part of ignorant peasants, who had been incited to make violent demonstration which ended in robbery and murder. Tariff war with France had so reduced the price of wine as to cause great suffering among the vine growers. In 1890 workers in the rice fields of Ravenna appealed for more wages, but were answered only by the calling out of the military. The soldiers were stoned by the laborers, who in turn were fired upon and several killed. In 1893 the peasantry in Sicily arose. Sicily, though one of the most fertile regions of the world, and for so many centuries the source of the grain supply of the Roman empire, was at this time so mismanaged as to produce almost nothing, and the poor people were starving to death. Here again the taxes added to the burdens, and profits were annihilated by the number of hands through which every commodity had to pass. The uprising in Sicily finally assumed such grave proportions that the soldiers were called out and several war vessels were placed in the harbor of Palermo. A state of siege was kept up in Palermo. The following year all Sicily was under martial law, and the insurrection passed over to Calabria, Ancona, and Lombardy on the mainland, and took the form of violent attacks upon the quarters of the military. As this movement was on the point of spreading over the whole of Italy, it was successfully checked by the royal authorities.

This just saved the deposition of royalty for the establishment of a republic in Italy. In 1895 the condition of the Sicilian peasants was no better. Their burdens were heavier and their strength to bear them less. The sulphur and pyrites mines, which had given employment before to numerous miners, had now to be left unworked, the products being driven out of the market by the importation of these minerals from America. This drove the miners to the fields, which could not afford subsistence to the peasants already engaged there. In 1896 the people of Sardinia were suffering as badly as the Sicilians. They were forced to eat grass, and were at the same time hounded by the tax-gatherers; so that they were driven to either one of two evils, emigration, or, in case of failure in that direction, to crime. In other parts of Italy brigandage had revived. A German prince was robbed by the brigands even at the outskirts of the Imperial City.

Throughout this period increased demands for money were made by the government. The costly steps taken in joining the Triple Alliance and in the fatal scheme of colonizing Africa could not be retaken, and the country was becoming worse and worse involved. The government was blamed, too, for the costliness of its fetes in Rome and Naples. The Roman festival in 1895 was held at the same time that the peasants in Sicily were starving. Much dissatisfaction had been expressed with the expenses attending the marriage of the Crown Prince in 1896, and one member of the parliament proposed "that as the monarchy was useless its maintenance by the nation was unnecessary, and that the king's civil list should be reduced."

In 1897 the agrarian troubles again broke out, the price of bread steadily went higher and higher, and the *contadini* in various parts of the country, chiefly the vine growers, took forcible possession of untilled

estates in Latium. They rushed in upon pasture lands and commenced to sow them with seed. The blood that would have been spilled by the soldiery who were then called in was saved only by allowing many of the peasants to remain on the estates in the capacity of farmer tenants.

In the same year the distress of the country was marked by a protest of butchers against the increasing consumption of horse flesh. The only efforts on the part of the government to remedy the state of affairs was to help large numbers of the *contadini* to emigrate to the Dobrudscha. This was not the first time, moreover, that the government resorted to encouragement of emigration as a means of lessening the poverty at home. In the same year the shopkeepers in Rome became aware that a large portion of the tax upon personal property had, through negligence or corruption on the part of the tax gatherers, failed to be collected, that a new tax had been imposed which would fall upon them, and still more heavily than the other. They decided to make a public protest and petition the government to remove the supplementary tax. A day, October 11th, was appointed on which all shops should be closed and delegates from the shopkeepers should march behind a grand procession to the place where they were to be received by Signor di Rudini, the Prime Minister. This procession was the occasion of a riot in which the troops fired upon the people. This caused great alarm to the government and prompted them to admonish their tax-collectors to be more careful in the future.

Italy has been an unfortunate nation in the last fifteen years, having been visited both by cholera and earthquake. In 1884, during the exposition at Turin, cholera decimated many villages in Tuscany and Piedmont, and visited Naples with direful ravages; such,

indeed, that there was no way of disposing of the dead fast enough and the bodies were allowed to remain in the streets. Even the sick were abandoned, as in the great plague in London two centuries ago. As many as three hundred died in a week. In September the disease had reached Genoa. In 1894 Southern Italy suffered from a terrible earthquake. In the provinces of Catanzaro, Calabria and Reggio the repeated shocks destroyed whole villages, and many hundred families were crushed beneath falling buildings. Thousands were made homeless. An official was sent to the devastated country by the government for the purpose of rendering assistance. He was empowered to grant the non-payment of taxes by particularly needy persons.

In the year 1888 a fresh incident occurred which contributed to a misunderstanding with France. As early as 1881 hard feeling was aroused between the two nations by the riots which had occurred in Marseilles, in which some Italian subjects took part. In the same year a rupture had taken place in Tunis between the French and Italian consuls there; and in 1888 an infringement of international law on Italy's part, in the matter of the action of her Tunisian consul, was followed by the withdrawal of the Italian and French ambassadors from Paris and Rome respectively, without, however, leading to any military display. The irritation against France, which has already been spoken of, will have to be mentioned again in speaking of the relations between the Pope and the King; the former, as will be seen, having more sympathizers in France than in Italy in his desire to be released from his captivity in the Vatican and to regain once more the temporal power which the Church has lost.

In all her internal and international projects Italy has been hampered by the state of her finances. The people, taxed beyond endurance, have yet the church

to support, as the majority of them are Roman Catholics: and social conditions are such that pauperism, beggary and labor troubles are increasing instead of diminishing.

A source of the financial weakness of the country was the corruption of those who had the direction of the national banks of Italy, six of which are empowered by the government to issue bank notes. An investigation into the methods of managing these banks was called for in 1893, ostensibly as a precautionary measure taken before granting a six years' renewal of the privilege of issuing notes. It was at the same time known that the Banca Romana had gone far beyond its legal prerogatives in issuing notes sixty-four million lire in excess of what was permitted by the government. The investigation showed that several members of parliament and others had been allowed by the bank to open false accounts, and that counterfeiting had been carried on by the president of the bank. Several members of the Cabinet, including Giolitti, Rudini and Crispi, were said to have received large sums, illegally, from the bank. The king is believed to have devoted four million lire of his own personal property to aid public men in paying their debts and thus averting the great bank scandal. Other banks were implicated, and a criminal court sitting in June, 1893, sentenced the cashier of the bank of Naples, and another private individual, to a long term of imprisonment. In the following year Bernardo Taulongo, governor of the Banca Romana, was tried for the excessive issue of notes. In 1895 the ex-premier, Giolitti, who had given evidence against Crispi in the bank scandals, was accused of having come illegally by his information. His appeal for a trial by the Senate was granted, resulting in the abandonment of action against him; and in 1897 the charges against Crispi were withdrawn on the legal

technicality that a minister could not be tried after leaving office for what he had done while in office.

In 1892 Italy and the United States suffered a diplomatic rupture in which the ministers of the respective countries left Washington and Rome. On March 14, 1891, several Italian subjects were lynched by a mob at New Orleans, La. This incident was soon closed, however, by the offer to Italy of $25,000 on the part of the United States Secretary of State, which sum was to be devoted to the families of the victims. This money was promptly accepted, and Ministers Porter and Baron Fava immediately returned to their respective offices.

The Church and State came to blows in 1886, in the persons of clerical and royal sympathizers, on the occasion of a procession of Liberals in Naples in celebration of the entry of Italian troops into Rome. This was followed by anti-church riots in many of the larger Italian cities. Laws were also passed making it criminal for any churchman to use words in his preaching which could be construed as against the interests of the unity of Italy under King Humbert. In 1889 Leo XIII. made an appeal to all the European courts to aid him to regain his temporal sovereignty. It had been impossible in previous years to make any rapprochement between the Church and the Italian State, and in view of this the Pope asked help from the other European nations. This was refused by all of them, even by France, which was supposed more than the others to favor the Roman Church. A great popular expression of hostility to the Pope's request took place in Rome this year, in the shape of a procession celebrating the unveiling of a statue of Giordano Bruno, whom the Church burned in 1600.

The year 1891 attracted attention to the question of the relation of the Papacy to the Italian government.

The present Pope, Leo XIII., who succeeded Pius IX. in 1878, though not less zealous than his predecessor for the return of the temporal power to the Church of Rome, has been more politic and less demonstrative than Pius IX. The fact that the Pope does not recognize the rights of the present king of Italy, and that the Catholic clergy in that country were forbidden by the head of the church to avail themselves of the franchise granted by the royal government in national elections, places Italy, in which there are ninety-nine per cent Catholics and one per cent Protestants, in a curious position. The present Pope has undertaken a diplomatic compromise in removing the prohibition of the clericals to vote in national elections and to hold seats in parliament, on the condition that he will be aided in regaining possession of the city of Rome, either by the complete removal of the Italian government to some other city, or by the exclusive papal use of the city for certain periods of the year in which the Pope could hold court. The good will of France in this direction was gained; but in Italy an expression of popular hatred between French and Italians, on the occasion of a pilgrimage of a number of French Catholics to Rome in October, 1891, precipitated a practical consideration of the compromise of the Pope. The French pilgrims spat upon the register of visitors in the Pantheon where the body of Victor Emmanuel lies They also cursed the present king and shouted "Long live the Pope." This was the signal for a strong anti-French demonstration in Rome. The affair was terminated, however, by the arrest of the insulting persons and their deportation to the French frontier.

In the spring of 1898 the increased poverty and inability of the masses to buy bread led to great distress and manifestations of popular discontent in Rome, Pisa, Naples, Ravenna, Bari, and other places, where

bread riots of serious nature occurred. On May 2d, three rioters were killed by a volley from the troops in a place called Bognia Cavallo, and on the following day the government called upon reserve troops to suppress the rioters in many other parts of the country. This was shortly followed by the proclamation of a state of siege in the province of Florence. So great was the despair of the people that the Swiss government had to take decisive steps to prevent bands of the poor people from crossing the Italian frontier into Switzerland.

Such, then, is the condition of Italy at the close of 1898. Cleft in twain by the two irreconcilable elements headed by the King and the Pope, administered by a corrupt corps of public officials, which has even contaminated the banking system of the country, the people ground down to the earth by oppressive and unjust taxation, labor unable to get its proper remuneration even by a strong protection of native industries, bitter feelings against France, and, among the Irredentists, against Austria, and the wounds of her African campaigns still fresh, Italy presents a pitiable spectacle. What wonder that her subjects emigrate, and are even encouraged thereto by the government? Of national excitement there is too much, and of true patriotism too little. The rich in many cases either do not understand or deliberately ignore the condition of the poor. The question of Marie Antoinette, "If they can't get bread why don't they eat cake?" is asked to-day by the Italian wealthy classes. Anarchism has daily to be put down by the government, and Socialism is steadily increasing. To some minds it is only a question of time when the constitutional monarchy will give place to an Italian Republic.

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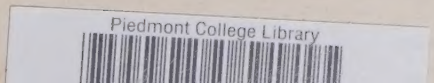
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